TELEMACHUS

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, THE SON OF ULYSSES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

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BOOK THIRTEENTH.

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IDOMENEUS relates to Mentor his confidence in Proteſilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him, and deſtroy Philocles: he confeſſes, that being prejudiced againſt him by theſe confederates, he ſent Timocrates to kill him, while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition; that Timocrates having failed in the attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himſelf by taking his life, but reſigning the command of the fleet to Philomenes, who had been appointed to ſucceed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the Iſle of Samos: Idomeneus adds, that he at length diſcovered the perfidy of Proteſilaus, but that even then he could not ſhake off his influence.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

THE mild and equitable government of Idomeneus ſoon brought the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries in crowds to Salentum, to be incorporated with his people, and ſhare the felicity of his reign. The fields, which had long been overgrown with thorns and brambles, now promiſed a rich harveſt, and fruits that were unknown before; the Earth opens her boſom to the ploughſhare, and gets ready her treaſures to reward the huſbandman; every eye ſparkles with hope; innumerable flocks whiten alike the vallies and the hills; the mountains reſound with the lowings of cattle, which, in large herds, ſhare the paſture with the ſheep; and the paſture thus manured becomes more fertile, in proportion to the number that it feeds. Theſe flocks and herds were procured by the contrivance of Mentor, who adviſed Idomeneus to exchange for them with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, ſuch ſuperfluities as were prohibited by the new regulations at Salentum.

At the ſame time, the city and the adjacent villages were filled with the youth of both ſexes, who had long languiſhed in dejection and indigence, and did not dare to marry, for fear of increaſing their diſtreſs. When they perceived that Idomeneus had

adopted ſentiments of humanity, and was become the father of his people, they feared no longer the want of food, nor any other ſcourge with which Heaven chaſtiſes the earth. Nothing was heard but the ſhouts of joy, and the ſongs of ſhepherds and huſbandmen, at the celebration of their marriages: Pan ſeemed himſelf to be among them; and Fauns and Satyrs to mix with nymphs in the dance, which the rural pipe prompted in the chequered ſhade. Tranquillity was every where heightened into joy; but the joy was no where perverted into riot: it ſerved only as a relaxation from labour; and that labour rendered it at once more poignant and more pure.

The old men were aſtoniſhed to ſee, what they had never dared to hope through the whole courſe of a long life, and burſt into tears with exceſs of tenderneſs and joy. Their pleaſure ſoon kindled into devotion; and, raiſing their tremulous hands to Heaven, they cried out, "O mighty Jupiter! bleſs the prince that reſembles thee, and is himſelf the greateſt bleſſing thou couldſt beſtow upon us. He is born for the benefit of mankind: return to him the benefits that we receive from him. The children of theſe marriages, and their deſcendants to the laſt generation, will be indebted to him for their exiſtence, and he will be truly the father of his people!" The young couples that were married expreſſed their joy, by ſinging the praiſes of him from whom it was derived: his name was continually in their lips, and his image in their heart: they thought themſelves happy if they could ſee him; and they feared his death as the greateſt evil that could befal them.

And now Idomeneus confeſſed to Mentor, that he had never felt any pleaſure equal to that of diffuſing happineſs, and exciting affection: "It is a pleaſure," ſaid he, "of which I had no idea. I thought the

greatneſs of a prince conſiſted in his being the object of fear; and that the reſt of mankind were made only for him. What I had heard of kings, that were the love and the delight of their people, I deſpiſed as a fable, but I now revere it as truth. I will, however, tell you by what means theſe falſe notions, the cauſe of all my misfortunes, were early planted in my heart.

"Among other perſons whom I loved when I was very young, were Proteſilaus and Philocles. Proteſilaus was ſomewhat older than myſelf, and was my chief favourite: his natural diſpoſition, which was ſprightly and enterpriſing, exactly correſponded with my own; he entered into all my pleaſures, he flattered all my paſſions, and he endeavoured to render me ſuſpicious of Philocles. Philocles had great reverence of the gods, an elevated mind, and obedient paſſions: he placed greatneſs not in the acquiſition of power, but the conqueſt of himſelf, and in never ſtooping to a mean action. He often warned me of my faults with great freedom; and when he did not dare to ſpeak, his ſilence, and the ſorrow that was expreſſed in his countenance, ſufficiently convinced me, that I had given cauſe for reproach.

"This ſincerity, at firſt, gave me pleaſure; and I frequently proteſted, that I would always liſten to the truths he told me, as the beſt preſervative againſt flattery. He directed me how to walk in the ſteps of Minos, and give happineſs to my people: his wiſdom was not indeed equal to thine; but I now know that his counſel was good. By degrees, however, the artifices of Proteſilaus, who was jealous and aſpiring, ſucceeded. The frankneſs and integrity of Philocles diſguſted me: he ſaw himſelf decline under the aſcendency of Proteſilaus without a ſtruggle, and contented himſelf with always telling me the truth

whenever I would hear it; for he had my advantage, and not his own intereſt, in view.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me, that he was of a moroſe and haughty temper; that he was a ſevere cenſor of my conduct, from a ſpirit of diſcontent; that he aſked me no favour, only becauſe he diſdained obligation, and aſpired to the character of a man ſuperior to any honours that could be conferred by his prince. He added, that this youth, who ſpoke ſo freely of my faults to myſelf, ſpoke of them alſo with the ſame freedom to others; that he inſinuated I was little worthy of eſteem; and that by thus rendering me cheap in the eyes of the people, and by the artful parade of an auſtere virtue, he intended to open himſelf a way to the throne. At firſt I could not believe that Philocles intended to deprive me of my crown: there is in true virtue ſomething open and ingenuous, which no art can counterfeit, and which, if it is attended to, can never be miſtaken. But the ſteadineſs with which Philocles oppoſed my follies began to weary me; and the flattering compliance of Proteſilaus, and his indefatigable induſtry to procure me new pleaſures, made me ſtill more impatient of his rival's auſterity.

"In the mean time Proteſilaus, perceiving that I did not believe all he had told me of Philocles, and his pride diſdaining the ſuſpicion which his falſehood had deſerved, reſolved to ſay nothing more to me about him, but to remove my doubts, by ſtronger evidence than ſpeculation and argument: he therefore adviſed me to give him the command of ſome veſſels that were fitted out againſt a fleet of the Carpathians, and ſupported his advice with great ſubtility. "You know," ſays he, "that my commendations of Philocles cannot be ſuſpected of partiality; he is certainly brave, and has a genius for war; he

is more fit for this ſervice than any other perſon you can ſend; and I preſer the advancement of your intereſt to the gratification of my own reſentment."

"This inſtance of generous integrity in a man, to whom I had intruſted the moſt important affairs, delighted me: I embraced him in a tranſport of joy, and thought myſelf ſuperlatively happy to have placed my confidence in a man, who appeared to be at once ſuperior to paſſion and to intereſt. But, alas! how much are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myſelf; he knew that kings are generally miſtruſtful and indolent: miſtruſtful, by perpetually experiencing the artifices of the deſigning and corrupt; and indolent, by the pleaſures that ſolicit them, and an habit of leaving all buſineſs to others, without taking the trouble ſo much as to think for themſelves: he knew, therefore, that it would not be difficult to render me jealous of a man who could not fail to perform great actions, eſpecially when he was not preſent to detect the fallacy.

"Philocles foreſaw, at his departure, what would happen. "Remember," ſays he, "that I can no longer defend myſelf; that you will be acceſſible only to my enemy; and that while I am ſerving you at the riſk of my life, I am likely to obtain no other recompenſe than your indignation." "You are miſtaken," ſaid I: "Proteſilaus does not ſpeak of you as you ſpeak of him; he commends, he eſteems you, and thinks you worthy of the moſt important truſt; if he ſhould ſpeak againſt you, he would forfeit my confidence: go, therefore, upon your expedition without fear, and think only how to conduct it with advantage." He departed, and left me in uncommon perplexity.

"I confeſs that I ſaw, very clearly, the neceſſity of conſulting many underſtandings; and that no-

thing could more injure my reputation, or my intereſt, than an implicit reſignation to the counſels of an individual. I knew, that the prudent advice of Philocles had preſerved me from many dangerous errors, which the haughtineſs of Proteſilaus would have led me into: I was conſcious that in the mind of Philocles there was a fund of probity and wiſdom that I did not find in Proteſilaus; but I had ſuffered Proteſilaus to aſſume a kind of dictatorial manner, which at length I found myſelf ſcarce able to reſiſt. I grew weary of conſulting two men, who could never agree; and choſe rather to hazard ſomething in the adminiſtration of my affairs, than continue the trouble of examining oppoſite opinions, and judging for myſelf which was the beſt. It is true, I did not dare to aſſign the motives of ſo ſhameful a choice even to myſelf; but theſe motives ſtill continued their ſecret influence in my heart, and directed all my actions.

"Philocles ſurpriſed the enemy, and, having gained a complete victory, was haſting home to prevent the ill offices he had reaſon to fear; but Proteſilaus, who had not had time to effect his purpoſe, wrote him word, that it was my pleaſure he ſhould improve his victory, by making a deſcent upon the Iſland of Carpathus. He had, indeed, perſuaded me, that a conqueſt of that iſland might eaſily be made; but he took care that many things neceſſary to the enterpriſe ſhould be wanting: he gave Philocles alſo ſuch orders as could not fail to embarraſs him in the execution of it. In the mean time, he engaged one of my domeſtics, a man of very corrupt manners, who was much about me, to obſerve all that paſſed, even to the minuteſt incident, and give him an account of it, though they appeared ſeldom to ſee each other, and never to agree.

This domeſtic, whoſe name was Timocrates, came to me one day, and told me, as a great ſecret, that he had diſcovered a very dangerous affair. "Philocles," ſays he, "intends, by the aſſiſtance of your forces, to make himſelf king of Carpathus. The officers are all in his intereſt; and he has gained the private men, partly by his liberality, but principally by the pernicious irregularities which he tolerates among them. He is greatly elated by his victory; and here is a letter, which he has written to one of his friends, concerning his project, which, after ſuch evidence, it is impoſſible to doubt."

"I read the letter, which appeared to me to be in the hand-writing of Philocles; but it was a forgery, concerted and executed between Proteſilaus and Timocrates. This letter threw me into great aſtoniſhment. I read it again and again; and when I called to mind how many affecting proofs Philocles had given me of diſintereſted fidelity, I could not perſuade myſelf that he was the writer; yet, ſeeing the characters to be his, what could I determine?

"When Timocrates perceived that his artifice had thus far ſucceeded, he puſhed it farther. "May I preſume," ſaid he, heſitating, "to make one remark upon this letter? Philocles tells his friend, that he may ſpeak in confidence to Proteſilaus of one thing; but he expreſſes that one thing by a cipher. Proteſilaus is certainly a party in the project of Philocles, and they have accommodated their differences at your expenſe. You know it was Proteſilaus that preſſed you to ſend Philocles upon this expedition; and, for ſome time, he has deſiſted from ſpeaking againſt him as he has been uſed to do: he now takes every opportunity to excuſe and commend him; and they have frequently met upon very good terms. There is no doubt that Proteſilaus has concerted

meaſures with Philocles to ſhare his conqueſt between them. You ſee that he urged you to this enterpriſe againſt all rules of prudence and of policy; and that, to gratify his ambition, he has endangered the loſs of your fleet: is it poſſible that he would have rendered himſelf thus ſubſervient to the ambition of Philocles, if there had been enmity between them? It is manifeſt, that they are aſſociated in a deſign to aggrandize themſelves, and, perhaps, to ſupplant you in the throne. I know that, by thus revealing my ſuſpicions, I expoſe myſelf to their reſentment, if you ſhall ſtill leave your authority in their hands: however, ſince I have done my duty, I am careleſs of the event."

"The laſt words of Timocrates ſunk deep into my mind. I made no doubt but that Philocles was a traitor; and I ſuſpected Proteſilaus as his friend. In the mean time Timocrates was continually telling me, that if I waited till Philocles had made a conqueſt of Carpathus, it would be too late to fruſtrate his deſigns. "You muſt," ſays he, "ſecure him while he is in your power." But I was ſtruck with ſuch horror at the deep diſſimulation of mankind, that I knew not whom to truſt: after having diſcovered Philocles to be a traitor, I knew no man whoſe virtue could preclude ſuſpicion. I reſolved to cut off Philocles immediately; but I feared Proteſilaus; and, with reſpect to him, I was in doubt what to do; I feared equally to find him guilty and to truſt him as innocent.

"Such was the perplexity of my mind, that I could not forbear telling him I had ſome ſuſpicions of Philocles. He heard me with an appearance of the greateſt ſurpriſe: he reminded me of his integrity and moderation in many inſtances: he exaggerated his ſervices; and did every thing that could ſtrength-

en my ſuſpicions of there being too good an underſtanding between them. Timocrates, at the ſame time, was equally diligent, on his part, to fix my attention upon every circumſtance that favoured the notion of a confederacy; and was continually urging me to deſtroy Philocles, while it was in my power. How unhappy a ſtate, my dear Mentor, is royalty! and how much are kings the ſport of other men, while other men appear to be trembling at their feet!

"I thought it would be a ſtroke of profound policy, and totally diſconcert Proteſilaus, to cut off Philocles immediately, by ſending Timocrates ſecretly to the fleet for that purpoſe. Proteſilaus, in the mean time, carried on his diſſimulation with the ſteadieſt perſeverance, and moſt refined ſubtilty: he deceived me, by appearing to be himſelf deceived. I ſent away Timocrates, who found Philocles greatly embarraſſed in making his deſcent, for which he was wholly unprovided. Proteſilaus, foreſeeing that his forged letter might fail of its effect, had taken care to have another reſource, by making an enterpriſe difficult which he had perſuaded me would be eaſy, and the miſcarriage of which, therefore, could not fail of expoſing Philocles, who conducted it, to my reſentment. Philocles, however, ſuſtained himſelf under all difficulties, by his courage, his genius, and his popularity among the troops. There was not a private ſoldier in the army who did not ſee that the project of a deſcent was raſh and impracticable; yet every one applied to the execution of it, with the ſame activity and zeal, as if his life and fortune depended upon its ſucceſs; and every one was, at all times, ready to hazard his life under a commander who was univerſally reverenced for his wiſdom, and loved for his benevolence.

"Timocrates had every thing to fear from an attempt upon the life of a general, in the midſt of an army by which he was adored: but the fury of ambition is always blind; and he ſaw neither difficulty nor danger in any meaſure that could gratify Proteſilaus, in concert with whom he hoped to govern me without controul, as ſoon as Philocles ſhould be dead. Proteſilaus could not bear the preſence of a man, whoſe very looks were a ſilent reproach, and who could at once diſappoint all his projects by diſcloſing them to me.

"Timocrates, having corrupted two of Philocles's officers, who were continually about his perſon, by promiſing them a great reward in my name, ſent him word, that he had ſome private inſtructions to communicate to him from me, and that thoſe two officers only muſt be preſent. Philocles immediately admitted them into a private room, and ſhut the door. As ſoon as they were alone, Timocrates made a ſtroke at him with a poignard, which entering obliquely, made but a ſlight wound. Philocles, with the calm fortitude of a man familiar with danger, forced the weapon out of his hand, and defended himſelf with it againſt the aſſaſſins, at the ſame time calling for aſſiſtance. Some of the people that waited without immediately forced the door, and diſengaged him from his aſſailants, who, being in great confuſion, had made a feeble and irreſolute attack. They were immediately ſecured; and ſuch was the indignation of the ſoldiers, that they would the next moment have been torn to pieces if Philocles had not interpoſed. After the firſt tumult had ſubſided, he took Timocrates aſide, and aſked him, without any tokens of reſentment, what had prompted him to ſo horrid an attempt. Timocrates, who was afraid of being inſtantly put to death, made haſte to produce the writ-

ten order, which I had given him, for what he had done; and as every villain is a coward, he thought only of ſaving his life, and therefore, without reſerve, diſcloſed the whole treachery of Proteſilaus.

"Philocles, though he was unmoved at the danger of the project which had been formed againſt him, was yet terrified at its guilt; he thought himſelf not a match for the malice of mankind, and therefore determined no longer to ſtruggle with it. He declared to the troops that Timocrates was innocent; he took care to ſecure him from their reſentment, and he ſent him back in ſafety to Crete. He then gave up the command of the army to Polimenes, whom I had appointed, by a written order, to ſucceed him; and having exhorted the troops to continue ſtedfaſt in the fidelity they owed me, he went on board a ſmall bark in the night, which landed him upon the Iſland of Samos, where he lives ſtill with great tranquillity, in poverty and ſolitude. He procures a ſcanty ſubſiſtence by working as a ſtatuary; and wiſhes not ſo much as to hear of men who are perfidious and unjuſt; much leſs of kings, whom he believes to be the moſt deceived, and the moſt unhappy, of men."

Idomeneus was here interrupted by Mentor. "Was it long," ſaid he, "before you diſcovered the truth?" "No," ſaid Idomeneus; "but I diſcovered it by degrees. It was, indeed, not long before Proteſilaus and Timocrates quarrelled; for it is with great difficulty that the wicked can agree; and their diſſention at once diſcovered the depth of the abyſs into which they had thrown me." "Well," ſaid Mentor, "and did you not immediately diſmiſs them both?" "Alas," ſaid Idomeneus, "can you be ſo ignorant of my weakneſs, or the perplexity of my ſituation? When a prince has once delivered up himſelf, with implicit confidence, to bold and deſigning men, who have the

art of rendering themſelves neceſſary, he muſt never more hope to be free. Thoſe whom he moſt deſpiſes he moſt diſtinguiſhes by his favour, and loads with benefits. I abhorred Proteſilaus, and yet left him in the poſſeſſion of all my authority. Strange infatuation! I was pleaſed to think that I knew him, yet I had not reſolution enough to avail myſelf of that knowledge, and reſume the power of which he was unworthy. I found him, indeed, pliant and attentive; very diligent to flatter my paſſions, and very zealous to advance my intereſts. I had, beſides, ſome reaſons which enabled me to excuſe my weakneſs to myſelf: having, unhappily, never choſen perſons of integrity to manage my affairs, I doubted whether there was any ſuch thing as integrity in the world. I conſidered virtue rather as a phantom than a reality, and thought it ridiculous to get out of the hands of one bad man, with great ſtruggle and commotion, merely to fall into the hands of another, who would neither be leſs intereſted, nor more ſincere. In the mean time, the fleet, commanded by Polimenes, returned to Crete: I thought no more of the conqueſt of Carpathus; and Proteſilaus's diſſimulation was not ſo deep, but that I could perceive he was greatly mortified to hear that Philocles was out of danger at Samos."

"But," ſaid Mentor, "though you ſtill continued Proteſilaus in his poſt, did you ſtill truſt your affairs implicitly to his management!" "I was," ſaid Idomeneus, "too much an enemy to buſineſs and application to take them out of his hands: the trouble of inſtructing another would have broken in upon the plan of life which my indolence had formed, and I had not reſolution to attempt it. I choſe rather to ſhut my eyes, than to ſee the artifices that were practiſed againſt me; and contented myſelf with let-

ting a few of my favourites know that I was not ignorant of his treachery. Thus, knowing that I was cheated, I imagined myself to be cheated but to a certain degree. I sometimes made Protesilaus sensible that I was offended at his usurpation; I frequently took pleasure in contradicting him, in blaming him publicly for something he had done, and deciding contrary to his opinion: but he knew my supineness and sloth too well to have any apprehensions upon this account; he always returned resolutely to the charge, sometimes with argument and importunity, sometimes with softness and insinuation; and whenever he perceived that I was offended, he doubled his assiduity, in furnishing such new amusements as were most likely to sooth and soften me, or to engage me in some affair which he knew would make his assistance necessary, and afford him an opportunity of showing his zeal for my reputation.

"This method of flattering my passions always succeeded, notwithstanding I was upon my guard against it. He knew all my secrets, he relieved me in every perplexity, and he made the people tremble at my name: I could not, therefore, resolve to part with him; and yet, by keeping him in his place, I put it out of the power of honest men to show me my true interest. No man spoke freely in my council; Truth withdrew far from me; and Error, the harbinger of the fall of kings, perpetually punished me, for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. Even those who were best-affected to my person and government, thought themselves not obliged to undeceive me, after so dreadful an example; and I myself, my dear Mentor, even I myself was secretly afraid, that truth should burst through the cloud of flattery that surrounded me, and reach me with irresistible radiance; for I should

have been troubled at the preſence of a guide which I could not but approve, yet wanted reſolution to follow. I ſhould have regretted my vaſſalage, without ſtruggling to be free; for my own indolence, and the aſcendency which Proteſilaus had gained over me, concurred to chill me with the torpor of deſpair. I was conſcious to a ſhameful ſituation, which I wiſhed alike to hide from others and myſelf. You know, that vain pride, and falſe glory, are hereditary to kings, who can never bear to acknowledge either an error or a fault: to conceal one, they will commit an hundred; and rather than acknowledge they have been once deceived, they will ſuffer themſelves to be deceived for ever. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes; and ſuch was mine when I ſet out for the ſiege of Troy!

"I left the ſole adminiſtration of my government to Proteſilaus; and he behaved, during my abſence, with great haughtineſs and inhumanity. The whole kingdom groaned under his oppreſſion; but no man dared to ſend information of it to me: they knew that I dreaded the ſight of truth; and that I always gave up to the cruelty of Proteſilaus thoſe that ventured to ſpeak againſt him: but the miſchief increaſed in proportion to the fear that concealed it. He afterwards obliged me to diſmiſs Merion, who followed me to the ſiege of Troy, and acquired immortal honour in the expedition; he grew jealous of him after my return, as he did of every man who was diſtinguiſhed either by my favour or his own virtue.

"This aſcendency of Proteſilaus, my dear Mentor, was the ſource of all my misfortunes: the revolt of the Cretans was not ſo much the effect of the death of my ſon, as of the vengeance of the gods, whom my follies had provoked, and the hatred of the people, which Proteſilaus had drawn upon me. An

oppreſſive and tyrannical government had totally exhauſted the patience of my ſubjects, when I imbrued my hands in the blood of my ſon; and the horror of that action only threw off the veil from what had long lain concealed in their hearts.

"Timocrates went with me to the ſiege of Troy; and gave private intelligence to Proteſilaus, by letter, of all that he could diſcover. I was conſcious that I was in captivity; but, inſtead of making an effort to be free, I diſmiſſed the ſubject from my thoughts in deſpair. When the Cretans revolted at my return, Proteſilaus and Timocrates were the firſt that fled; and would certainly have abandoned me, if I had not been obliged to fly almoſt at the ſame time. Be aſſured, my dear Mentor, that thoſe who are inſolent in proſperity, are paſſive and timid in diſtreſs: the moment they are diſpoſſeſſed of their authority, all is conſternation and deſpair; in proportion as they have been haughty, they become abject; and they paſs in a moment from one extreme to the other."

"But how comes it," ſaid Mentor, "that, notwithſtanding you perfectly know the wickedneſs of theſe men, I ſtill ſee them about you? I can account for their following you hither, becauſe they had no proſpect of greater advantage; and I can eaſily conceive, that you might afford them an aſylum in this riſing city, from a principle of generoſity: but, from what motive can you ſtill deliver yourſelf up to their management, after ſuch dreadful experience of the miſchiefs it muſt produce?"

"You are not aware," ſaid Idomeneus, "how little experience itſelf can avail to the indolent, who are equally averſe to buſineſs and reflection; they are, indeed, diſſatisfied with every thing; but, for want of reſolution, they reform nothing. An habitual connexion with theſe men, which many years

had confirmed, at length bound me to them by ſhackles that I could not break. As ſoon as I came hither, they precipitated me into that exceſſive expenſe of which you have been witneſs; they have exhauſted the ſtrength of this riſing ſtate; they involved me in the war, which, without your aſſiſtance, muſt have deſtroyed me; and I ſhould ſoon have experienced at Salentum the ſame misfortunes which baniſhed me from Crete: but you have at once opened my eyes, and inſpired me with reſolution. In your preſence I am conſcious to an influence for which I cannot account; my weakneſſes drop from me, like mortality from the ſoul when ſhe is diſmiſſed to the ſkies; and I feel myſelf a new being, in a more exalted ſtate."

Mentor then aſked Idomeneus, how Proteſilaus had behaved during the change of meaſures which had lately taken place. "He has behaved," replied Idomeneus, "with the moſt refined ſubtilty. When you firſt arrived, he laboured to alarm my ſuſpicions by indirect inſinuations; he alleged nothing againſt you himſelf; but now one, and then another, were perpetually coming to tell me, that the two ſtrangers were much to be feared. "One of them," ſaid they, "is the ſon of the crafty and deſigning Ulyſſes; the other ſeems to have deep deſigns, and to be of a dark and involved ſpirit. They have been accuſtomed to wander from one kingdom to another, and who knows but they may have formed ſome deſign againſt this? It appears, even by their own account, that they have been the cauſe of great troubles in the countries through which they have paſſed; and we ſhould remember, that this ſtate is ſtill in its infancy; that it is not firmly eſtabliſhed, and that a ſlight commotion will overturn it."

"Upon this ſubject Proteſilaus was ſilent; but he

took great pains to convince me, that the reformation which, by your advice, I had begun, was dangerous and extravagant. He urged me, by arguments drawn from my particular intereſt. "If you place your people," ſaid he, "in a ſtate of ſuch eaſe and plenty, they will labour no more; they will become inſolent, intractable, and factious; weakneſs and diſtreſs only can render them ſupple and obedient." He frequently endeavoured to gain his point, by aſſuming his former aſcendency over me: but he concealed it under an appearance of zeal for my ſervice. "By eaſing your people," ſaid he, "you will degrade the regal authority; and this will be an irreparable injury, even to the people themſelves: nothing but keeping them in the loweſt ſubjection can preſerve them from the reſtleſſneſs of diſcontent, and the turbulence of faction." To all this I replied, that I could eaſily keep the people to their duty, by making them love me; by exerting all my authority without abuſing it: by ſteadily puniſhing all offenders; by taking care that children ſhould be properly educated; and by maintaining ſuch diſcipline among the people as ſhould render life ſimple, ſober, and laborious. 'What!" ſaid I; "can no people be kept in ſubjection but thoſe that are periſhing with hunger? Does the art of government exclude kindneſs, and muſt the politician be neceſſarily diveſted of humanity? How many nations do we ſee governed with a gentle hand, yet inflexibly loyal to their prince? Faction and revolt are the effects of reſtleſſneſs and ambition in the great, whoſe paſſions have been indulged to exceſs, and who have been ſuffered to abuſe freedom into licentiouſneſs; of the effeminacy, luxury, and idleneſs, of great numbers of all ranks; of too large a military eſtabliſhment, which muſt conſiſt of perſons wholly unacquainted with every occupation that can

be uſeful in a time of peace; and chiefly of the wrongs of an injured people, whom intolerable oppreſſion has at laſt made deſperate. The ſeverity, the pride, and the indolence, of princes, which render them incapable of that comprehenſive vigilance, which alone can prevent diſorder in the ſtate, are the firſt cauſes of tumult and inſurrection; and not the ſecure and peaceful repaſt of the huſbandman, upon that bread which he has obtained by the ſweat of his brow."

"When Proteſilaus perceived that, in theſe principles, I was inflexible, he totally changed his method of attack: he begun to act upon thoſe very maxims which he had laboured in vain to ſubvert: he pretended to adopt them from conviction, and with a reliſh; and expreſſed great obligations to me for removing his prejudices, and throwing new light upon his mind. He anticipates my very wiſhes: and, in order to relieve the poor, he is the firſt to repreſent their neceſſities, and to exclaim againſt unneceſſary expenſe. He is even, as you know, become eloquent in your praiſe; he expreſſes the greateſt confidence in your wiſdom and integrity; and neglects nothing that he thinks will give you pleaſure. His friendſhip with Timocrates ſeems to decline; Timocrates is endeavouring to throw off his dependence; Proteſilaus is become jealous of him, and it is partly by their diſagreement that I have diſcovered their treachery."

"You have then," ſaid Mentor, with a ſmile, "been weak enough to ſuffer, even by detected villany; and to continue ſubſervient to traitors after you knew their treaſon." "Alas!" ſaid Idomeneus, "you do not know the power of artful men over a weak and indolent prince, who has put the whole management of his affairs into their hands: beſides,

Proteſilaus, as I have juſt told you, now enters, with great zeal, into all your projects for the general advantage of the ſtate."

"I know but too well," ſaid Mentor, with a look of ſome ſeverity, "that, of thoſe that ſurround a prince, the wicked prevail over the good. Of this truth you are yourſelf a dreadful example: you ſay, that I have opened your eyes to your true intereſt; yet you are ſtill ſo blind as to truſt the adminiſtration of your government to a wretch that is not fit to live. It is time you ſhould learn, that a man may perform good actions and be ſtill wicked; that men of the worſt principles and diſpoſition do good when it ſerves their purpoſe, with the ſame facility as evil. It is true, that they do evil without reluctance, becauſe they are with-held neither by ſentiment nor principle; but it is alſo true, that they do good without violence to themſelves, becauſe the ſucceſs even of their vices depends upon appearances of virtue, which they do not poſſeſs; and becauſe they gratify their own depravity, while they are deceiving mankind. They are, however, incapable of virtue, though they appear to practiſe it; they can only add, to every other vice, that which is more odious than all, hypocriſy. While you continue reſolute and peremptory that good ſhall be done, Porteſilaus will do good to preſerve his authority; but if he perceives the leaſt tendency to relaxation, he will ſeize, and with all his powers improve, the opportunity to bewilder you again in perplexity and error, and reſume his natural diſſimulation and ferocity. Is it poſſible that you ſhould live with honour, or in peace, while you ſee ſuch a wretch as Proteſilaus for ever at your ſide; and remember, that Philocles, the faithful and the wiſe, ſtill lives in poverty and diſgrace at Samos?

"You acknowledge, O Idomeneus! that princes

are overborne and miſled by bold and deſigning men that are about them; but you ſhould not forget, that princes are liable to another misfortune, by no means inferior, a propenſity to forget the virtues and the ſervices of thoſe that are abſent. Princes, being continually ſurrounded by a multitude, are not forcibly impreſſed by any individual; they are ſtruck only with what is preſent and pleaſing: the remembrance of every thing elſe is ſoon obliterated; virtue affects them leſs than any other object, for virtue can ſeldom pleaſe, as it oppoſes and condemns their follies. Princes love nothing but pomp and pleaſure; and who, therefore, can wonder that princes are not beloved?"

END OF BOOK THIRTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONTENTS.

MENTOR prevails upon Idomeneus to baniſh Proteſilaus and Timocrates to the Iſle of Samos, and recall Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegeſippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his priſoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obſcurity, but content: he at firſt refuſes to return; but the gods having ſignified it to be their pleaſure, he embarks with Hegeſippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who now ſuſtains a new character, receives him with great friendſhip.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

AFTER this converſation, Mentor perſuaded Idomeneus immediately to diſmiſs Proteſilaus and Timocrates, and recall Philocles. The king would immediately have complied, if there had not been a ſeverity of virtue in Philocles, of which he feared the effects. "I confeſs," ſaid he "that though I love and eſteem him, I cannot perfectly reconcile myſelf to his return. I have, even from my infancy, been accuſtomed to praiſe, aſſiduity, and compliances, which, in Philocles, I ſhall not find. Whenever I took any meaſure that he diſapproved, the dejection of his countenance was ſufficient to condemn me; and when we were together in private, his behaviour was reſpectful and decent, indeed, but it was ungracious and auſtere."

"Do you not ſee," replied Mentor, "that to princes who have been ſpoiled by flattery, every thing that is ſincere and honeſt appears to be ungracious and auſtere? Such princes are even weak enough to ſuſpect a want of zeal for their ſervice, and reſpect for their authority, where they do not find a ſervility that is ready to flatter them in the abuſe of their power: they are offended at all freedom of ſpeech, all generoſity of ſentiment, as pride, cenſoriouſneſs, and ſedition; and contract a falſe delicacy,

which every thing, ſhort of flattery, diſappoints and diſguſts. But let us ſuppoſe that Philocles is really ungracious and auſtere; will not his auſterity be preferable to the pernicious flattery of thoſe that are now about you? Where will you find a man without fault? and is not that of ſpeaking truth, in a manner ſomething too rough and free, a fault from which you have leſs to fear than any other? Is it not, indeed, a fault which your own indiſcretion has made neceſſary to your intereſt, as that only which can ſurmount the averſion to truth that flattery has given you? You ſtand in need of a man who loves only truth and you; who loves you better than you know how to love yourſelf; who will ſpeak truth notwithſtanding your oppoſition, and force a way for it through all your intrenchments. Such a man, and ſo neceſſary, is Philocles. Remember, that the greateſt good fortune a prince can hope is, that one man of ſuch magnanimous generoſity ſhould be born in his reign: in compariſon of ſuch a man, all the treaſures of the ſtate are of no value; and a prince can ſuffer no puniſhment ſo dreadful as that of loſing him, by becoming unworthy of his virtue, and not knowing how to profit by his ſervices. You ought certainly to avail yourſelf of worthy men, though it is not neceſſary that you ſhould be blind to their faults; in theſe never implicitly acquieſce, but endeavour to correct them. Give merit, however, always a favourable hearing; and let the public ſee that you at once diſtinguiſh and honour it: but, above all things, ſtrive to be no longer what you have been. Princes, whoſe virtues, like your's, have ſuffered by the vices of others, generally content themſelves with a ſpeculative diſapprobation of corrupt men; and at the ſame time employ them with the utmoſt confidence, and load them with riches and honour: on the other

hand, they value themſelves upon diſcerning and approving men of virtue, but they reward them only with empty praiſe, and want magnanimity to aſſign them employments, to admit them to their friendſhip, or diſtinguiſh them by their favour."

Idomeneus then confeſſed, that he was aſhamed of having ſo long delayed to deliver innocence from oppreſſion, and to puniſh thoſe that had abuſed his confidence; and all ſcruples about recalling Philocles being removed, Mentor had no difficulty in perſuading the king to diſmiſs his favourite: for when once an oppoſition to a favourite has ſo far ſucceeded, that he is ſuſpected, and becomes troubleſome, the prince, feeling himſelf perplexed and uneaſy, thinks only how to get rid of him: all friendſhip vaniſhes, and all ſervices are forgotten. The fall of a favourite gives no pain to his maſter, if, as ſoon as he is undone, he is removed out of ſight.

Idomeneus immediately gave private orders to Hegeſippus, one of the principal officers of his houſehold, to ſeize Proteſilaus and Timocrates, and conduct them in ſafety to the Iſle of Samos; to leave them there; and to bring Philocles back to Salentum. Hegeſippus, at the receipt of this order, burſt into tears of ſurpriſe and joy. "You will now," ſaid he to the king, "make every heart in your dominions glad; for theſe men were the cauſe of all the misfortunes that have befallen you and your people. Good men have now groaned twenty years under an oppreſſion ſo ſevere, that they ſcarce dared even to groan: to complain was impoſſible; for thoſe who attempted to approach you, otherwiſe than by the favourites, were ſure to be immediately cruſhed by their power."

Hegeſippus then acquainted the king with innumerable inſtances of their treachery and inhumanity, of which he had never heard, becauſe no body dared to

accuſe them; and told him alſo, that he had diſcovered a conſpiracy againſt the life of Mentor. The king was ſtruck with horror at the relation.

Hegeſippus, that he might ſeize Proteſilaus without delay, went immediately to his houſe. It was not ſo large as the palace; but it was better deſigned, both for convenience and pleaſure: the architecture was in a better taſte, and it was decorated with a profuſion of expenſe, which the moſt cruel oppreſſion had ſupplied. He was then in a marble ſaloon that opened to his baths, reclining negligently upon a couch that was covered with purple embroidered with gold: he appeared to be weary, and even exhauſted with his labours; there was a gloom of diſcontent upon his brow, and his eye expreſſed a kind of agitation and ferocity not to be deſcribed. The principal perſons of the kingdom ſat round him upon carpets, watching his looks even to the ſlighteſt glance of his eye, and reflecting every expreſſion of his countenance from their own: if he opened his mouth, all was ecſtaſy and admiration; and, before he had uttered a word, they vied with each other which ſhould be loudeſt in the praiſe of what he had to ſay. One of them regaled him with an account of the ſervices he had rendered to the king, heightened with the moſt ridiculous exaggeration, another declared that his mother had conceived him by Jupiter in the likeneſs of her huſband, and that he was ſon to the father of the gods. In ſome verſes that were recited by a poet, he was ſaid to have been inſtructed by the Muſes, and to have rivalled Apollo in all the works of imagination and wit; and another poet, ſtill more ſervile and ſhameleſs, celebrated him as the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of a people among whom he had ſcattered plenty and happineſs, from the horn of Amalthea, with a liberal hand.

Proteſilaus heard all this adulation with a cold, negligent, and diſdainful air, as if he thought his merit was without bounds, and that he honoured thoſe too much from whom he condeſcended to receive praiſe. Among other flatterers, there was one who took the liberty to whiſper ſome jeſt upon the new regulations that were taking place under the direction of Mentor: the countenance of Proteſilaus relaxed into a ſmile; and immoderate laughter immediately ſhook the whole company, though the greateſt part knew nothing of what had been ſaid. The countenance of Proteſilaus became again haughty and ſevere, and every one immediately ſhrunk back into timidity and ſilence: all watched for the happy moment in which he would turn his eye upon them, and permit them to ſpeak; and each having ſome favour to aſk, diſcovered the greateſt agitation and perplexity. Their ſupplicatory poſture ſupplied the want of words; and they ſeemed to be impreſſed with the ſame humility and reverence as a mother who petitions the gods, at their altar, for the life of an only ſon. Every countenance expreſſed a tender complacency and admiration; but every heart concealed the moſt malignant envy, and implacable hatred.

At this moment Hegeſippus entered the ſaloon; and ſeizing the ſword of Proteſilaus, acquainted him, that he had the king's orders to carry him to Samos. At theſe dreadful words all the arrogance of the favourite fell from him in a moment, like the fragment of a rock that is broken from the ſummit: he threw himſelf at the feet of Hegeſippus; he wept, heſitated, faltered, trembled, and embraced the knees of a man upon whom, an hour before, he would have diſdained to turn his eye. At the ſame time his flatterers, who ſaw that his ruin was complete

and irreparable, inſulted him with a meanneſs and cruelty worthy of their adulation.

Hegeſippus would not allow him time even to take leave of his family, or ſecure his private papers, which were all ſeized and put into the king's hands. Timocrates was alſo arreſted at the ſame time, to his inexpreſſible ſurpriſe; for, being upon ill terms with Proteſilaus, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion of being involved in his ruin; and they were both carried on board a veſſel which had been prepared to receive them.

They arrived in ſafety at Samos, where Hegeſippus left his priſoners; and, to complete their misfortune, he left them together. Here, with a rancour natural to their circumſtances and diſpoſition, they reproached each other with the crimes that had brought on their ruin: here they were condemned to live, without the leaſt hope of returning to Salentum, at a diſtance from their wives and children, not to mention friends, for a friend they never had. With the country they were wholly unacquainted, and had no means of ſubſiſtence but by their labour; a ſituation, of which the diſadvantages were greatly aggravated by the luxury and ſplendour which long habit had made almoſt as neceſſary to them as food and reſt. In this condition, like two wild beaſts of the foreſt, they were always ready to tear each other to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegeſippus inquired in what part of the iſland Philocles was to be found; and he was told that he lived at a conſiderable diſtance from the city, upon a mountain, in which there was a cave that ſerved him for a habitation. Every one ſpoke of him with the utmoſt admiration and eſteem. "He has never given offence," ſaid they, "in a ſingle inſtance, ſince he has been in the iſland; every heart

is touched at the patience of his labour, and the cheerfulneſs of his indigence; he poſſeſſes nothing, yet is always content. Though he is remote both from the buſineſs and the pleaſures of the world, without property, and without influence, yet he can ſtill find means to oblige merit, and has a thouſand contrivances to gratify his neighbours."

Hegeſippus immediately repaired to the cave, which he found empty and open; for the poverty of Philocles, and the ſimplicity of his manners, made it unneceſſary for him to ſhut his door when he went out. A mat of coarſe ruſhes ſerved him for a bed; he rarely kindled a fire, becauſe his food was generally ſuch as needed no dreſſing; in ſummer he lived upon fruits freſh gathered, and upon dates and dried figs in winter, quenching his thirſt at a clear ſpring that fell in a natural caſcade from the rock. His cave contained nothing but his tools, and ſome books that he read at certain hours, which he appropriated to that purpoſe; not to decorate his mind, or gratify his curioſity, but that, while he reſted from his labour, he might gain inſtruction, and avoid being idle by learning to be good: and he employed himſelf in ſculpture, not to procure reputation or wealth, but merely to keep his body in exerciſe, and procure the neceſſaries of life without contracting obligations.

When Hegeſippus entered the cave, he admired the pieces of art that were begun. He obſerved a Jupiter, in whoſe countenance there was a ſerene majeſty, by which he was immediately known to be the father of gods and men; he perceived alſo a Mars, well diſtinguiſhed by a proud and menacing ferocity; but he was moſt ſtruck with a Minerva, that was repreſented as encouraging the arts; the expreſſion of her countenance was at once noble and gracious, her

ſtature was tall, her ſhape eaſy, and her attitude ſo natural, that the ſpectator was almoſt perſuaded ſhe would move. Hegeſippus, having viewed theſe ſtatues with great pleaſure, retired; and, as he was coming out of the cave, ſaw Philocles at a diſtance, ſitting upon the graſs under the ſhade of a large tree, and reading. He immediately advanced towards him; and Philocles, who perceived him, ſcarce knew what to think. "Is not that Hegeſippus," ſaid he to himſelf, "with whom I was ſo long familiar at Crete? But what can have brought him to an iſland ſo remote as Samos? Is he not dead, and is not this his ſhade, which has returned from the banks of the Styx to reviſit the earth?"

While he was thus doubting of what he ſaw, Hegeſippus came ſo near that his doubts were at an end. "Is it you, then," ſaid he, embracing him, "my dear, my early friend? What accident, or what tempeſt, has thrown you upon this coaſt? Have you voluntarily deſerted the Iſland of Crete? or have you been driven from your country by a misfortune like mine?"

"It is not misfortune," ſaid Hegeſippus, "but the favour of the gods, that has brought me hither." He then gave his friend a particular account of the long tyranny of Proteſilaus, of his intrigues with Timocrates, of the calamities which they had brought upon Idomeneus; of his expulſion from the throne, his flight to Heſperia, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wiſdom which Mentor had diffuſed into the mind of the king, and the diſgrace of the traitors by whom he had been abuſed. He added, that he had brought them in exile to Samos, whither they had baniſhed Philocles; and concluded, that he had orders to bring him back to Salentum, where the king, who was

convinced of his integrity, intended to intruſt him with the adminiſtration of his government, and diſtinguiſh him by rewards adequate to his merit.

"You ſee that cave," ſaid Philocles, "which is more fit for the haunt of wild beaſts than the habitation of a man; and yet, in that cave, I have enjoyed more tranquillity and repoſe than in the gorgeous palaces of Crete. I am no more deceived by man; for with man I have no more connexion: I neither ſee, nor hear, nor need him: my own hard hands, which are now inured to labour, ſupply me with ſuch ſimple food as Nature has made neceſſary; and this ſlight ſtuff that you ſee, ſufficing to cover me, I am without wants; and I enjoy a ſerene, perfect, and delightful freedom, of which the wiſdom that is contained in my books teaches me the proper uſe. Why, then, ſhould I again mix with mankind, and again ſuffer by their jealouſy, fraud, and caprice? Envy not, my dear Hegeſippus, the good fortune I poſſeſs. Proteſilaus has betrayed the king, and would have murdered me: he is fallen into his own ſnare, but he has done me no hurt: he has eventually done me good in the higheſt degree; he has delivered me from the tumult and ſlavery of public buſineſs, and to him I am indebted for this ſweet ſolitude, and the pleaſures I enjoy. Return, then, my friend, to your prince; aſſiſt him under the neceſſary inſelicities of grandeur, and do for him whatever you wiſh ſhould be done by me; and ſince his eyes, which were ſo long ſhut againſt truth, have been at laſt opened by the wiſdom of a perſon whom you call Mentor, let him alſo keep that perſon about him. As for me, having once ſuffered ſhipwreck, it is by no means fit that I ſhould forſake the port in which the tempeſt has ſo fortunately thrown me, and tempt again the caprice of the winds. Alas! how much are kings

to be pitied! how worthy of compaſſion are thoſe that ſerve them! If they are wicked, what miſery do they diffuſe among others, what puniſhment do they treaſure up for themſelves! if they are good, what difficulties have they to ſurmount, what ſnares to avoid, what evils to ſuffer! Once more, my dear Hegeſippus, leave me poor, that I may be happy."

Philocles expreſſed theſe ſentiments with great vehemence, and Hegeſippus looked upon him with aſtoniſhment. He had known him in Crete, when he conducted the buſineſs of the ſtate; and he was then pale, languiſhing, emaciated: the natural ardour of his temper, and his ſcrupulous regard to rectitude, made a public ſtation fatal to his health. He could not ſee vice go unpuniſhed without indignation, nor ſuffer even unavoidable irregularities without regret: at Crete, therefore, he ſuffered a perpetual decay; but, at Samos, he was vigorous and luſty; and a new youth, in ſpite even of years, bloomed upon his countenance. A life of temperance, tranquillity, and exerciſe, ſeemed to have reſtored the conſtitution which Nature had given him. "You are ſurpriſed to ſee me ſo altered," ſaid Philocles, with a ſmile; "but I owe this freſhneſs, this perfection of health, to my retirement: my enemies, therefore, have given me more than Fortune could beſtow. Can you wiſh me to forſake ſubſtantial for imaginary good, and incur again the misfortunes from which it is now my happineſs to be free? You would not, ſurely, be more cruel than Proteſilaus; you cannot envy me the good fortune that he has beſtowed."

Hegeſippus then urged him, from every motive that he thought likely to touch his ſenſibility, but without effect: "Would the ſight of your family and friends, then," ſaid he, "give you no pleaſure; of thoſe who languiſh for your return, and live but

in the hope of once more preſſing you to their boſom? And is it nothing in your eſtimation, who fear the gods, and make conſcience of your duty, to render ſervice to your prince, to aſſiſt him in the exerciſe of virtue, and the diffuſion of happineſs? Is it blameleſs to indulge an unſocial philoſophy, to prefer your own intereſt to that of mankind, and chuſe rather to procure eaſe to yourſelf than to give happineſs to them? Beſides, if you perſiſt in your reſolution not to return, it will be imputed to reſentment againſt the king: and if he intended evil againſt you, it was only becauſe he was a ſtranger to your merit. It was not Philocles, the faithful, the juſt, the good, that he would have cut off, but a man of whom he had conceived a very different idea. He now knows you; and it being now impoſſible he ſhould miſtake you for another, his firſt friendſhip will revive with new force. He expects you with impatience; his arms are open to receive you; he numbers the days, and even the hours, of your delay. Can you, then, be inexorable to your king? can your heart reſiſt the tender ſolicitudes of friendſhip?"

Philocles, whom the firſt recollection of Hegeſippus had melted into tenderneſs, now reſumed a look of diſtance and ſeverity: he remained immoveable as a rock, againſt which the tempeſt rages in vain, and the roaring ſurge daſhes only to be broken: neither entreaty nor argument found any paſſage to his heart. But the piety of Philocles would not ſuffer him to indulge his inclination, however ſupported by his judgment, without conſulting the gods; and he diſcovered, by the flight of birds, by the entrails of victims, and by other preſages, that it was their pleaſure he ſhould go with Hegeſippus: he, therefore, reſiſted no more, but complied with the requeſt of

Hegeſippus, and prepared for his departure. He did not, however, quit the ſolitude, in which he had lived ſo many years, without regret. "Muſt I then," ſaid he, "forſake this pleaſing cell, where peaceful and obedient ſlumbers came every night to refreſh me after the labours of the day! where my eaſy life was a ſilken thread, which the Siſters, notwithſtanding my poverty, entwined with gold! The tears then ſtarted to his eye, and, proſtrating himſelf on the earth, he adored the Naiad of the tranſlucent ſpring that had quenched his thirſt, and the nymphs of the mountain that ſurrounded his retreat. Echo heard his expreſſions of tenderneſs and regret; and, with a gentle and plaintive voice, repeated them to all the ſylvan deities of the place.

Philocles then accompanied Hegeſippus to the city, in order to embark. He thought that Proteſilaus, overwhelmed with confuſion, and burning with reſentment, would be glad to avoid him; but he was miſtaken: men without virtue are without ſhame, and always ready to ſtoop to any meanneſs. Philocles modeſtly concealed himſelf, for fear the unhappy wretch ſhould ſee him; for he ſuppoſed, that to ſee the proſperity of an enemy, which was founded on his ruin, would aggravate his miſery: but Proteſilaus ſought him out with great eagerneſs, and endeavoured to excite his compaſſion, and engage him to ſolicit the king for permiſſion to return to Salentum. Philocles, however, was too ſincere to give him the leaſt hope that he would comply; and he knew, better than any other, the miſchiefs that his return would produce: but he ſoothed him with expreſſions of pity, offered him ſuch conſolation as his ſituation would admit, and exhorted him to propitiate the gods by purity of manners, and reſignation to his ſufferings. As he had heard that the king

had taken from him all the wealth that he had unjuſtly acquired, he promiſed him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed; to take his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, expoſed to all the miſeries of poverty, and all the dangers of popular reſentment, under his protection; and to ſend him ſome ſupplies of money, to alleviate the diſtreſs he muſt ſuffer in a ſtate of baniſhment ſo remote from his country.

The wind being fair, Hegeſippus haſtened the departure of his friend. Proteſilaus ſaw them embark: his eyes were directed invariably towards the ſea, and purſued the veſſel as ſhe made her way through the parting waves; and the wind every moment increaſed her diſtance. When his eye could diſtinguiſh it no more, its image was ſtill impreſſed upon his mind; at laſt, ſeized with the phrenzy of deſpair, he rolled himſelf in the ſands, tore his hair, and reproached the gods for the ſeverity of their juſtice; he called at laſt upon Death, but even Death rejected his petition to die, and diſdained to deliver him from the miſery from which he wanted courage to deliver himſelf.

In the mean time the veſſel, favoured by Neptune and the winds, ſoon arrived at Salentum. When the king was told that it was entering the port, he ran out, with Mentor, to meet Philocles, whom he tenderly embraced, and expreſſed the utmoſt regret at having ſo injuriouſly authorized an attempt upon his life. This acknowledgment was ſo far from degrading him in the opinion of his people, that every one conſidered it as the effort of an exalted mind, which, as it were, triumphed over its own failings, by confeſſing them with a view to reparation. The public joy, at the return of Philocles, the friend of

man, and at the wiſdom and goodneſs expreſſed by the king, was ſo great, that it overflowed in tears.

Philocles received the careſſes of his prince with the moſt reſpectful modeſty, and was impatient to eſcape from the acclamations of the people. He followed Idomeneus to the palace; and, though Mentor and he had never ſeen each other before, there was immediately the ſame confidence between them as if they had been familiar from their birth; as if the gods, who have with-held from the wicked the power of diſtinguiſhing the good, had imparted to the good a faculty of immediately diſtinguiſhing each other: thoſe who have a love for virtue cannot be together without being united by that virtue which they love. Philocles, after a ſhort time, requeſted the king to diſmiſs him to ſome retirement near Salentum, where he might live in the ſame obſcurity that he had enjoyed at Samos. The king granted his requeſt; but went almoſt every day, with Mentor, to viſit him in his retreat, where they conſulted how the laws might beſt be eſtabliſhed, and the government fixed upon a permanent foundation for the advantage of the people.

The two principal objects of their conſideration were the education of children, and the manner of life to be preſcribed during peace. As to the children, Mentor ſaid, that they belonged leſs to their parents than to the ſtate. "They are the children of the community," ſaid he; "and they are, at once, its hope and its ſtrength. It is too late to correct them when habits of vice have been acquired; and it is doing little to exclude them from employments when they are become unworthy of truſt. It is always better to prevent evil than to puniſh it. The prince who is the father of his people is more particularly the father of the youth, who may be conſidered as

the flower of the nation; and it is in the flower that care ſhould be taken of the fruit: a king, therefore, ſhould not diſdain to watch over the riſing generation, nor to appoint others to watch with him. Let him enforce, with inflexible conſtancy, the laws of Minos, which ordain that children ſhall be ſo educated as to endure pain without impatience, and expect death without terror: that the contempt of luxury and wealth ſhall be honour; and injuſtice, ingratitude, and voluptuous idleneſs, infamy: that children, from their tendereſt youth, ſhall be taught to commemorate the atchievements of heroes, the favourites of Heaven, who have ſacrificed private intereſt to their country, and ſignalized their courage in battle; by joining in ſongs to their honour, at once to animate them by examples of heroic virtue, and harmonize their ſouls by muſic: that they ſhould learn to be tender to their friends, faithful to their allies, and equitable to all men, their enemies not excepted: above all things, that they ſhould be taught to dread the reproach of conſcience as an evil much greater than torture and death. If theſe maxims are impreſſed early upon the heart, with all the power of eloquence, and the charms of muſic, there will be few indeed in whom they will not kindle the love of virtue and of fame.

"It is," added Mentor, "of the utmoſt importance to eſtabliſh public ſchools for inuring youth to the moſt robuſt exerciſes, and preſerving them from effeminacy and idleneſs, which render the moſt liberal endowments of Nature uſeleſs." He adviſed the inſtitution of public games and ſhows, with as much variety as could be contrived, to rouſe the attention, and intereſt the paſſions, of the people; but, above all, to render the body ſupple, vigorous, and active: and he thought it proper to excite emula-

tion, by giving prizes to thoſe that ſhould excel. He wiſhed alſo, as the moſt powerful preſervative againſt general depravity of manners, that the people might marry early; and that parents, without any views of intereſt, would leave the young men to the free choice of ſuch wives as their inclination naturally led them to prefer.

But, while theſe meaſures were concerted, to preſerve a blameleſs ſimplicity among the riſing generation, to render them laborious and tractable, and, at the ſame time, to give them a ſenſe of honour, Philocles, whoſe military genius made him fond of war, obſerved to Mentor, that it would ſignify little to inſtitute public exerciſes, if the youth were ſuffered to languiſh in perpetual peace, without bringing their courage to the teſt, or acquiring experience in the field. "The nation," ſays he, "will be inſenſibly enfeebled; courage will relax into effeminate ſoftneſs; and a general depravity, the neceſſary effect of uninterrupted abundance and tranquillity, will render them an eaſy prey to any warlike nation that ſhall attack them; and to avoid the miſeries of war, they will incur the moſt deplorable ſlavery."

"The calamities of war," ſaid Mentor, "are more to be dreaded than you imagine. War never fails to exhauſt the ſtate, and endanger its deſtruction, with whatever ſucceſs it is carried on. Though it may be commenced with advantage, it can never be finiſhed without danger of the moſt fatal reverſe of fortune. With whatever ſuperiority of ſtrength an engagement is begun, the leaſt miſtake, the ſlighteſt accident, may turn the ſcale, and give victory to the enemy. Nor can a nation that ſhould be always victorious proſper; it would deſtroy itſelf by deſtroying others: the country would be depopulated, the ſoil untilled, and trade interrupted; and, what is

ſtill worſe, the beſt laws would loſe their force, and a corruption of manners inſenſibly take place. Literature will be neglected among the youth; the troops, conſcious of their own importance, will indulge themſelves in the moſt pernicious licentiouſneſs with impunity, and the diſorder will neceſſarily ſpread through all the branches of government. A prince who, in the acquiſition of glory, would ſacrifice the life of half his ſubjects, and the happineſs of the reſt, is unworthy of the glory he would acquire; and deſerves to loſe what he rightfully poſſeſſes, for endeavouring unjuſtly to uſurp the poſſeſſions of another.

"It is, however, eaſy to exerciſe the courage of the people in a time of peace. We have already inſtituted public exerciſes, and aſſigned prizes to excite emulation; we have directed that the atchievements of the brave ſhall be celebrated in ſongs to their honour, which kindle, in the breaſts even of children, a deſire of glory, and animate them to the exerciſe of heroic virtue; we have alſo taken care that they ſhall be inured to ſobriety and labour: but this is not all. When any of your allies ſhall be engaged in a war, the flower of your youth, particularly thoſe who appear to have a military genius, and will profit moſt by experience, ſhould be ſent as auxiliaries into the ſervice; you will thus ſtand high in the eſtimation of the ſtates with which you are connected; your friendſhip will be ſought, and your diſpleaſure dreaded; and, without being engaged in a war in your own country, and at your own expenſe, you will always have a numerous youth of habitual courage and experimental ſkill. Though you are at peace yourſelves, you ſhould treat, with great honour, thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed abilities for war: for the beſt way of keeping war at a diſtance, is to

encourage military knowledge, to honour thoſe who excel in the profeſſion of arms, and to have ſome of your people always in foreign ſervice, who will know the ſtrength and diſcipline of the neighbouring ſtates, and the manner of their military operations, to be at once ſuperior to the ambition that would court war, and to the effeminacy that would fear it. Thus, being always prepared for war when you are driven into it by neceſſity, you will find that the neceſſity of making war will ſeldom happen.

"When your allies are about to make war upon each other, you ſhould always interfere as mediator. You will thus acquire a genuine and laſting glory, which ſanguinary conqueſt can never give; you will gain the love and eſteem of foreign nations, and become neceſſary to them all; you will rule other ſtates by the confidence they place in you, as you govern your own by the authority of your ſtation; you will be the common repoſitory of their ſecrets, the arbiter of their differences, and the object of their love: your fame will then fly to the remoteſt regions of the earth; and your name, like incenſe from the altars of the gods, ſhall be wafted from clime to clime, as far as virtue can be known and loved. If, in poſſeſſion of this influence, and this honour, a neighbouring nation ſhould, contrary to all the rules of juſtice, commence hoſtilities againſt you, it will find you diſciplined and ready; and, which is yet more effectual ſtrength, beloved and ſuccoured when you are in danger: your neighbours will be alarmed for themſelves, and conſider your preſervation as eſſential to the public ſafety. This will be your ſecurity, in compariſon of which walls and ramparts are no defence; this is true glory; the bright reality, which few kings have diſtinguiſhed and purſued, which few kings have not left unknown behind them to

follow an illuſive phantom, ſtill diſtant from the prize, in proportion to their ſpeed!

When Mentor had done ſpeaking, Philocles fixed his eyes upon him, with an aſtoniſhment that prevented reply: then looking upon the king, he was delighted to perceive that he drank the wiſdom which flowed from the lips of the ſtranger, as the traveller, thirſting in the deſert, drinks of an unexpected ſpring.

Thus Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, eſtabliſhed the beſt laws, and the wiſeſt principles of government, at Salentum; not ſo much that the kingdom of Idomeneus might flouriſh, as to ſhow Telemachus at his return, by a ſtriking example, what may be effected by a wiſe government, with reſpect to the happineſs of the people, and the honour of the prince.

END OF BOOK FOURTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS, in the camp of the allies, gains the friendſhip of Philoctetes, who was not at firſt favourably diſpoſed to him on his father's account. Philoctetes relates his adventures; and introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules, by the poiſoned garment which the Centaur Neſſus had given to Deianira: he relates how he obtained from that hero his poiſoned arrows, without which the city of Troy could not be taken; how he was puniſhed for betraying his ſecret, by various ſufferings in the Iſland of Lemnos; and how Ulyſſes employed Neoptolemus to engage him in the expedition againſt Troy, where he was cured of his wound.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS, in the mean time, was diſplaying his courage among the perils of war. As ſoon as he had quitted Salentum, he applied himſelf with great diligence to gain the eſteem of the old commanders, whoſe reputation and experience were conſummate. Neſtor, who had before ſeen him at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulyſſes, treated him as if he had been his ſon; he gave him many leſſons of inſtruction, and illuſtrated his precepts by examples. He related all the adventures of his youth, and told him the moſt remarkable atchievements which he had ſeen performed by the heroes of the preceding age; for the memory of Neſtor, who had lived to ſee three generations, contained the hiſtory of ancient times with the ſame fidelity as an inſcription upon marble or braſs.

Philoctetes did not at firſt regard Telemachus with the ſame kindneſs: the enmity which he had ſo cheriſhed in his breaſt againſt Ulyſſes prejudiced him againſt his ſon, and he could not ſee, without pain, that the gods appeared to intereſt themſelves in his fortunes, and to intend him a glory equal to that of the heroes by whom Troy had been overthrown. But the unaffected modeſty of Telemachus at length ſurmounted his reſentment, and he could

not but love that virtue which appeared ſo amiable and ſweet. He frequently took him aſide, and talked to him with the moſt unreſerved confidence. "My ſon," ſaid he, "for I now make no ſcruple to call you ſo, I muſt confeſs that your father and I have been long enemies to each other. I acknowledge alſo that my enmity was not ſoftened by mutual danger and mutual ſucceſs, for it continued unabated after we had laid Troy in ruins; and when I ſaw you, I found it difficult to love even virtue in the ſon of Ulyſſes. I have often reproached myſelf for this reluctance, which, however, I ſtill felt: but virtue, when it is gentle, placid, ingenuous, and unaſſuming, muſt at laſt compel affection and eſteem." Philoctetes, in the courſe of theſe converſations, was inſenſibly led to acquaint Telemachus with what had given riſe to the animoſity between him and Ulyſſes.

"It is neceſſary," ſaid he, "that I ſhould tell my ſtory from the beginning. I was the inſeparable companion of Hercules, the great example of divine virtue, the deſtroyer of monſters, whoſe proweſs was a bleſſing to the earth; and, compared with whom, all other heroes are but as reeds to the oak, or ſparrows to the eagle. Love, a paſſion that has produced every ſpecies of calamity, was the cauſe of his misfortunes; and his misfortunes were the cauſe of mine. To this ſhameful paſſion the virtues of Hercules were oppoſed in vain; and, after all his conqueſts, he was himſelf the ſport of Cupid. He never remembered, without a bluſh of ingenuous ſhame, his having laid by his dignity to ſpin in the chamber of Omphale, like the moſt abject and effeminate of men: he has frequently deplored this part of his life, as having ſullied his virtue, and obſcured the glory of his labours; and yet, ſuch is the weakneſs and inconſiſtency of man, who thinks himſelf all-

ſufficient, and yet yields without a ſtruggle: the great Hercules was again taken in the ſnare of love, and ſunk again into a captivity which he had ſo often remembered with indignation and contempt. He became enamoured of Deianira, and would have been happy if he had continued conſtant in his paſſion for this woman, whom he made his wife; but the youthful beauty of Iole, to whom the Graces had given all their charms, ſoon ſeduced him to a new paſſion. Deianira became jealous; and unhappily recollected the fatal garment, which had been given her by Neſſus, the Centaur, when he was dying, as a certain means of reviving the love of Hercules, if he ſhould ever neglect her for another. This garment had imbibed the blood of the Centaur, to which the arrow that ſlew him had communicated its poiſon; for the arrows of Hercules were dipped in the blood of the Lernæan hydra, which gave them a malignity ſo powerful, that the ſlighteſt wound they could make was mortal.

"As ſoon as Hercules had put on the garment, he felt the poiſon burn even to the marrow in the bone: he cried out, in his agony, with a voice more than human; the ſound was returned by Mount Oeta, the echo deepened in the vallies, and the ſea itſelf ſeemed to be moved. The roar of the moſt furious bulls when they fight was not ſo dreadful as the cries of Hercules! Lycas, who brought him the garment from Deianira, happening unfortunately to approach him, he ſeized him in the diſtraction of his torments, and whirling him round, as a ſlinger whirls a ſtone that he would diſmiſs with all his ſtrength, he threw him from the top of the mountain; and falling into the ſea, he was immediately transformed to a rock, which ſtill retains the figure of a man, and

which, ſtill beaten by the ſurge, alarms the pilot, while he is yet diſtant from the ſhore.

" After the fate of Lycas, I thought I could truſt Hercules no more; and therefore endeavoured to conceal myſelf in the caverns of the rock. From this retreat I ſaw him, with one hand, root up the lofty pines that towered to the ſky, and oaks which had repelled the ſtorms of ſucceſſive generations; and, with the other, endeavoured to tear off the fatal garment, which adhered like another ſkin, and ſeemed to be incorporated with his body: in proportion as he tore it off, he tore off alſo the fleſh; his blood followed in a torrent, and the earth was impurpled round him. But his virtue at length ſurmounted his ſenſe of pain, and he cried out, " Thou art witneſs, O Philoctetes! to the torments which the gods inflict upon me, and they are juſt: I have offended Heaven, and violated the vows of connubial love; after all my conqueſts, I have meanly given up my heart to forbidden beauty: I periſh, and am content to periſh, that divine juſtice may be ſatisfied. But, alas! my dear friend, whither art thou fled! Tranſported by exceſs of pain, I have, indeed, deſtroyed unhappy Lycas, by an act of cruelty for which I abhor myſelf: he was a ſtranger to the poiſon that he brought me; he committed no crime, he deſerved no puniſhment. But could the ſacred ties of friendſhip be forgotten! could I attempt the life of Philoctetes! My love for him can ceaſe only with my life; into his breaſt will I breathe my departing ſpirit, and to his care will I confide my aſhes. Where art thou, then, my dear Philoctetes? where art thou, Philoctetes? the only object of my hope on earth!"

" Struck with this tender expoſtulation, I ruſhed towards him, and he ſtretched out his arms to embrace me: yet, before I reached him, he drew them

back, leſt he ſhould kindle in my boſom the fatal fires that conſumed his own. "Alas!" ſaid he, "even this conſolation is denied me!" He then turned from me; and collecting all the trees that he had rooted up into a funeral pile upon the ſummit of the mountain, he aſcended it with a kind of dreadful tranquillity: he ſpread under him the ſkin of the Nemæan lion, which, while he was traverſing the earth, from one extremity to the other, deſtroying monſters, and ſuccouring diſtreſs, he had worn as a mantle; and reclining upon his club, he commanded me to ſet fire to the wood. This command, though I trembled with horror, I could not refuſe to obey; for his miſery was ſo great, that life was no longer a bounty of Heaven: and I feared, that, in the extremity of his torment, he might do ſomething unworthy of the virtue which had aſtoniſhed the world.

When he perceived that the pile had taken fire; "Now," ſaid he, "my dear Philoctetes! I know that thy friendſhip is ſincere; for my honour is dearer to thee than my life: may thy reward be from Heaven! I give thee all I can beſtow: theſe arrows, dipped in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, I valued more than all that I poſſeſſed; and they are thine. Thou knoweſt that the wounds which they make are mortal: they rendered me invincible, and ſo they will render thee; nor will any man dare to lift up his hand againſt thee. Remember, that I die faithful to our friendſhip; and forget not how cloſe I held thee to my heart. If thou art indeed touched with my misfortunes, there is ſtill one conſolation in thy power; promiſe to acquaint no man with my death, and never to reveal the place where thou ſhalt hide my aſhes. I promiſed, in an agony of tenderneſs and grief; and I conſecrated my promiſe by an oath. A beam of joy ſparkled in his eyes; but a ſheet of flame

immediately ſurrounded him, ſtifled his voice, and almoſt hid him from my ſight: I caught, however, a glimpſe of him through the flame; and I perceived that his countenance was as ſerene as if he had been ſurrounded with feſtivity and joy at the banquet of a friend, covered with perfume, and crowned with flowers.

"The flames quickly conſumed his terreſtrial and mortal part: of that nature which he had received from his mother Alcmena there were no remains; but he preſerved, by the decree of Jove, that pure and immortal eſſence, that celeſtial flame, the true principle of life, which he had received from the Father of the gods: with the gods, therefore, he drank immortality under the golden roofs of Olympus, and they gave him Hebe to wife; the lovely Hebe, the goddeſs of youth, who had filled the bowl of nectar to Jupiter, before that honour was beſtowed upon Ganymede.

"In the mean time, the arrows that had been given me as a pledge of ſuperior proweſs and fame proved an inexhauſtible ſource of misfortune. When the confederate princes of Greece undertook to revenge the wrong done to Menelaus by Paris, who had baſely ſtolen away Helen, and to lay the kingdom of Priam in ruins, they learned from the oracle of Apollo, that in this enterpriſe they would never ſucceed, if they did not take with them the arrows of Hercules.

"Your father Ulyſſes, whoſe penetration and activity rendered him ſuperior in every council, undertook to perſuade me to accompany them to the ſiege of Troy, and to take the arrows of Hercules, which he believed to be in my poſſeſſion with me. It was now long ſince Hercules had appeared in the world; no exploit of the hero was related; and monſters

and robbers began to appear with impunity. The Greeks knew not what opinion to form concerning him: ſome affirmed that he was dead; others, that he was gone to ſubdue the Scythians under the frozen bear; but Ulyſſes maintained that he was dead, and engaged to make me confeſs it. He came to me, while I was ſtill lamenting the loſs of my illuſtrious friend with inconſolable ſorrow; he found it extremely difficult to ſpeak to me, for I avoided the ſight of mankind; I could not think of quitting the deſerts of Mount Oeta, where I had been witneſs to the death of Alcides; and was wholly employed in forming his image in my mind, and weeping at the remembrance of his ſufferings, which every view of theſe mournful places renewed. But, upon the lips of your father there was a ſweet and irreſiſtible eloquence: he ſeemed to take an equal part in my affliction, and when I wept, he wept with me: he gained upon my heart by an inſenſible approach; and he obtained my confidence even before I knew it. He intereſted my tenderneſs for the Grecian princes, who had undertaken a juſt war, in which, without me, they could not be ſucceſsful: he could not, however, draw from me the ſecret that I had ſworn to keep; but, though I did not confeſs it, he had ſufficient evidence that Hercules was dead, and he preſſed me to tell him where I had concealed his aſhes.

"I could not think of perjury without horror: and yet, alas! I eluded the vow that I had made to Hercules and to Heaven. I diſcovered the place where I had depoſited the remains of the hero, by ſtriking it with my foot; and the gods have puniſhed me for the fraud. I then joined the confederates, who received me with as much joy as they would have received Hercules himſelf. When we were on ſhore at the Iſland of Lemnos, I was willing to ſhow the

Greeks what my arrows would do; and therefore prepared to ſhoot a deer, which I ſaw ruſh into the foreſt; but, by ſome accident, I let the ſhaft ſlip out of my hand, and falling upon my foot, it gave me a wound, of which I ſtill feel the effects. I was immediately ſeized with the ſame pains that had deſtroyed Hercules; and the echoes of the iſland repeated my complaints day and night. A black and corrupted blood flowed inceſſantly from my wound, infected the air, and filled the camp with an intolerable ſtench: the whole army was ſtruck with horror at my condition, and concluded it to be the juſt puniſhment of the gods.

"Ulyſſes, who had engaged me in this expedition, was the firſt to abandon me, as I have ſince learned, becauſe he preferred victory, and the common intereſt of Greece, to private friendſhip, and the punctilios of decorum. The horror of my wound, the infection that it ſpread, and the dreadful cries that it forced from me, produced ſuch an effect upon the army, that it was no longer poſſible to ſacrifice in the camp. But when the Greeks abandoned me by the counſel of Ulyſſes, I conſidered his policy as the moſt aggravated inhumanity, and the baſeſt breach of faith. I was blinded by prejudice and ſelf-love; and did not perceive, that the wiſeſt men were moſt againſt me, and that the gods themſelves were become my enemies.

"I remained, during almoſt the whole time that Troy was beſieged, alone without ſuccour, without conſolation, without hope; the victim of intolerable anguiſh, in a deſolate iſland, where I ſaw no object but the rude productions of uncultivated nature, and heard only the roaring of the ſurge that was broken againſt the rocks. In one of the mountains of this deſert I found a cavern: the ſummit, which tower-

ed to the ſkies, was divided into a fork, and at the bottom was a ſpring of clear water. This cavern, my only dwelling, was the retreat of wild beaſts, of various kinds, to whoſe fury I was expoſed night and day. I gathered a few leaves into an heap for my bed; and my whole poſſeſſions were a wooden veſſel of the rudeſt workmanſhip, and a few tattered garments, which I wrapped round my wound to ſtaunch the blood, and uſed alſo to clean it. In this place, forſaken of man, and hateful to the gods, I ſometimes endeavoured to ſuſpend the ſenſe of my miſery, by ſhooting at the pigeons, and other birds that flew round the rock: when I had brought one to the ground I crawled with great pain and difficulty to take it up, that it might ſerve me for food; and thus my own hands provided me ſubſiſtence.

"The Greeks, indeed, left me ſome proviſions when they quitted the iſland; but theſe were ſoon exhauſted. I dreſſed ſuch as I procured at a fire, which I kindled by ſtriking a flint: and this kind of life, rude and forlorn as it was, would not have been unpleaſing to me, the ingratitude and perfidy of man having reconciled me to ſolitude, if it had not been for the pain that I endured from my wound, and the perpetual review of my ſingular misfortunes. "What!" ſaid I to myſelf, "ſeduce a man from his country, upon pretence that he alone can avenge the cauſe of Greece, and then leave him in an uninhabited iſland, while he is aſleep!" for I was aſleep when the Greeks deſerted me; and you may judge in what an agony of conſternation and grief I awaked, and ſaw their fleet ſtanding from the ſhore. I looked round me, to find ſome gleam of comfort; but all was deſolation and deſpair.

"This iſland had neither port nor commerce; and was not only without inhabitants, but without

viſitors, except ſuch as came by force. As no man ſet foot on the ſhore but thoſe who were driven thither by tempeſts, I could hope for ſociety only by ſhipwreck; and I knew, that if diſtreſs ſhould force any unfortunate mariners upon the iſland, they would not dare to take me with them when they left it, leſt they ſhould incur the reſentment, not of the Greeks only, but of the gods. I ſuffered remorſe, and pain, and hunger, ten years; I languiſhed with a wound that I could not cure; and hope itſelf was extinguiſhed in my breaſt.

"One day, as I returned from ſeeking ſome medicinal herbs for my wound, I was ſurprized to find, at the entrance of my cave, a young man of a graceful appearance, but a lofty and heroic port. I took him, at the firſt glance, for Achilles, whom he greatly reſembled in his features, aſpect, and deportment; and I was convinced of my miſtake only by his age. I obſerved, that his whole countenance expreſſed perplexity and compaſſion: he was touched to ſee, with what pain and difficulty I crawled along; and his heart melted at my complaints, which the echoes of the ſhore returned.

"I called out, while I was yet at a diſtance, "O ſtranger! what misfortune has caſt thee upon this iſland, forſaken of men? I know thy habit to be Grecian; an habit, which, in ſpite of my wrongs, I love. O! let me hear thy voice; and once more find, upon thy lips, that language which I learned in infancy, and which this dreadful ſolitude has ſo long forbidden me to ſpeak. Let not my appearance alarm you; for the wretch whom you behold is not an object of fear but of pity." The ſtranger had no ſooner anſwered, "I am a Greek!" than I cried out, "After ſuch ſilence without aſſociate, ſuch pain without conſolation, how ſweet is the ſound!

O my ſon! what misfortune, what tempeſt, or rather what favouring gale, has brought thee hither, to put an end to my ſufferings?" He replied, "I am of the Iſland of Scyros, whither I am about to return; and it is ſaid, that I am the ſon of Achilles: I have now anſwered your inquiries." So brief a reply left my curioſity unſatisfied. "O ſon of Achilles!" ſaid I, "the friend of my heart, who wert foſtered by Lycomedes with the tenderneſs of a parent, whence art thou come, and what has brought thee to this place?" "I come," he replied, "from the ſiege of Troy." "Thou waſt not," ſaid I, "in the firſt expedition." "Waſt thou in it then?" ſaid he. "I perceive," ſaid I, "that thou knoweſt neither the name, nor the misfortunes, of Philoctetes. Wretch that I am! my perſecutors inſult me in my calamity. Greece is a ſtranger to my ſufferings, which every moment increaſe. The Atrides have reduced me to this condition; may the gods reward them as they deſerve!"

"I then related the manner in which I had been abandoned by the Greeks: and, as ſoon as Neoptolemus had heard my complaints, he made me the confident of his own. "After the death of Achilles," ſaid he,—"How!" ſaid I, "is Achilles dead? Forgive the tears that interrupt you, for I owe them to the memory of your father." "Such interruption," replied Neoptolemus, "is ſoothing to my ſorrow: what can ſo much alleviate my loſs as the tears of Philoctetes?"

"Neoptolemus then reſumed his ſtory. "After the death of Achilles," ſaid he, "Ulyſſes and Phenix came to me, and told me that Troy could not be taken till I came to the ſiege. I was eaſily perſuaded to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and a deſire of inheriting his glory in ſo cele-

brated a war, were inducements that almoſt made perſuaſion unneceſſary. When I arrived at Sigeum, the whole army gathered round me: every one was ready to ſwear that he beheld Achilles; but, alas! Achilles was no more. In the preſumption of youth and inexperience, I thought I might hope every thing from thoſe who were ſo liberal of praiſe; I, therefore, demanded my father's arms of the Atrides; but their anſwer was a cruel diſappointment of my expectations. "You ſhall have," ſaid they, "whatever elſe belonged to your father; but his arms are allotted to Ulyſſes."

"This threw me into confuſion, and tears, and rage. But Ulyſſes replied without emotion, "You have not endured, with us, the dangers of a tedious ſiege; you have not merited ſuch arms; you have demanded them too proudly, and they ſhall never be your's." My right being thus unjuſtly wreſted from me, I am returning to the iſle of Scyros, yet more incenſed againſt the Atrides than Ulyſſes: to all, who are their enemies, may the gods be friends! And now, Philoctetes, I have told thee all."

"I then aſked Neoptolemus, how it happened, that Ajax, the ſon of Telamon, did not interpoſe, to prevent ſo flagitious an injuſtice? "Ajax," ſaid he, "is dead." "Is Ajax dead!" ſaid I, "and Ulyſſes alive, and proſperous!" I then inquired after Antilochus, the ſon of Neſtor; and Patroclus, the favourite of Achilles. "They alſo," ſaid he, "are dead." "Alas!" ſaid I, "are Antilochus and Patroclus dead? How does War, with unrelenting and undiſtinguiſhing deſtruction, ſweep away the righteous, and ſpare the wicked! Ulyſſes lives; and ſo, I doubt not, does Therſites. Such is the ordination of the gods! and yet we ſtill honour them with praiſe."

"While I was thus burning with reſentment againſt your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me. "I am going," ſaid he, with a mournful accent, "to live content in the Iſle of Scyros; which, though uncultivated and obſcure, is yet far from the armies of Greece, where evil prevails over good. Farewell! may the gods vouchſafe to reſtore thy health!" "O my ſon!" ſaid I, "I conjure thee by the manes of thy father, by thy mother, and by all that is dear to thee upon earth, not to leave me alone in this extremity of pain and ſorrow: I know I ſhall be a burden to you, but it would diſgrace your humanity to leave me here. Place me in the prow, the ſtern, or even the hold of your veſſel, wherever I ſhall leaſt offend you: in the eſtimation of a noble mind there is glory in doing good. Do not abandon me in a deſert, where there are no traces of men: take me with you to Scyros, or leave me at Eubœa, where I ſhall be near to Mount Oeta, to Trachin, and the pleaſing banks of Theſſalian Sperchius; or ſend me back to my father! Alas! my fears ſuggeſt that my father is dead: I ſent to him for a veſſel, which has never arrived; and it is therefore certain, either that he is dead, or that thoſe who promiſed to acquaint him with my diſtreſs have betrayed their truſt. My laſt hope is in thee, O my ſon! Conſider the uncertainty of all ſublunary things: the proſperous ſhould fear to abuſe proſperity; and never fail to ſuccour the diſtreſs which they are liable to feel!"

"Such, in the intolerable anguiſh of my mind, was my addreſs to Neoptolemus, and he promiſed to take me with him. My heart then leaped for joy. "O happy day!" ſaid I; "O amiable Neoptolemus, worthy to inherit the glory of thy father! Ye dear companions, with whom I ſhall return to the

world of life, ſuffer me to bid this mournful retreat farewell: ſee where I have lived, and conſider what I have endured! My ſufferings have been more than another could ſuſtain; but I was inſtructed by Neceſſity, and ſhe teaches what otherwiſe could not be known: thoſe who are without ſufferings are without knowledge; they diſtinguiſh neither good nor evil; and are, alike, ſtrangers to mankind, and to themſelves." After this effuſion of my heart, I took my bow and arrows in my hand.

"Neoptolemus then requeſted that I would permit him to kiſs the celebrated arms, that had been conſecrated by the invincible Alcides. "To you," ſaid I, "all things are permitted: you, my ſon, reſtore me to light and life, to my country, my father, my friends, and myſelf: you may touch theſe arms; and boaſt, that you are the only Greek who deſerves to touch them." Neoptolemus immediately came into my cell to admire my arrows. At this moment a ſudden pang totally ſuſpended my faculties; I no longer knew what I did, but called for a ſword, that I might cut off my foot. I cried out for Death, and reproached him with delay. "Burn me," ſaid I to Neoptolemus, "this moment, as I burnt the ſon of Jove upon Mount Oeta. O earth! receive a dying wretch, who ſhall never more riſe from thy boſom." I fell immediately to the ground without appearance of life, a ſtate in which theſe fits of pain uſually left me: a profuſe ſweat at length relieved me, and a black and corrupted ichor flowed from my wound. While I continued inſenſible, it would have been eaſy for Neoptolemus to have carried off my arms; but he was the ſon of Achilles, and his nature was ſuperior to fraud.

When I recovered, I perceived great confuſion in his countenance; and he ſighed like a man new to

diſſimulation, and practiſing it with violence to himſelf. "What," ſaid I, "do you meditate? to take advantage of my infirmity!" "You muſt go with me," ſaid he, "to the ſiege of Troy." "What do I hear!" ſaid I; "I am betrayed. O my ſon! give me back the bow; to with-hold it is to rob me of life. Alas! he anſwers me nothing; he looks ſteadily upon me, without emotion; over his heart I have no power. Ye winding ſhores! ye promontories that overhang the deep! ye broken rocks! ye ſavage beaſts, that prowl theſe ſcenes of deſolation! I complain to you; for, beſide you there are none to whom I can complain: to you my groans are familiar. Muſt I be thus betrayed by the ſon of Achilles! He robs me of the bow, which the hand of Hercules has made ſacred; he would compel me to the camp of Greece, as a trophy of the war; nor ſees that his victory is not over the living but the dead, a ſhade, a phantom, that exiſts only in idea! O that he had aſſailed me when my vigour was unimpaired! but even now he has taken me by ſurpriſe. What expedient ſhall I try! Reſtore what thou haſt taken; reſtore my arms, O my ſon! and let thy conduct be worthy of thy father and thyſelf. What doſt thou anſwer? Thou art inexorably ſilent. To thee, thou barren rock, I once more return, naked and miſerable, forlorn and diſtitute! In this cave I ſhall periſh alone; for having no weapon to deſtroy the beaſts, the beaſts will inevitably devour me; and why ſhould I deſire to live! But as to thee, my ſon, the mark of wickedneſs is not upon thee; thou art, ſurely, the inſtrument of another's hand! Reſtore my arms, and leave me to my fate!"

"Neoptolemus was touched with my diſtreſs, the tears ſtarted to his eye, and he ſighed to himſelf, "Would to God that I had ſtill continued at

Scyros!" At this moment I cried out, "What do I ſee! ſurely that is Ulyſſes!" Immediately the voice of Ulyſſes confirmed it, and he anſwered, "It is I." If the gloomy dominions of Pluto had been diſcloſed before me, and I had ſuddenly beheld the ſhades of Tartarus, which the gods themſelves cannot ſee without dread, I ſhould not have been ſeized with greater horror. I then cried out again, "I atteſt thee, O earth of Lemnos! O ſun! doſt thou behold and ſuffer this?" Ulyſſes anſwered without emotion, "This is ordained by Jupiter, and I but execute his will." "Dareſt thou," ſaid I, "profane the name of Jove with unhallowed lips? Haſt thou not compelled this youth to practiſe a fraud which his ſoul abhors?" "We come," replied Ulyſſes, "neither to deceive nor injure you: we come to deliver you from ſolitude and miſery, to heal your wound, to give you the glory of ſubverting Troy, and reſtore you in ſafety to your native country. It is thyſelf, and not Ulyſſes, that is the enemy of Philoctetes."

"I anſwered only by reproaches and inſult. "Since thou haſt abandoned me upon this inhoſpitable coaſt," ſaid I, "why haſt thou interrupted ſuch reſt as it can give? Go, and ſecure to thyſelf the glory of battle, and the delights of peace; enjoy the ſweets of proſperity with the Atrides, and leave pain and ſorrow to me. Why ſhouldſt thou compel me to go with thee? I am ſunk into nothing; I am dead already. Thou waſt once of opinion that I ought to be left here; that my complaints, and the infection of my wound, would interrupt the ſacrifices of the gods: and why is not this thy opinion now? Thou author of all my miſery! may the gods——But the gods hear me not; they take part with my enemy! O my country! theſe eyes ſhall behold thee no more! —O ye gods! if there is yet one among you ſo juſt

as to compaſſionate my wrongs, avenge them! puniſh Ulyſſes, and I ſhall believe that I am whole."

"While I was thus indulging an impotent rage, your father looked upon me with a calm compaſſion, which, inſtead of reſenting the intemperate ſallies of a wretch diſtracted by misfortune, makes allowance for his infirmity, and bears with his exceſs; he ſtood ſilent, and unmoved, in the ſtability of his wiſdom, till my paſſion ſhould be exhauſted by its own violence; as the ſummit of a rock ſtands unſhaken, while it is beaten by the winds, which, at length, wearied by their idle fury, are heard no more. He knew that all attempts to reduce the paſſions to reaſon are ineffectual till their violence is paſt; when I pauſed, therefore, and not before, he ſaid, "Where are now, O Philoctetes! thy reaſon and thy courage? This is the moment in which they can moſt avail thee! If thou ſhalt refuſe to follow us, and to concur with the great deſigns which Jupiter has formed for thee, farewell; thou art not worthy to atchieve the deliverance of Greece, or the deſtruction of Troy. Live ſtill an exile in Lemnos: theſe arms, which I have ſecured, will obtain a glory for Ulyſſes that was deſigned for thee. Let us depart, Neoptolemus! argument is loſt upon him; and compaſſion for an individual ſhould not make us give up the common intereſt of Greece."

"This threw me into a new tranſport of rage; and I was like a lioneſs when ſhe is robbed of her young, and makes the woods echo with her roar. "O cave!" ſaid I, "thou ſhalt not henceforth be forſaken; I will enter thee as my grave for ever: receive me, O manſion of ſorrow! receive me to famine and deſpair! O for a ſword, that I might die at once! O that the birds of prey would devour me! my arrows ſhall pierce them no more. O ineſti-

mable bow, conſecrated by the hand of the ſon of Jove! O Hercules! if thou art ſtill conſcious to what paſſes upon earth, does not thy breaſt burn with indignation? This bow is no longer in the poſſeſſion of thy friend, but in the profane and faithleſs hands of Ulyſſes! Come, without fear, ye birds of prey, and ye beaſts of the deſert, to your ancient dwelling! there are now no fatal arrows in my hands: wretch that I am! I can wound you no more; come then, and devour me. Or rather, inexorable Jove! let thy thunders cruſh me to nothing."

"Your father, having tried every other art of perſuaſion in vain, thought it beſt to return me my arms; he, therefore, made a ſign to Neoptolemus for that purpoſe, who inſtantly put the arrows and the bow into my hand. "Thou art, indeed," ſaid I, "the ſon of Achilles, and worthy of his blood but ſtand aſide, that I may pierce my enemy to the heart." I then drew an arrow againſt your father, but Neoptolemus held my hand. "Your anger," ſays he, "diſtracts you; you are not conſcious of the enormity you would commit."

But Ulyſſes ſtood equally unmoved againſt danger and reproach; and his patience and intrepidity ſtruck me with reverence and admiration; I was aſhamed of the tranſport which hurried me to uſe, for his deſtruction, the arms that he had reſtored: my reſentment, however, was not yet wholly appeaſed; and I was grieved beyond comfort, to have received my weapons from a man whom I could not love. But my attention was now engaged by Neoptolemus. "Know," ſaid he, "that the divine Helenus, the ſon of Priam, came to us from the city, impelled by the command and inſpiration of the gods, and diſcloſed to us the ſecrets of futurity: "Unhappy Troy," ſaid he, "muſt fall; but not till he who bears the ſhafts of Hercules ſhall come againſt her. Under

the walls of Troy only he can be cured; the ſons of Æſculapius ſhall give him health."

"At this moment I felt my heart divided: I was touched with the ingenuous ſimplicity of Neoptolemus, and the honeſty with which he had reſtored my bow; but I could not bear the thought of ſubmitting to Ulyſſes, and a falſe ſhame held me ſome time in ſuſpenſe. "Will not the world," ſaid I, "deſpiſe me, if I become, at laſt, the aſſociate of Ulyſſes and the Atrides?"

"While I ſtood thus torpid in ſuſpenſe, I was ſuddenly roufed by a voice that was more than human; and looking up, I ſaw Hercules: he deſcended in a ſhining cloud, and was ſurrounded with rays of glory. He was eaſily diſtinguiſhed by his ſtrong features, his rubuſt form, and the graceful ſimplicity of his geſture; but in his preſent appearance there was a loftineſs and dignity not equally conſpicuous when he was deſtroying monſters upon earth. "Thou heareſt," ſaid he, "and thou beholdeſt Hercules. I am deſcended from Olympus to acquaint thee with the commands of Jove. Thou knoweſt by what labours I acquired immortality; and if thou wouldſt follow me in the path of glory, the ſon of Achilles muſt be now thy guide. Thy wound ſhall be healed; Paris, who has filled the world with calamity, ſhall fall by my arrows from thy hand. When Troy ſhall be taken, thou ſhalt ſend coſtly ſpoils to Pæas thy father, upon Mount Oeta, and he ſhall place them upon my tomb, as a monument of the victory which my arrows obtained. Thou canſt not, O ſon of Achilles! conquer without Philoctetes; nor can Philoctetes conquer without thee: go, then, like two lions who chace their prey together. Thou, Philoctetes, ſhalt be healed by the ſkill of Æſculapius at Troy. But, above all things, keep alive in your hearts the love and reverence of the gods; all other

paſſions and pleaſures ſhall periſh with their objects; theſe only are immortal and divine."

"At theſe words I cried out, in a tranſport of joy, "The night is paſt; the dawn breaks upon me! O cheering light! after theſe years of darkneſs, art thou again returned? I feel thy influence, and I follow thy guiding ray. I quit theſe ſcenes, and ſtay only to bid them farewell. Farewell, my grotto! Ye nymphs that haunt theſe dewy fields, farewell! I ſhall hear the ſullen ſound of theſe inexorable waves no more. Farewell, ye cliffs, where I have ſhivered in the tempeſt, and been drenched in the rain! Farewell, ye rocks, whoſe echoes have ſo often repeated my complaints! Farewell, ye ſweet fountains, which my ſufferings embittered to me! and thou uncultivated ſoil, farewell! but to my departure be propitious, ſince I follow the voice of Friendſhip and the gods!"

"We then ſet ſail from the coaſt, and arrived in the Grecian army before the walls of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius, by the ſacred ſcience of their father Æſculapius, healed my wound, at leaſt reſtored me to the ſtate you ſee. I am free from pain, and I have recovered my ſtrength; but I am ſtill ſomewhat lame. I brought Paris to the ground, like a timid fawn that is pierced by the arrows of the huntſman, and the towers of Ilium were ſoon in aſhes All that followed you know already. But the remembrance of my ſufferings, notwithſtanding the ſucceſs and glory that followed, ſtill left upon my mind an averſion to Ulyſſes, which all his virtues could not ſurmount; but loving irreſiſtibly his reſemblance in a ſon, my enmity to the father inſenſibly relents."

END OF BOOK FIFTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS quarrels with Phalanthus about ſome priſoners, to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquiſhes Hippias, who, deſpiſing his youth, had ſeized the priſoners in queſtion for his brother; but being afterwards aſhamed of his victory, he laments in ſecret his raſhneſs and indiſcretion, for which he is very deſirous to atone. At the ſame time Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the allies were wholly taken up in reconciling Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them by ſurpriſe. After having ſeized an hundred of their veſſels to tranſport his own troops to their camp, he firſt ſets it on fire, and then falls upon Phalanthus's quarters: Phalanthus himſelf is deſperately wounded, and his brother Hippias ſlain.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus ſtood ſuſpended and immoveable: his eyes were fixed upon the hero that ſpoke; and all the paſſions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulyſſes, and Neoptolemus, appeared by turns in his countenance, as they were ſucceſſively deſcribed in the ſeries of the narration. Sometimes he interrupted Philoctetes by a ſudden and involuntary exclamation; and ſometimes he appeared to be abſorbed in thought, like a man who reaſons deeply from cauſes to effects. When Philoctetes deſcribed the confuſion of Neoptolemus, in his firſt attempt at diſſimulation, the ſame confuſion appeared in Telemachus, and he might, in that moment, have been taken for Neoptolemus himſelf.

The allied army marched, in good order, againſt Adraſtus, the tyrant of Daunia, a contemner of the gods, and a deceiver of men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave, without offence, among ſo many princes who were jealous of each other: it was neceſſary that he ſhould give cauſe of ſuſpicion to none, and that he ſhould conciliate the good-will of all. There was great goodneſs and ſincerity in his diſpoſition, but he was not naturally obliging, and gave himſelf little trouble to pleaſe others: he

was not fond of money, yet he knew not how to give it away: and thus, with an elevated mind, and a general diſpoſition to good, he appeared to be neither kind nor liberal; to be neither ſenſible of friendſhip, nor grateful for favours, nor attentive to merit. He indulged his humour, without the leaſt regard to the opinion of others; for his mother Penelope, notwithſtanding the care of Mentor, had encouraged a pride of birth and lofty demeanour, which caſt a ſhade over all his good qualities: he conſidered himſelf as participating a nature ſuperior to the reſt of men, whom, he ſeemed to think, the gods had placed upon the earth merely for his pleaſure and convenience, to prevent his wiſhes, and refer all to him as a viſible divinity. To ſerve him was, in his opinion, a happineſs that ſufficiently recompenſed the ſervice: nothing that he required was to be ſuppoſed impoſſible; and, at the leaſt delay, the impetuous ardour of his temper burſt into a flame. Thoſe who ſhould have ſeen him thus, unguarded and unreſtrained, would have concluded him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and ſenſible only to the gratification of his own appetites and vanity: but this indifference for others, and perpetual attention to himſelf, was merely the effect of the continual agitation that he ſuffered from the violence of his paſſions. He had been flattered and humoured by his mother from the cradle, and was a ſtriking example of the diſadvantages of high birth. Misfortune had not yet abated either his haughtineſs or impetuoſity; in every ſtate of dereliction and diſtreſs he had ſtill looked round him with diſdain; and his pride, like the palm, ſtill roſe under every depreſſion.

While he was with Mentor, his faults were ſcarce viſible; and they became inſenſibly leſs and leſs every day: like a fiery ſteed, that in his courſe diſdains the

rock, the precipice, and the torrent, and is obedient only to one commanding voice, and one guiding hand; Telemachus, impelled by a noble ardour, could be reſtrained only by Mentor. But Mentor could arreſt him with a look in the midſt of his career: he knew, he felt, the meaning of his eye the moment that it glanced upon him; his heart became ſenſible to virtue, and his countenance ſoftened into ſerenity and complacence: the rebellious tempeſt is not more ſuddenly rebuked into peace, when Neptune lifts his trident and frowns upon the deep.

When Telemachus was left to himſelf, all his paſſions, which had been reſtrained like the courſe of a torrent by a mound, burſt away with yet greater violence. He could not ſuffer the arrogance of the Lacedemonians, nor of Phalanthus their commander. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, conſiſted of young men who, having been born during the ſiege of Troy, had received no education; their illigitimate birth, the diſſoluteneſs of their mothers, and the licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, gave them an air of ſavage barbarity: they reſembled rather a band of robbers than a Grecian colony.

Phalanthus took every opportunity to ſhow his contempt of Telemachus: he frequently interrupted him in their public councils, and treated his advice as the crude notions of puerile inexperience: he alſo frequently made him the ſubject of his raillery, as a feeble and effeminate youth: he pointed out his ſlighteſt failings to the chiefs; and was perpetually buſy in fomenting jealouſies, and rendering the haughty manner of Telemachus odious to the allies.

Telemachus having one day taken ſome Daunians priſoners, Phalanthus pretended that they belonged

to him, becauſe, as he ſaid, he had defeated the party at the head of his Lacedemonians; and Telemachus, finding them already vanquiſhed and put to flight, had nothing to do but to give quarter to thoſe that threw down their arms, and lead them to the camp. Telemachus, on the contrary, inſiſted that he had prevented Phalanthus from being defeated by that very party, and had turned the ſcale in his favour. This queſtion was diſputed before an aſſembly of all the princes of the alliance; and Telemachus being ſo far provoked as to threaten Phalanthus, they would immediately have fought, if the aſſembly had not interpoſed.

Phalanthus had a brother, whoſe name was Hippias, and who was much celebrated for his courage, ſtrength, and dexterity. "Pollux," ſaid the Tarentines, "could not wield the ceſtus better; nor could Caſtor ſurpaſs him in the management of a horſe." He had almoſt the ſtature and the ſtrength of Hercules, and he was the terror of the whole army; for he was yet more petulant and brutal than courageous and ſtrong.

Hippias, having remarked the haughtineſs with which Telemachus had menaced his brother, went in great haſte to carry off the priſoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the determination of the aſſembly; and Telemachus, who was privately informed of it, ruſhed out after him, burning with rage. He ran eagerly from one part of the camp to the other like a boar, who, being wounded in the chace, turns enraged upon the hunter. His eye looked round for his enemy; and his hand ſhook the ſpear which he was impatient to launch againſt him. He found him at length; and, at the ſight of him, he was tranſported with new fury.

He was no longer Telemachus, a noble youth,

whoſe mind Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had enriched with wiſdom; but an enraged lion, or a lunatic urged on by deſperate frenzy. "Stay," ſaid he to Hippias; "thou baſeſt of mankind! ſtay; and let us ſee if thou canſt wreſt from me the ſpoils of thoſe whom I have overcome. Thou ſhalt not carry them to Tarentum. Thou ſhalt this moment deſcend to the gloomy borders of the Styx!" His ſpear inſtantly followed his words; but he threw it with ſo much fury that he could take no aim, and it fell, wide of Hippias, to the ground. He then drew his ſword, of which the guard was gold, and which had been given him by Laertes when he departed from Ithaca, as a pledge of his affection. Laertes had uſed it with glory when he himſelf was young; and it had been ſtained with the blood of many chiefs of Epirus, during a war in which Laertes had been victorious.

This ſword was ſcarcely drawn by Telemachus, when Hippias, willing to avail himſelf of his ſuperior ſtrength, ruſhed upon him, and endeavoured to force it from his hand; the weapon broke in the conteſt. They then ſeized each other, and were in a moment locked together. They appeared like two ſavage beaſts ſtriving to tear each other in pieces: fire ſparkled in their eyes: their bodies are now contracted, and now extended; they now ſtoop, and now riſe; they ſpring furiouſly upon each other, and pant with the thirſt of blood. Thus they engaged, foot to foot, and hand to hand; and their limbs were ſo entwined with each other, that they ſeemed to belong to one body. The advantage at laſt inclined to Hippias, to whom a full maturity of years had given firmneſs and ſtrength, which to the tender age of Telemachus was wanting. His breath now failed him, and his knees trembled; Hippias perceived his

weakneſs; and, doubling his efforts, the fate of Telemachus would now have been decided, and he would have ſuffered the puniſhment due to his paſſion and temerity, if Minerva, who ſtill watched over him from afar, and ſuffered him to fall into this extremity of danger only for his inſtruction, had not determined the victory in his favour.

She did not herſelf quit the palace of Salentum, but ſent Iris, the ſwift meſſenger of the gods, who ſpreading her light wings to the air, divided the pure and unbounded ſpace above, leaving behind her a long train of light, which diverſified the ſilver clouds with a thouſand dyes. She deſcended not to the earth till ſhe came to the ſea-ſhore, where the innumerable army of the allies was encamped. She ſaw the conteſt at a diſtance, and marked the violence and fury of the combatants; ſhe perceived the danger of Telemachus, and trembled with apprehenſion; ſhe approached in a thin vapour, which ſhe had condenſed into a cloud; and at the moment when Hippias, conſcious of his ſuperior ſtrength, believed his victory to be ſecure, ſhe covered the young charge of Minerva with the ſhield of the goddeſs, which for this purpoſe had been confided to her care. Telemachus, who was exhauſted and fainting, inſtantly became ſenſible of new vigour; and in proportion as he revived, the ſtrength and courage of Hippias declined; he was conſcious to ſomething inviſible and divine, which overwhelmed and confounded him. Telemachus now preſſed him cloſer, and aſſailed him ſometimes in one poſture, and ſometimes in another; he perceived him ſtagger; and leaving him not a moment's reſpite to recover, he at length threw him down, and fell upon him. An oak of Mount Ida, which at laſt yields to a thouſand ſtrokes that have made the depths of the foreſt reſound, falls not with a more

dreadful noiſe than Hippias: the earth groaned beneath him, and all that was around him ſhook.

But the ægis of Minerva infuſed into Telemachus wiſdom as well as ſtrength; and at the moment that Hippias fell under him he was touched with a ſenſe of the fault he had committed, by attacking the brother of one of the confederate princes, whom he had taken arms to aſſiſt. He recollected the counſels of Mentor, and they covered him with confuſion; he was aſhamed of his victory, and conſcious that he ought to have been vanquiſhed. In the mean time, Phalanthus, tranſported with rage, ran to the ſuccour of his brother, and would have pierced Telemachus with the ſpear that he carried in his hand, if he had not feared to pierce Hippias alſo, whom Telemachus held under him in the duſt. The ſon of Ulyſſes might then eaſily have taken the life of his enemy; but his anger was appeaſed, and he thought only of atoning for his raſhneſs, by ſhowing his moderation. Getting up therefore, from his antagoniſt, he ſaid, "I am ſatisfied, O Hippias! with having taught thee not to deſpiſe my youth. I give thee life, and I admire thy valour and thy ſtrength. The gods have protected me: yield, therefore, to the power of the gods. Henceforth let us think only of uniting our ſtrength againſt the common enemy."

While Telemachus was ſpeaking, Hippias roſe from the ground, covered with duſt and blood, and burning with ſhame and indignation. Phalanthus did not dare to take the life of him who had ſo generouſly given life to his brother; yet he was confuſed, and ſcarce knew what he would do. All the princes of the alliance ran to the place, and carried off Telemachus on one ſide, and on the other Phalanthus with Hippias, who, having loſt all his arrogance, kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. The

whole army was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, to find that Telemachus, a youth of ſo tender an age, who had not yet acquired the full ſtrength of a man, had been able to prevail againſt Hippias, who, in ſtrength and ſtature, reſembled the giants, thoſe children of the earth, who once attempted to diſpoſſeſs the gods of Olympus.

Telemachus, however, was far from enjoying his victory; and, while the camp was reſounding with his praiſe, he retired to his tent, overwhelmed with the ſenſe of his fault, and wiſhing to eſcape from himſelf. He bewailed the impetuoſity of his temper, and abhorred himſelf for the injurious extravagancies which his paſſions hurried him to commit: he was conſcious to ſomething of vanity and meanneſs in his unbounded pride; and he felt, that true greatneſs conſiſts in moderation, juſtice, modeſty, and humanity. He ſaw his defects, but he did not dare to hope that, after being ſo often betrayed into the ſame faults, he ſhould be ever able to correct them. He was at war with himſelf; and, in the anguiſh of the conflict, his complaints were like the roaring of a lion.

Two days he remained alone in his tent, tormented by ſelf-reproach, and aſhamed to return back to ſociety. "How can I," ſaid he, "again dare to look Mentor in the face! Am I the ſon of Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of men; and have I filled the camp of the allies with diſſention and diſorder? Is it their blood, or that of their enemies, the Daunians, that I ought to have ſpilt? I have been raſh even to madneſs, ſo that I knew not even how to launch a ſpear; I expoſed myſelf to danger and diſgrace, by engaging Hippias with inferior ſtrength, and had reaſon to expect nothing leſs than death, with the diſhonour of being vanquiſhed. And what if I had thus died? My faults would have periſhed

with me, and the turbulent pride, the thoughtleſs preſumption, of Telemachus would no longer have diſgraced the name of Ulyſſes, or the counſels of Mentor. O that I could but hope never more to do what now, with unutterable anguiſh, I repent having done! I ſhould then, indeed, be happy; but, alas! before the ſun that is now riſen ſhall deſcend, I ſhall, with the full conſent of my will, repeat the very ſame faults that I now regret with ſhame and horror. O fatal victory! O mortifying praiſe! at once the memorial and reproach of my folly!"

While he was thus alone and inconſolable, he was viſited by Neſtor and Philoctetes. Neſtor had intended to convince him of his fault; but inſtantly perceiving his diſtreſs and contrition, he changed his remonſtrances into conſolation; and, inſtead of reproving his miſconduct, endeavoured to ſooth his deſpair.

This quarrel retarded the confederates in their expedition; for they could not march againſt their enemies till they had reconciled Telemachus to Phalanthus and his brother. They were in continual dread, leſt the Tarentines ſhould fall upon the company of young Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. Every thing was thrown into confuſion merely by the folly of Telemachus; and Telemachus, who ſaw how much miſchief he had cauſed already, and how much more might follow from his indiſcretion, gave himſelf up to remorſe and ſorrow. The princes were extremely embarraſſed; they did not dare to put the army in motion, leſt the Tarentines and Cretans ſhould fall upon each other in their march; for it was with great difficulty that they were reſtrained even in the camp, where a ſtrict watch was kept over them. Neſtor and Philoctetes were continually paſſing and repaſſing between th:

tents of Telemachus and Phalanthus. Phalanthus was implacable; he had an obdurate ferocity in his nature; and being perpetually ſtimulated to revenge by Hippias, whoſe diſcourſe was full of rage and indignation, he was neither moved by the eloquence of Neſtor, nor the authority of Philoctetes: Telemachus was more gentle; but he was overwhelmed with grief, and refuſed all conſolation.

While the princes were in this perplexity, the troops were ſtruck with conſternation; and the camp appeared like a houſe in which the father of the family, the ſupport of his relations, and the hope of his children, is juſt dead.

In the midſt of this diſtreſs and diſorder, the army was ſuddenly alarmed by a confuſed and dreadful noiſe, the rattling of chariots, the claſh of arms, the neighing of horſes, and the cries of men: ſome victorious, and urging the ſlaughter; ſome flying and terrified; ſome wounded and dying. The duſt roſe as in a whirlwind, and formed a cloud that obſcured the ſky, and ſurrounded the camp; in a few moments this duſt was mixed with a thick ſmoke, which polluted the air, and prevented reſpiration; ſoon after was heard a hollow noiſe, like the roaring of Mount Ætna, when her fires are urged by Vulcan and the Cyclops, who forge thunder for the Father of the gods: every knee trembled, and every countenance was pale.

Adraſtus, vigilant and indefatigable, had ſurpriſed the allies in their camp. He had concealed his own march; and, perfectly acquainted with theirs, he had, with incredible expedition and labour, marched round a mountain of very difficult acceſs, the paſſes of which had been ſecured by the allies. Not dreaming that he would march round it, and knowing that the defiles, by which alone it could be paſſed,

were in their hands, they not only imagined themſelves to be in perfect ſecurity, but had formed a deſign to march through theſe defiles, and fall upon their enemy behind the mountain, when ſome auxiliaries which they expected ſhould come up.

Of this deſign Adraſtus, who ſpared no money to diſcover the ſecret of an enemy, had gained intelligence; for Neſtor and Philoctetes, notwithſtanding their wiſdom and experience, were not ſufficiently careful to conceal their undertakings. Neſtor, who was in a declining age, took too much pleaſure in telling what he thought would procure him applauſe: Philoctetes was naturally leſs talkative, but he was haſty, and the ſlighteſt provocation would betray him into the diſcovery of what he had determined to conceal; artful people, therefore, ſoon found the way to unlock his breaſt, and get poſſeſſion of whatever it contained: nothing more was neceſſary than to make him angry; he would then loſe all command of himſelf, expreſs his reſentment by menaces, and boaſt that he had certain means to accompliſh his purpoſes: if this was ever ſo ſlightly doubted, he would immediately diſcloſe his project, and give up the deareſt ſecret of his heart. Thus did this great commander reſemble a cracked veſſel, which, however precious its materials, ſuffers the liquors that are intruſted with it to drain away.

Thoſe who had been corrupted by the money of Adraſtus did not fail to take advantage of the weakneſs both of Neſtor and Philoctetes. They flattered Neſtor with exceſſive and perpetual praiſe; they related the victories he had won, and expatiated upon his foreſight in ecſtaſies of admiration. On the other ſide, they were continually laying ſnares for the impatience of Philoctetes; they talked to him of nothing but difficulties, croſſes, dangers, inconvenien-

cies, and irremediable miſtakes; and the moment his natural impetuoſity was moved, his wiſdom forſook him, and he was no longer the ſame man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding his faults, was much better qualified to keep a ſecret: he had acquired a habit of ſecrecy by his misfortunes, and the neceſſity he had been under of concealing his thoughts from the ſuitors of Penelope even in his infancy. He had the art of keeping a ſecret without falſehood, and even without appearing to have a ſecret to keep, by that reſerved and myſterious air which generally diſtinguiſhes cloſe people.

A ſecret did not appear to lay him under the leaſt difficulty or reſtraint: he ſeemed to be always unconſtrained, eaſy, and open, as if his heart was upon his lips: he ſaid all that might be ſaid ſafely, with the utmoſt freedom and unconcern; but he knew, with the utmoſt preciſion, where to ſtop, and could, without the leaſt appearance of deſign, avoid whatever glanced, however obliquely, at that which he would conceal. His heart, therefore, was wholly inacceſſible, and his beſt friends knew only what he thought was neceſſary to enable them to give him advice, except only Mentor, from whom he concealed nothing. In other friends he placed different degrees of confidence, in proportion as he had experienced their fidelity and wiſdom.

Telemachus had often obſerved that the reſolutions of the council were too generally known in the camp, and had complained of it to Neſtor and Philoctetes, who did not treat it with the attention it deſerved. Old men are too often inflexible, for long habit ſcarce leaves them the power of choice. The faults of age are hopeleſs: as the trunk of an old knotty tree, if it is crooked, muſt be crooked for ever; ſo men, after a certain age, loſe their pliancy, and

become fixed in habits which have grown old with them, and become as it were part of their conſtitution. They are ſometimes ſenſible of theſe habits; but, at the ſame time, are alſo ſenſible that they cannot be broken, and ſigh over their infirmity in vain: youth is the only ſeaſon in which human nature can be corrected; and, in youth, the power of correction is without limits.

There was, in the allied army, a Delopian, whoſe name was Eurymachus; an inſinuating ſycophant, who paid his court to all the princes, and could accommodate himſelf to every one's taſte and inclination! His invention and diligence were continually upon the ſtretch to render himſelf agreeable. If Eurymachus might be believed, nothing was difficult: if his advice was aſked, he gueſſed immediately what anſwer would be moſt pleaſing, and gave it. He had a talent at humour, which he indulged in raillery againſt thoſe from whom he had nothing to fear; but to others he was reſpectful and complaiſant; and had the art of rendering flattery ſo delicate, that the moſt modeſt received it without diſguſt. He was grave with the ſober, and with the jovial he was gay: he could aſſume all characters, however different, with equal facility: men of ſincerity appear always in their own; and their conduct, being regulated by the unalterable laws of virtue, is ſteady and uniform; they are, therefore, much leſs agreeable to princes than thoſe who aſſimilate themſelves to their predominant paſſions. Eurymachus had conſiderable military ſkill, and was very able in buſineſs: he was a ſoldier of fortune, who, having attached himſelf to Neſtor, had entirely gained his confidence; and could, by flattering that vanity and fondneſs for praiſe which a little ſullied the luſtre of his character, draw out of him whatever he wanted to know.

Philoctetes, though he never truſted him, was not leſs in his power; for, in him, iraſcibility and impatience produced the ſame effect that an ill-placed confidence produced in Neſtor. Eurymachus had nothing to do but to contradict him; for, when once he was provoked, all his ſecrets were diſcovered. This man had been bribed, with large ſums of money, to betray the counſels of the allies to Adraſtus; who had in his army a certain number of choſen men, who went over to the allies as deſerters, and came back, one by one, with intelligence from Eurymachus, as often as he had any thing of importance to communicate: this treachery was practiſed without much danger of detection; for theſe meſſengers carried no letters, and, therefore, if they happened to be ſeized, nothing was found upon them that could render Eurymachus ſuſpected. Every project of the allies, therefore, was conſtantly defeated by Adraſtus; for an enterpriſe was ſcarcely reſolved upon in council, before the Daunians made the very diſpoſitions which alone could prevent its ſucceſs. Telemachus was indefatigable to diſcover the cauſe; and endeavoured to put Neſtor and Philoctetes upon their guard by alarming their ſuſpicion; but his care was ineffectual, and their blindneſs deſperate.

It had been reſolved, in council, to wait for a conſiderable reinforcement that was expected; and a hundred veſſels were diſpatched ſecretly by night, to convey theſe troops, from that part of the coaſt whither they had been ordered to repair, to the place where the army was encamped, with greater ſpeed and facility; the ground, over which they would otherwiſe have been obliged to march, being in ſome places very difficult to paſs. In the mean time, they thought themſelves in perfect ſecurity, having taken poſſeſſion of the paſſes of the neighbouring mountain,

which was a part of the Appenine moſt difficult of acceſs. The camp was upon the banks of the river Galeſus, not far from the ſea, in a delightful country, abounding with forage, and whatever elſe was neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of an army. Adraſtus was on the other ſide of the mountain, which it was thought impoſſible for him to paſs; but as he knew the allies to be then weak, that a large reinforcement was expected to join them, that veſſels were waiting to receive them on board, and that diſſention and animoſity had been produced in the army by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalanthus, he undertook to march round without delay. He proceeded with the utmoſt expedition, advancing night and day along the borders of the ſea, through ways which had always been thought impaſſable: thus, courage and labour ſurmount all obſtacles; and, to thoſe who can dare and ſuffer, nothing is impoſſible: and thoſe who, ſlumbering in idleneſs and timidity, dream that every thing is impoſſible that appears to be difficult, deſerve to be ſurpriſed and ſubdued.

Adraſtus fell, unexpectedly, upon the hundred veſſels of the allies, at break of day. As they were not prepared for defence, and thoſe on board had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of an attack, they were ſeized without reſiſtance, and ſerved to tranſport his troops, with the greateſt expedition, to the mouth of the Galeſus: he then proceeded, without delay, up the river. The advanced guard of the allies on that ſide, believing that theſe veſſels brought the reinforcement they expected, received them with ſhouts of joy; and Adraſtus and his men got on ſhore before they diſcovered their miſtake. He fell upon them when they had no ſuſpicion of danger; and he found the camp open, without order, without chief, and without arms.

The quarter of the camp which he firſt attacked was that of the Tarentines commanded by Phalanthus. The Daunians entered ſo ſuddenly, and with ſo much vigour, that the ſurpriſe of the Lacedemonians rendered them incapable of reſiſtance; and while they were ſeeking their arms, with a confuſion that made them embarraſs and impede each other, Adraſtus ſet fire to the camp. The flames immediately roſe from the tents to the ſky; and the noiſe of the fire was like that of a torrent, which rolls over a whole country, bearing down trees of the deepeſt root, and ſweeping away the treaſured harveſt with the barn, and flocks and herds with the fold and the ſtall. The flames were driven by the wind from tent to tent; and the whole camp had ſoon the appearance of an ancient foreſt, which ſome accidental ſpark had ſet on fire.

Phalanthus, though he was neareſt to the danger, could apply no remedy. He ſaw that all his troops muſt periſh in the conflagration, if they did not immediately abandon the camp; yet he was ſenſible, that a ſudden retreat before a victorious enemy might produce a final and fatal diſorder. He began, however, to draw up his Lacedemonian youth before they were half armed but Adraſtus gave him no time to breathe; a band of expert archers killed many of them on one ſide, and a company of ſlingers threw ſtones as thick as hail on the other. Adraſtus himſelf, ſword in hand, at the head of a choſen number of Daunians, purſued the fugitives by the light of the flames, and put all that eſcaped the fire to the ſword. Blood flowed round him in a deluge, yet he was ſtill inſatiable of blood: his fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, when they tear in pieces the ſhepherd with the flock. The troops of Phalanthus ſtood torpid in deſpair; Death appeared

before them like a ſpectre led by an infernal fury, and their blood froze in their veins; their limbs would no longer obey their will, and their trembling knees deprived them even of the hope of flight.

Phalanthus, whoſe faculties were in ſome degree rouzed by ſhame and deſpair, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven; he ſaw his brother Hippias fall at his feet, under the hand of Adraſtus. He was ſtretched upon the earth, and rolled in the duſt; the blood guſhed from a deep wound in his ſide like a river; his eyes cloſed againſt the light; and his ſoul, furious and indignant, iſſued with the torrent of his blood. Phalanthus himſelf, covered with the vital effuſion from his brother's wound, and unable to afford him ſuccour, was inſtantly ſurrounded by a crowd of enemies, who preſſed him with all their power; his ſhield was pierced by a thouſand arrows, and he was wounded in many parts of his body; his troops fled, without a poſſibility of being brought back to the charge; and the gods looked down upon his ſufferings without pity.

END OF BOOK SIXTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS, having put on his divine armour, runs to the aſſiſtance of Phalanthus; he kills Iphicles, the ſon of Adraſtus, repulſes the victorious enemy, and would have put an end to the war, if a tempeſt had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them, particularly of Phalanthus: he performs the ſolemnities at the funeral of Hippias himſelf; and, having collected his aſhes in a golden urn, preſents them to his brother.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

JUPITER, ſurrounded by the celeſtial deities, ſurveyed the ſlaughter of the allies from the ſummit of Olympus; and, looking into futurity, he beheld the chiefs whoſe thread of life was that day to be divided by the Fates. Every eye in the divine aſſembly was fixed upon the countenance of Jupiter, to diſcover his will: but the Father of gods and men thus addreſſed them, with a voice in which majeſty was tempered with ſweetneſs. "You ſee the diſtreſs of the allies, and the triumph of Adraſtus; but the ſcene is deceitful: the proſperity and honour of the wicked are ſhort; the victory of Adraſtus, the impious and perfidious, ſhall not be complete. The allies are puniſhed by this misfortune only that they may correct their faults, and learn better to conceal their counſels: Minerva is preparing new laurels for Telemachus, whom ſhe delights to honour." Jupiter ceaſed to ſpeak; and the gods continued in ſilence to behold the battle.

In the mean time, Neſtor and Philoctetes received an account, that one part of the camp was already burned, and that the wind was ſpreading the flames to the reſt; that the troops were in diſorder; and that Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, had given way. At this dreadful intelligence they ran to

arms, aſſembled the leaders, and gave orders for the camp to be immediately abandoned, that the men might not periſh in the conflagration.

Telemachus, who had been pining with inconſolable dejection, forgot his anguiſh in a moment, and reſumed his arms. His arms were the gift of Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent artificer of Salentum; but they were indeed the work of Vulcan, who, at her requeſt, had forged them in the ſmoking caverns of Mount Ætna.

Theſe arms had a poliſh like glaſs, and were effulgent as the rays of the ſun. On the cuiraſs was the repreſentation of Neptune and Pallas diſputing which of them ſhould give name to a riſing city. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, and a horſe ſprung out at the blow: his eyes had the appearance of living fire, and the foam of his mouth ſparkled like light; his mane floated in the wind; and his legs, at once nervous and ſupple, played under him with equal agility and vigour: his motion could not be reduced to any pace; but he ſeemed to bound along with a ſwiftneſs and elaſticity that left no trace of his foot, and the ſpectator could ſcarce believe but that he heard him neigh. In another compartment Minerva appeared to be giving the branch of an olive, a tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city; the branch, with its fruit, repreſented that plenty and peace which Wiſdom cannot fail to prefer before the diſorders of war, of which the horſe was an emblem. This ſimple and uſeful gift decided the conteſt in favour of the goddeſs; and Athens, the pride of Greece, was diſtinguiſhed by her name *. Minerva was alſo repreſented as

* The Greek name of Minerva is Ἀθήνη, Athene.

aſſembling the liberal arts, under the ſymbols of little children with wings: they appeared to fly to her for protection, terrified at the brutal fury of Mars, who marks his way with deſolation, as lambs gather round their dam at the ſight of a hungry wolf, who has already opened his mouth to devour them. The goddeſs, with a look of diſdain and anger, confounded, by the excellence of her works, the preſumptuous folly of Arachne, who vied with her in the labours of the loom; Arachne herſelf was alſo to be ſeen in the piece; her limbs attenuated and disfigured, and her whole form changed into that of a ſpider. At a little diſtance Minerva was again repreſented as giving counſel to Jupiter, when the giants made war upon heaven, and encouraging the inferior deities in their terror and conſternation. She was alſo repreſented with her ſpear and ægis, upon the borders of Simois and Scamander, leading Ulyſſes by the hand, animating the flying Greeks with new courage, and ſuſtaining them againſt the heroes of Troy, and the proweſs even of Hector himſelf. She was laſt repreſented as introducing Ulyſſes into the fatal machine, by which, in one night, the whole empire of Priam was ſubverted.

Another part of the ſhield repreſented Ceres in the fruitful plains of Enna, the centre of Sicily. The goddeſs appeared to be collecting a ſcattered multitude, who were ſeeking ſubſiſtence by the chaſe, or gathering up the wild fruit that fell from the trees. To theſe ignorant barbarians ſhe ſeemed to teach the art of meliorating the earth, and deriving ſuſtenance from its fertility. She preſented them a plough, and ſhowed them how oxen were to be yoked: the earth was then ſeen to part in furrows under the ſhare, and a golden harveſt waved upon the plain: the reaper put in his ſickle, and was rewarded for

all his labour. Steel, which in other places was devoted to works of deſtruction, was here employed only to produce plenty, and provide for delight. The nymphs of the meadows, crowned with flowers, were dancing on the borders of a river, with a grove not far diſtant: Pan gave the muſic of his pipe; and the fawns and ſatyrs were ſeen frolicing together, in a leſs conſpicuous portion of the compartment. Bacchus was alſo repreſented crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand on his thyrſis, and holding the branch of a vine, laden with grapes, in the other. The beauty of the god was effeminate, but mingled with ſomething noble, impaſſioned, and languiſhing, that cannot be expreſſed. He appeared upon the ſhield as he did to the unfortunate Ariadne, when he found her alone, forſaken, and overwhelmed with grief, a ſtranger upon a foreign ſhore.

Numbers of people were ſeen crowding from all parts: old men carrying the firſt-fruits of their labour as an offering to the gods; young men returning, weary with the labour of the day, to their wives, who were come out to meet them, leading their children in their hands, and interrupting their walk with careſſes. There were alſo ſhepherds, ſome of whom appeared to be ſinging, while others danced to the muſic of the reed. The whole was a repreſentation of peace, plenty, and delight: every thing was ſmiling and happy: wolves were ſporting with the ſheep in the paſtures; and the lion and tyger, quitting their ferocity, grazed peaceably with the lamb: a ſhepherd, that was ſtill a child, led them, obedient to his crook, in one flock, and Imagination recalled the pleaſures of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armour, took, inſtead of his own ſhield, the dreadful ægis of Minerva, which had been ſent him by Iris, the ſpeedy

meſſenger of the gods. Iris had, unperceived, taken away his ſhield, and had left in its ſtead this ægis, at the ſight of which the gods themſelves are impreſſed with dread.

When he was thus armed, he ran out of the camp to avoid the flames; and called to him all the chiefs of the army; he called with a voice that reſtored the courage they had loſt, and his eye ſparkled with a brightneſs that was more than human. His aſpect was placid, and his manner eaſy and compoſed: he gave orders with the ſame quiet attention as that of an old man, who regulates his family, and inſtructs his children; but, in action, he was ſudden and impetuous: he reſembled a torrent, which not only rolls on its own waves with irreſiſtible rapidity, but carries with it the heavieſt veſſel that floats upon its ſurface.

Philoctetes and Neſtor, the chiefs of the Mandurians, and the leaders of other nations, felt themſelves influenced by an irreſiſtible authority; age appeared to be no longer conſcious of experience; and every commander ſeemed to give up, implicitly, all pretenſions to counſel and wiſdom: even jealouſy, a paſſion ſo natural to man, was ſuſpended; every tongue was ſilent, and every eye was fixed with admiration upon Telemachus: all ſtand ready to obey him without reflection, as if they had always been under his command. He advanced to an eminence, from which the diſpoſition of the enemy might be diſcovered; and, at the firſt glance, he ſaw, that not a moment was to be loſt: that the burning the camp had thrown the Daunians into diſorder, and that they might now be ſurpriſed in their turn. He, therefore, took a circuit with the utmoſt expedition, followed by the moſt experienced commanders, and fell upon them in the rear, when they believed the whole army of the allies to be ſurrounded by the conflagration.

This unexpected attack threw them into confusion; and they fell under the hand of Telemachus, as leaves fall from the trees in the declining year, when the northern tempest, the harbinger of winter, makes the veterans of the forest groan, and bends the branches to the trunk. Telemachus strewed the earth with the victims of his prowess, and his spear pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus: Iphicles rashly presented himself before him in battle, to preserve the life of his father, whom Telemachus was about to attack by surprise. Telemachus and Iphicles were equal in beauty, vigour, dexterity, and courage; they were of the same stature, had the same sweetness of disposition, and were both tenderly beloved by their parents; but Iphicles fell like a flower of the field, which, in the full pride of its beauty, is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then overthrew Euphorion, the most celebrated of all the Lydians that came from Etruria; and his sword at last pierced the breast of Cleomenes, who had just plighted his faith in marriage, and had promised rich spoils to the wife whom he was destined to see no more.

Adrastus beheld the fall of his son and of his captains, and saw his victory wrested from him when he thought it secure, in a transport of rage, which shook him like the hand of Death. Phalanthus, almost prostrate at his feet, was like a victim, wounded but not slain, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies terrified from the altar: in one moment more his life would have been the prize of Adrastus: but in this crisis of his fate he heard the shout of Telemachus rushing to his assistance, and looked upward; his life was now given him back, and the cloud which was settling over his eyes vanished. The Daunians, alarmed at this unexpected attack, abandoned Pha-

Ianthus, to repreſs a more formidable enemy; and Adraſtus was ſtung with new rage, like a tiger, from whom the ſhepherds, with united force, ſnatch the prey that he was ready to devour. Telemachus fought him in the throng; and would have finiſhed the war at a ſtroke, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not vouchſafe him ſo ſudden and eaſy a victory: and even Minerva, that he might better learn to govern, was willing that he ſhould longer continue to ſuffer. The impious Adraſtus, therefore, was preſerved by the Father of the gods, that Telemachus might acquire new virtue, and be diſtinguiſhed by greater glory. A thick cloud was interpoſed, by Jupiter, between the Daunians and their enemies; the will of the gods was declared in thunders that ſhook the plain, and threatened to cruſh the reptiles of the earth under the ruins of Olympus: the lightning divided the firmament from pole to pole; and the light, which this moment dazzled the eye, left it the next in total darkneſs: an impetuous ſhower, that immediately followed, contributed to ſeparate the two armies.

Adraſtus availed himſelf of the ſuccour of the gods, without any ſecret acknowledgment of their power; an inſtance of ingratitude, which made him worthy of more ſignal vengeance! He poſſeſſed himſelf of a ſituation between the ruins of the camp and a moraſs, which extended to the river, with ſuch promptneſs and expedition, as made even his retreat an honour; and, at once, ſhowed his readineſs at expedients, and perfect poſſeſſion of himſelf. The allies, animated by Telemachus, would have purſued him; but he eſcaped, by favour of the ſtorm, like a bird from the ſnare of the fowler.

The allies had now nothing to do but to return to the camp, and repair the damage it had ſuffered:

but the ſcene, as they entered it, exhibited the miſeries of war in their utmoſt horror. The ſick and wounded, not having ſtrength to quit their tents, became a prey to the flames; and many that appeared to be half burnt were ſtill able to expreſs their miſery in a plaintive and dying voice, calling upon the gods, and looking upward. At theſe ſights, and theſe ſounds, Telemachus was pierced to the heart, and burſt into tears: he was ſeized, at once, with horror and compaſſion: and involuntarily turned away his eyes from objects which he trembled to behold; wretches, whoſe death was inevitable, but painful and ſlow; whoſe bodies, in part devoured by the fire, had the appearance of the fleſh of victims that is burnt upon the altar, and mixes the ſavour of ſacrifices with the air.

"Alas!" ſaid Telemachus, "how various, and how dreadful, are the miſeries of war! What horrid infatuation impels mankind! their days upon the earth are few, and thoſe few are evil: why then ſhould they precipitate death, which is already near? why ſhould they add bitterneſs to life, that is already bitter? All men are brothers, and yet they hunt each other as prey. The wild beaſts of the deſert are leſs cruel: lions wage not war againſt lions, and to the tiger the tiger is peaceable; the only objects of their ferocity are animals of a different ſpecies: man does, in oppoſition to reaſon, what by animals, that are without reaſon, is never done. And for what are theſe wars undertaken? Is there not land enough in the world, for every man to appropriate more than he can cultivate? Are there not deſerts, which the whole race could never people? What then is the motive to war? Some tyrant ſighs for a new appellation; he would be called a conqueror; and, for this, he kindles a flame that deſolates the earth.

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Thus a wretched individual, who would not have been born but for the anger of the gods, brutally ſacrifices his ſpecies to his vanity: ruin muſt ſpread, blood muſt flow, fire muſt conſume, and he who eſcapes from the flames and the ſword muſt periſh by famine, with yet more anguiſh and horror; that one man, to whom the miſeries of a world is ſport, may, from this general deſtruction, obtain a fanciful poſſeſſion of what he calls glory. How vile the perverſion of ſo ſacred a name! how worthy, above all others, of indignation and contempt, thoſe who have ſo far forgotten humanity! Let thoſe who fancy they are demigods henceforth remember that they are leſs than men; and let every ſucceeding age, by which they hoped to be admired, hold them in execration. With what caution ſhould princes undertake a war! Wars, indeed, ought always to be juſt; but that is not ſufficient; they ought alſo be neceſſary to the general good. The blood of a nation ought never to be ſhed, except for its own preſervation in the utmoſt extremity. But the perfidious counſels of flattery, falſe notions of glory, groundleſs jealouſies, inſatiable ambition diſguiſed under ſpecious appearances, and connexions inſenſibly formed, ſeldom fail to engage princes in a war which renders them unhappy; in which every thing is put in hazard without neceſſity; and which produces as much miſchief to their ſubjects as to their enemies." Such were the reflections of Telemachus.

But he did not content himſelf with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to mitigate them. He went himſelf from tent to tent, affording to the ſick, and even to the dying, ſuch aſſiſtance and comfort as they could receive; he diſtributed among them, not only medicine, but money; he ſoothed and conſoled them by expreſſions of tenderneſs and friendſhip, and

ſent others on the ſame errand to thoſe whom he could not viſit himſelf.

Among the Cretans, that had accompanied him from Salentum, were two old men, whoſe names were Traumatophilus and Noſophagus. Traumatophilus had been at the ſiege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learned the art of healing wounds from the ſons of Æſculapius. He poured into the deepeſt and moſt malignant ſores an odoriferous liquor, which removed the dead and mortified fleſh without the aſſiſtance of the knife, and facilitated the formation of a new ſubſtance, of a fairer and better texture than the firſt. Noſophagus had never ſeen the ſons of Æſculapius; but, by the aſſiſtance of Merion, he had procured a ſacred and myſterious book, which was written by Æſculapius for their inſtruction. Noſophagus was alſo beloved by the gods: he had compoſed hymns in honour of the offspring of Latona; and he offered every day a lamb, white and ſpotleſs, to Apollo, by whom he was frequently inſpired.

As ſoon as he ſaw the ſick, he knew, by the appearance of the eyes, the colour of the ſkin, the temperament of the body, and the ſtate of reſpiration, what was the cauſe of the diſeaſe. Sometimes he adminiſtered medicines that operated by perſpiration; and the ſucceſs ſhowed how much the increaſe or diminution of that ſecretion can influence the mechaniſm of the body for its hurt or advantage. To thoſe that were languiſhing under a gradual decay he gave infuſions of certain ſalutary herbs, that by degrees fortified the noble parts, and, by purifying the blood, brought back the vigour and the freſhneſs of youth. But he frequently declared, that if it were not for criminal exceſſes, and idle fears, there would be but little employment for the phyſician. "The number of diſeaſes," ſays he, "is a diſgrace to mankind; for

virtue produces health. Intemperance converts the very food that ſhould ſuſtain life into a poiſon that deſtroys it; and pleaſure, indulged to exceſs, ſhortens our days more than they can be lengthened by medicine. The poor are more rarely ſick, for want of nouriſhment, than the rich, by taking too much: high-ſeaſoned meats, that ſtimulate appetite after nature is ſufficed, are rather poiſon than food. Medicines themſelves offer violence to nature; and ſhould never be uſed but in the moſt preſſing neceſſity. The great remedy, which is always innocent, and always uſeful, is temperance, a moderate uſe of pleaſure, tranquillity of mind, and exerciſe of body: theſe produce a pure and well-tempered blood, and throw off ſuperfluous humours that would corrupt it." Thus was Noſophagus yet leſs honoured for the medicine by which he cured diſeaſes, than for the rules he preſcribed to prevent them, and render medicine unneceſſary.

Theſe excellent perſons were ſent by Telemachus to viſit the ſick of the army; many of whom they recovered by their remedies, but yet more by the care which they took to have them properly attended, to keep their perſons clean, and the air about them pure; at the ſame time confining the convaleſcent to an exact regimen, as well with reſpect to the quality as the quantity of their food.

The ſoldiers, touched with gratitude at this ſeaſonable and important relief, gave thanks to the gods for having ſent Telemachus among them. "He is not," ſaid they, "a mere mortal, like ourſelves; he is certainly ſome beneficent deity in human ſhape; or if he is, indeed, a mortal, he bears leſs reſemblance to the reſt of men than to the gods. He is an inhabitant of the earth only to diffuſe good: his affability and benevolence recommend him ſtill more than his

valour. O that we might have him for our king! But the gods reſerve him for ſome more favoured and happy people, among whom they deſign to reſtore the golden age!"

Theſe encomiums were overheard by Telemachus, while he was going about the camp in the night, to guard againſt the ſtratagems of Adraſtus; and therefore could not be ſuſpected of flattery, like thoſe which deſigning ſycophants often beſtow upon princes to their face; inſolently preſuming that they have neither modeſty nor delicacy; and that nothing more is neceſſary to ſecure their favour than to load them with extravagant praiſe. To Telemachus, that only was pleaſing which was true; he could bear no praiſe but that which, being given when he was ſuppoſed to be abſent, he might reaſonably conclude to be juſt. To ſuch praiſe he was not inſenſible; but taſted the pure and ſerene delight which the gods have decreed alone to virtue, and which vice can neither enjoy nor conceive. He did not, however, give himſelf up to this pleaſure: his faults immediately ruſhed into his mind; he remembered his exceſſive regard for himſelf, and indifference to others; he felt a ſecret ſhame at having received from Nature a diſpoſition which made him appear to want the feelings of humanity; and he referred to Minerva all the praiſe that he had received, as having grafted excellence upon him, which he thought he had no right to appropriate to himſelf. "It is thy bounty," ſaid he, "O goddeſs! which has given me Mentor, to fill my mind with knowledge, and correct the infirmities of my nature. Thou haſt vouchſafed me wiſdom to profit by my faults, and miſtruſt myſelf. It is thy power that reſtrains the impetuoſity of my paſſions; and the pleaſure that I feel in comforting the afflicted is thy gift. Men would hate me but for thee;

and without thee I ſhould deſerve hatred; I ſhould be guilty of irreparable faults; and reſemble an infant, who, not conſcious of its own weakneſs, quits the ſide of its mother, and falls at the next ſtep."

Neſtor and Philoctetes were aſtoniſhed to ſee Telemachus ſo affable, ſo attentive to oblige, ſo ready to ſupply the wants of others, and ſo diligent to prevent them. They were ſtruck with the difference of his behaviour, but could not conceive the cauſe; and what ſurpriſed them moſt was, the care that he took about the funeral of Hippias. He went himſelf and drew the body, bloody and diſfigured, from the ſpot where it lay hidden under a heap of the ſlain; he was touched with a pious ſorrow, and wept over it. "O mighty ſhade!" ſaid he, "thou art now ignorant of my reverence for thy valour. Thy haughtineſs, indeed, provoked me; but thy fault was from the ardour of youth: alas! I know but too well, how much youth has need of pardon. We were in the way to be united by friendſhip: O why have the gods ſnatched thee from me before I had an opportunity to compel thy eſteem!"

Telemachus cauſed the body to be waſhed with odoriferous liquors; and by his orders a funeral pile was prepared. The lofty pines groaned under the ſtrokes of the axe; and, as they fell, rolled down the declivity of the mountain. Oaks, thoſe ancient children of the earth, which ſeemed to threaten heaven, and elms and poplars adorned with thick foliage of vivid green, with the ſpreading beach, the glory of the foreſt, ſtrewed the borders of the river Galeſus; and a pile was there raiſed with ſuch order, that it reſembled a regular building: the flame began to ſparkle among the wood, and a cloud of ſmoke aſcended in volumes to the ſky.

The Lacedemonians advanced with a ſlow and

mournful pace, holding their lances reverſed, and fixing their eyes upon the ground: the ferocity of their countenances was ſoftened into grief; and the ſilent tear dropt, unbidden, from their eyes. Theſe Lacedemonians were followed by Phericides, an old man, yet leſs depreſſed by the weight of years than by ſorrow to have ſurvived Hippias, whom he had educated from his earlieſt youth. He raiſed his hands, and his eyes that were drowned in tears, to Heaven: ſince the death of Hippias he had refuſed to eat, and the lenient hand of Sleep had not once cloſed his eyes, or ſuſpended the anguiſh of his mind. He walked on with trembling ſteps, implicitly following the crowd, and ſcarce knowing whither he went: his heart was too full for ſpeech, and his ſilence was that of dejection and deſpair: but when he ſaw the pile kindled, a ſudden tranſport ſeized him, and he cried out, "O Hippias, Hippias! I ſhall ſee thee no more. Hippias is dead, and I am ſtill living. O my dear Hippias! it was I that taught thee, cruel and unrelenting! it was I that taught thee the contempt of death. I hoped that my dying eyes would have been cloſed by thy hand, and that I ſhould have breathed the laſt ſigh into thy boſom. Ye have prolonged my life, ye gods, in your diſpleaſure, that I might ſee the life of Hippias at an end. O my child, the dear object of my care and hope, I ſhall ſee thee no more! but I ſhall ſee thy mother, who, dying of grief, will reproach me with thy death; and I ſhall ſee thy wife, fading in the bloom of youth, and agonized with deſpair and ſorrow, of which I am the cauſe! O call me from theſe ſcenes to the borders of the Styx, which have received thy ſhade: the light is hateful to my eyes; and there is none but thee whom I deſire to behold! I live, O my dear Hippias! only to pay the laſt duty to thy aſhes."

The body of the hero appeared ſtretched upon a bier, that was decorated with purple and gold. His eyes were extinguiſhed in death; but his beauty was not totally effaced, nor had the graces faded wholly from his countenance, however pale. Around his neck, that was whiter than ſnow, but reclined upon the ſhoulder, floated his long black hair, ſtill more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, but in a few moments to be reduced to aſhes: and on his ſide appeared the wound, through which, iſſuing with the torrent of his blood, his ſpirit had been diſmiſſed to the gloomy regions of the dead.

Telemachus followed the body ſorrowful and dejected, and ſcattered flowers upon it: and when it was laid upon the pile, he could not ſee the flames catch the linen that was wrapped about it without again burſting into tears. "Farewell," ſaid he, "O magnanimous youth! for I muſt not preſume to call thee friend. Let thy ſhade be appeaſed, ſince thy glory is full, and my envy is precluded only by my love. Thou art delivered from the miſeries that we continue to ſuffer; and haſt entered a better region, by the moſt glorious path! how happy ſhould I be to follow thee by the ſame way! May the Styx yield a paſſage to thy ſhade, and the fields of Elyſium ly open before thee: may thy name be preſerved with honour to the lateſt generation, and thy aſhes reſt for ever in peace!"

As ſoon as Telemachus, who had uttered theſe words in a broken and interrupted voice, was ſilent, the whole army ſent up a general cry. The fate of Hippias, whoſe exploits they recounted, melted them into tenderneſs; and grief at once revived his good qualities, and buried in oblivion all the failings which the impetuoſity of youth, and a bad education, had concurred to produce. They were, however, yet

more touched by the tender ſentiments of Telemachus. "Is this," ſaid they, "the young Greek that was ſo proud, ſo contemptuous and intractable? he is now affable, humane, and tender. Minerva, who has diſtinguiſhed his father by her favour, is alſo certainly propitious to him. She has undoubtedly beſtowed upon him the moſt valuable gift which the gods themſelves can beſtow upon man; a heart that is at once replete with wiſdom, and ſenſible to friendſhip."

The body was now conſumed by the flames; and Telemachus himſelf ſprinkled the ſtill ſmoking aſhes with water, which gums and ſpices had perfumed: he then depoſited them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers; and he carried the urn to Phalanthus. Phalanthus was ſtretched upon a couch, his body being pierced with many wounds; and life was ſo far exhauſted, that he ſaw, not far diſtant, the irremeable gates of death.

Traumatophilus and Noſophagus, whom Telemachus ſent to his aſſiſtance, had exerted all their art; they had brought back his fleeting ſhade by degrees, and he was inſenſibly animated with new ſtrength: a gentle but penetrating power, a new principle of life gliding from vein to vein, reached even to the heart; and a genial warmth relaxing the frozen hand of Death, the tyrant remitted his graſp. But the inſenſibility of a dying languor was immediately ſucceeded by an agony of grief; and he felt the loſs of a brother, which before he was not in a condition to feel. "Alas!" ſaid he, "why all this aſſiduity to preſerve my life! it would be better that I ſhould follow Hippias to the grave; my dear Hippias! whom I ſaw periſh at my ſide. O my brother, thou art loſt for ever; and, with thee, all the comforts of my life! I ſhall ſee thee, I ſhall hear thee, I ſhall em-

brace thee, no more! I ſhall no more unburden my breaſt of its troubles to thee: and my friendſhip ſhall participate of thy ſorrows no more! And is Hippias thus loſt for ever! O ye gods, that delight in the calamities of men! can it be? or is it not a dream, from which I ſhall awake? Ah, no! it is a dreadful reality! I have, indeed, loſt thee, O Hippias! I ſaw thee expire in the duſt; and I muſt, at leaſt, live till I have avenged thee; till I have offered up to thy manes the mercileſs Adraſtus, whoſe hands are ſtained with thy blood!"

While Phalanthus was uttering theſe paſſionate exclamations, and the divine diſpenſers of health were endeavouring to ſooth him into peace, leſt the perturbation of his mind ſhould increaſe his malady, and render their medicines ineffectual, he ſuddenly beheld Telemachus, who had approached him unperceived. At the firſt ſight of him he felt the conflict of two oppoſite paſſions in his boſom: his mind ſtill glowed with reſentment at the remembrance of what had paſſed between Telemachus and Hippias; and the grief that he felt for the loſs of his brother gave this reſentment new force; but he was alſo conſcious that he was himſelf indebted for his life to Telemachus, who had reſcued him, bleeding and exhauſted, from the hands of Adraſtus. During this ſtruggle he remarked the golden urn, that contained the dear remains of his brother; and the ſight inſtantly melted him into tears; he embraced Telemachus, at firſt without power to ſpeak; but at length he ſaid, in a feeble and interrupted voice, "Thy virtue, O ſon of Ulyſſes! has compelled my love; I am indebted to thee for my life; I am indebted to thee alſo for ſomething yet more precious than life itſelf! The limbs of my brother would have been a prey to the vulture but for thee; and, but for thee,

the rites of ſepulture had been denied him! his ſhade would have wandered, forlorn and wretched, upon the borders of the Styx, ſtill repulſed by Charon with inexorable ſeverity! Muſt I ly under ſuch obligations to a man whom I have ſo bitterly hated? May the gods reward thee, and diſmiſs me from life and miſery together! Render to me, O Telemachus! the laſt duties that you have rendered to my brother, and your glory ſhall be complete."

Phalanthus then fell back, fainting and overwhelmed with grief: Telemachus continued near him; but, not daring to ſpeak, waited in ſilence till his ſpirits ſhould return. He revived after a ſhort time; and, taking the urn out of the hands of Telemachus, he kiſſed it many times, and wept over it. "O precious duſt," ſaid he, "when ſhall mine be mingled with you in the ſame urn? O my brother! I will follow thee to the regions of the dead! There is no need that I ſhould avenge thee, for Telemachus will avenge us both!"

By the ſkill of the two ſages, who practiſed the ſcience of Æſculapius, Phalanthus gradually recovered. Telemachus was continually with them, at the couch of the ſick, that they might exert themſelves with more diligence to haſten the cure; and the whole army was more ſtruck with admiration at the tenderneſs with which he ſuccoured his moſt inveterate enemy, than at the wiſdom and valour with which he had preſerved the army of the allies. He was, however, at the ſame time, indefatigable in the ruder labours of war: he ſlept but little; and his ſleep was often interrupted, ſometimes by the intelligence which was brought him, at every hour of the night as well as of the day; and ſometimes by examining every quarter of the camp, which he never viſited twice together at the ſame hour, that he

might be more ſure to ſurpriſe thoſe that were negligent of their duty. Though his ſleep was ſhort, and his labour great, yet his diet was plain: he fared, in every reſpect, like the common ſoldiers, that he might give them an example of patience and ſobriety; and proviſions becoming ſcarce in the camp, he thought it neceſſary, to prevent murmurings and diſcontent, by ſuffering voluntarily the ſame inconveniencies which they ſuffered by neceſſity. But this labour and temperance, however ſevere, were ſo far from impairing his vigour, that he became every day more hardy and robuſt: he began to loſe the ſofter graces, which may be conſidered as the flower of youth; his complexion became browner and leſs delicate, and his limbs more muſcular and firm.

END OF BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS being perſuaded, by ſeveral dreams, that his father Ulyſſes was no longer alive, executes his deſign of ſeeking him among the dead: he retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia: he enters it, and deſcends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat: he preſents himſelf before Pluto, who, in obedience to ſuperior powers, permits him to ſeek his father: he paſſes through Tartarus, and is witneſs to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocriſy, and, above all, upon bad kings.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

ADRASTUS, whoſe troops had been conſiderably diminiſhed by the battle, retired behind Mount Aulon, where he expected a reinforcement, and watched for another opportunity of ſurpriſing the allies. Thus, a hungry lion, who has been repulſed from the fold, retires into the gloomy foreſt, enters again into his den, and waits for ſome favourable moment, when he may deſtroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having eſtabliſhed an exact diſcipline among the troops, turned his mind entirely to the execution of a deſign, which, though he had formed a conſiderable time, he had wholly concealed from the commanders of the army. He had been long diſturbed in the night by dreams, in which he ſaw his father Ulyſſes. The viſion never failed to return at the end of the night, juſt before the approach of Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chace from heaven the doubtful radiance of the ſtars, and from earth the pleaſing deluſions of Sleep. Sometimes he thought he ſaw Ulyſſes naked upon the banks of a river, in a flowery meadow of ſome bliſsful iſland, ſurrounded by nymphs, who threw clothes to cover him within his reach: ſometimes he thought he ſaw him in a palace that ſhone with ivory and gold, where a numerous audience, crowned with flowers, liſtened to

his eloquence with delight and admiration: he ſometimes appeared ſuddenly among the gueſts at a magnificent banquet, where joy ſhone upon every countenance, and the ſoft melody of a voice, accompanied by the lyre, gave ſweeter muſic than the lyre of Apollo and the voices of the Nine.

From theſe pleaſing dreams Telemachus always awaked dejected and ſorrowful; and, while one of them was recent upon his mind, he cried out, "O my father! O my dear father Ulyſſes! the moſt frightful dreams would be more welcome to me than theſe. Theſe repreſentations of felicity convince me, that thou art already deſcended to the abodes of thoſe happy ſpirits whom the gods reward for their virtue with everlaſting reſt: I think I behold the fields of Elyſium! How dreadful is the loſs of hope! Muſt I then, O my father, ſee thee no more for ever! Muſt I no more embrace him to whom I was ſo dear, and whom I ſeek with ſuch tender ſolicitude and perſevering labour! Shall I no more drink wiſdom from his lips! Shall I kiſs thoſe hands, thoſe dear, thoſe victorious hands, which have ſubdued ſo many enemies, no more! Shall they never puniſh the preſumptuous ſuitors of Penelope! and ſhall the glory of Ithaca never be reſtored!

"You, ye gods, who are unpropitious to Ulyſſes, have ſent theſe dreams, to expel the laſt hope from my breaſt, and leave me to deſpair and death! I can no longer endure this dreadful ſuſpenſe. Alas! what have I ſaid? of the death of my father I am but too certain. I will then ſeek his ſhade in the world below. To thoſe awful regions Theſeus deſcended in ſafety; yet Theſeus, with the moſt horrid impiety, fought only to violate the deities of the place: my motive, the love of my father, is conſiſtent with my duty to the gods. Hercules alſo deſcended and re-

turned: I pretend not, indeed, to his proweſs; but, without it, I dare to imitate his example. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, ſoftened into pity that deity who was thought to be inexorable, and obtained permiſſion for the return of Eurydice to the world of life: I am more worthy of compaſſion than Orpheus; the loſs that I have ſuſtained is greater than his; for what is a youthful beauty, to whom a thouſand youthful beauties are equal, in compariſon of the great Ulyſſes, unrivalled and alone, the admiration and the pride of Greece! The attempt ſhall be made; and if I periſh, I periſh. Why ſhould death be dreadful, when life is ſo wretched! I come, then, O Pluto! O Proſerpine! to prove whether ye are indeed without pity. O my father! having traverſed the earth and the ſeas in vain to find thee, I will now ſeek thee among the gloomy dwellings of the dead. If the gods will not permit me to poſſeſs thee upon the earth, and enjoy with thee the light of heaven, they may, perhaps, vouchſafe me the ſight of thy ſhade, by the dim twilight of the realms of darkneſs?"

He immediately roſe from the bed which he had bedewed with his tears; and hoped that the cheerful light of the morning would have diſſipated the melancholy that he ſuffered from the dreams of the night: he found, however, that the ſhaft which had pierced him was ſtill in the wound, and that he carried it with him whitherſoever he went. He determined, therefore, to deſcend into hell by a celebrated avenue not far from the camp. This avenue was near a city called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, which the gods themſelves atteſt with reverence and dread. The city was built upon the ſummit of a rock, like a neſt upon the top of a tree.

At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach: the ſhepherds were always careful to turn their flocks another way; and the ſulphureous vapour that exhaled, by this aperture, from the Stygian ſens, contaminated the air with a peſtilential malignity: the neighbouring ſoil produced neither herb nor flower; and, in this place, the gentle gales of the Zephyr, the riſing beauties of the Spring, and the rich gifts of Autumn, were alike unknown. The ground was thirſty and ſteril, and preſented nothing to the eye but a few naked ſhrubs, and the cyprus clothed with a funereal green. In the fields that ſurrounded it, even at a diſtance, Ceres denied her golden harveſts to the plough; Bacchus never gave the delicious fruit which he ſeemed to promiſe; for the grapes withered, inſtead of ripening, upon the tree. The Naiads mourned, and the waters of their urn flowed not with a gentle and tranſlucent wave, but were bitter to the taſte, and impenetrable to the eye Thorns and brambles here covered the ground; and as there was no grove for ſhelter, there were no birds to ſing; their ſtrains of love were warbled beneath a milder ſky: and here nothing was to be heard but the hoarſe croaking of the raven, and the boding ſcreams of the owl. The very herbage of the field was bitter; and the flocks of theſe joyleſs paſtures felt not the pleaſing impulſe that makes them bound upon the green; the bull turned from the heifer, and the dejected ſhepherd forgot the muſic of his pipe. A thick black ſmoke frequently iſſued from the cavern in a cloud, that covered the earth with untimely darkneſs in the midſt of the day: at theſe ſeaſons the neighbouring people doubled their ſacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods; yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable, and would accept no ſacrifice but youth in its

ſweeteſt bloſſom, and manhood in its ripeſt vigour, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

In this place, Telemachus reſolved to ſeek the way that led down to the dark dominions of Pluto. Minerva, who watched over him with inceſſant care, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious; and, at her requeſt, Jupiter himſelf had commiſſioned Mercury, who deſcends daily to the infernal regions to deliver a certain number of the dead to Charon, to tell the ſovereign of the ſhades, it was his pleaſure that Telemachus ſhould be permitted to enter his dominions.

Telemachus withdrew, ſecretly, from the camp in the night; and, going on by the light of the moon, he invoked that powerful Divinity, who in heaven is the radiant planet of the night, upon earth the chaſte Diana, and the tremendous Hecate in hell; the goddeſs heard his prayer, and accepted it; for ſhe knew that his heart was upright, and his intentions pious.

As he drew near to the cavern, he heard the ſubterraneous empire roar: the earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens ſeemed to rain down fire upon his head. A ſecret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold ſweat: yet his fortitude ſuſtained him; and, lifting up his hands and his eyes to heaven, "Great gods," ſaid he, "I accept theſe omens, and believe them to be happy; fulfil them, and confirm my hope!" His breaſt glowed with new ardour as he ſpoke, and he ruſhed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick ſmoke, which rendered it fatal to all that approached it, immediately diſappeared; and the peſtilential ſtench was for a while ſuſpended. He entered the cavern alone; for who would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his deſign, and who accompanied him

part of the way, remained pale and trembling, in a temple at ſome diſtance, putting up prayers for his deliverance, but deſpairing of his return.

Telemachus, in the mean time, plunged into the tremendous darkneſs before him, having his ſword drawn in his hand. In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and duſky light, like that which is ſeen at midnight upon the earth: he could alſo diſtinguiſh airy ſhades that fluttered round him, which he diſperſed with his ſword: and ſoon after he diſcovered the mournful banks of the Styx, whoſe waters, polluted by the marſh they cover, moved ſlowly in a ſullen ſtream, that returns in perpetual eddies upon itſelf. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of thoſe, who, having been denied the rites of ſepulture, preſented themſelves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whoſe old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and ſevere, kept them back with menaces and reproach; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark as ſoon as he came up.

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was ſtruck with the groans of inconſolable grief. "Who art thou," ſaid he, "to the complaining ghoſt, and what is thy misfortune?" "I was," replied the phantom, "Nabopharzan, the king of Babylon the great. All the nations of the Eaſt trembled at the ſound of my name; and I compelled the Babylonians to worſhip me in a temple of marble, where I was repreſented by a ſtatue of gold, before which the moſt coſtly perfumes of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. No man contradicted me without inſtant puniſhment; and every invention was upon the ſtretch to diſcover ſome new pleaſures, that might heighten the luxury of my life. I was then in the full bloom and vigour of youth; and life, with all its pomp and pleaſures, was ſtill before me.

But, alas! a woman, whom I loved with a paſſion that ſhe did not return, too ſoon convinced me that I was not a god: ſhe gave me poiſon, and I now am nothing. Yeſterday they depoſited my aſhes with great ſolemnity, in a golden urn; they wept, they tore their hair, and ſeemed ready to throw themſelves on the funeral pile, that they might periſh with me: they are now ſurrounding the ſuperb mauſolæum, in which they placed my remains, with all the external parade of ſorrow; but ſecretly, and in ſincerity, I am regretted by none. Even my family hold my memory in abhorrence; and here I have been already treated with the moſt mortifying indignity!"

An object ſo deplorable touched the breaſt of Telemachus with pity. "And was you then truly happy," ſaid he, "during your reign? did you taſte that ſweet tranquillity, without which the heart ſhrinks and withers like a blighted flower; nor, even in proſperity, can expand to delight?" "Far from it," replied the monarch; "I know it not, even in idea. A peace like this, indeed, has been extolled by the ſages as the only good, but it never made my felicity: my heart was perpetually agitated by new deſires, and throbbing with fear and hope; I wiſhed that paſſion ſhould perpetually ſucceed to paſſion, with a tumultuous rapidity which excluded thought; and practiſed every artifice to effect it: this was my expedient to avoid the pangs of reflection; ſuch was the peace I procured, I thought all other a fable and a dream; and ſuch were the pleaſures I regret!"

During this relation, Nabopharzan wept with the effeminate puſillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune; unacquainted with adverſity, and therefore a ſtranger to fortitude. There were with him ſome ſlaves, who had been put to death to honour his

funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king; giving them, at the ſame time, an abſolute power over him, who had been their tyrant upon earth. The ſhades of theſe ſlaves no longer feared the ſhade of Nabopharzan; they held him in a chain, and treated him with the moſt cruel indignity. "As men," ſaid one of them, "had we not the ſame nature with thee? How couldſt thou be ſo ſtupid as to imagine thyſelf a god, and forget that thy parents were mortal?" "His unwillingneſs to be taken for a man," ſaid another, "was right; for he was a monſter without humanity." "Well," ſaid another, "what are become of your flatterers now? Poor wretch! there is now nothing that thou canſt either give or take away; thou art now become the ſlave even of thy ſlaves. The juſtice of the gods is ſlow; but the criminal is at laſt certainly overtaken!"

Nabopharzan, ſtung with theſe inſults, threw himſelf upon his face, in an agony of rage and deſpair; but Charon bade the ſlaves pull him up by his chain. "He muſt not," ſaid he, "be allowed the conſolation even of hiding his ſhame, of which all the ghoſts that throng the borders of the Styx muſt be witneſſes, that the gods, who ſo long ſuffered this impious tyrant to oppreſs the earth, may at laſt be juſtified. Yet this, O ſcourge of Babylon! is but the beginning of ſorrows: the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand!"

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto; and the ghoſts ran down in crowds to the ſhore, gazing, with the utmoſt curioſity and wonder, at the living mortal, who ſtood diſtinguiſhed among the dead in the boat: but the moment Telemachus ſet his foot on the ſhore they vaniſhed like the ſhades of the night before the firſt beams of the morning. Then Charon, turning towards him, with a brow leſs

contracted into frowns, and a look leſs ſevere than uſual, "O favoured of Heaven!" ſaid he, "ſince thou art permitted to enter the realms of darkneſs, which to all the living beſides thyſelf are interdicted, make haſte to puſh forward, whitherſoever the Fates have called thee. Proceed, by this gloomy path, to the palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt find ſitting upon his throne, and who will permit thee to enter thoſe receſſes of his dominion, the ſecrets of which I am not permitted to reveal."

Telemachus, immediately preſſing forward with an haſty ſtep, diſcovered the ſhades gliding about on every ſide, more numerous than the ſands upon the ſea-ſhore; and he was ſtruck with a religious dread, to perceive that, in the midſt of the tumult and hurry of this incredible multitude, all was ſilent as the grave. He ſees, at length, the gloomy reſidence of unrelenting Pluto: his hair ſtands erect, his legs tremble, and his voice fails him. "Tremendous power!" ſaid he, with faltering and interrupted ſpeech, "the ſon of the unhappy Ulyſſes now ſtands before thee. I come to inquire whether my father is deſcended into your dominions, or whether he is ſtill a wanderer upon the earth?"

Pluto was ſeated upon a throne of ebony; his countenance was pale and ſevere, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The ſight of a mortal ſtill breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes, as the day is hateful to thoſe animals that leave their receſſes only by night. At his ſide ſat Proſerpine, who ſeemed to be the only object of his attention, and to ſoften him into ſome degree of complacency: ſhe enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed; but there was mingled with her immortal charms ſomething of her lord's inflexible ſeverity.

At the foot of the throne ſat the pale father of deſtruction, Death, inceſſantly whetting a ſcythe, which he held in his hand. Around this horrid ſpectre hovered repining Cares, and injurious Suſpicions; Vengeance diſtained with blood, and covered with wounds; cauſeleſs Hatred, Avarice gnawing her own fleſh, and Deſpair the victim of her own rage; Ambition whoſe fury overturns all things like a whirlwind, and Treaſon thirſting for blood, and not able to enjoy the miſchiefs ſhe produces; Envy, ſhedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and ſickening with rage at the impotence of her malice; and Impiety, that opens for herſelf a gulf without bottom, in which ſhe ſhall plunge at laſt without hope. Beſides theſe were nameleſs ſpectres without number, all hideous to behold! phantoms that repreſent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and the horrid vigils of Diſeaſe and Pain! By theſe images of woe was Pluto ſurrounded; and ſuch were the attendants that filled his palace. He replied, to the ſon of Ulyſſes, in a hollow tone; and the depths of Erebus remurmured to the ſound.

"If it is by Fate, O mortal! that thou haſt violated this ſacred aſylum of the dead, that fate, which has thus diſtinguiſhed thee, fulfil! Of thy father I will tell thee nothing: it is enough that here thou art permitted to ſeek him. As upon the earth he was a king, thy ſearch may be confined, on one ſide, to that part of Tartarus where wicked kings are conſigned to puniſhment; and, on the other, to that part of Elyſium where the good receive their reward: but, from hence, thou canſt not enter the fields of Elyſium till thou haſt paſſed through Tartarus. Make haſte thither; and linger not in my dominions!"

Telemachus inſtantly obeyed, and paſſed through the dreary vacuity that ſurrounded him, with ſuch ſpeed, that he ſeemed almoſt to fly; ſuch was his impatience to behold his father, and to quit the preſence of a tyrant, equally the terror of the living and the dead! He ſoon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus at a ſmall diſtance before him: from this place aſcended a black cloud of peſtilential ſmoke, which would have been fatal in the realms of life. This ſmoke hovered over a river of fire; the flames of which, returning upon themſelves, roared in a burning vortex, with a noiſe like that of an impetuous torrent precipitated from the higheſt rock; ſo that in this region of woe no other ſound could be diſtinctly heard.

Telemachus, ſecretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. The firſt object that preſented was a great number of men, who, born in a mean condition, were now puniſhed for having ſought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them he remarked many of thoſe impious hypocrites, who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others, and gratified their own ambition. Theſe wretches, who had abuſed virtue itſelf, the beſt gift of Heaven, to diſhoneſt purpoſes, were puniſhed as the moſt criminal of men: the child who had murdered his parents, the wife who had imbrued her hands in a huſband's blood, and the traitor who had ſold his country in violation of every tie, were puniſhed with leſs ſeverity than theſe. Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead; becauſe hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms, they would be vicious with the reputation of virtue; and, by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be falſe, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the

true. The gods, whoſe omniſcience they mock, and whoſe honour they degrade, take pleaſure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the inſult.

After theſe appeared others, to whom the world ſcarce imputes guilt, but whom the divine vengeance purſues without pity; the liar, the ungrateful, the paraſite who laviſhes adulation upon vice, and the ſlanderer who falſely detracts from virtue; all who judge raſhly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent.

But, among all who ſuffered for ingratitude, thoſe were puniſhed with moſt ſeverity who had been ungrateful to the gods. "What!" ſaid Minos, "is he conſidered as a monſter who is guilty of ingratitude to his father, or his friend, from whom he has received ſome ſuch benefits as mortals can beſtow; and ſhall the wretch glory in his crime, who is ungrateful to God, the giver of life, and of every bleſſing it includes? Does he not owe his exiſtence rather to the Author of Nature than to the parents through whom his exiſtence was derived? The leſs theſe crimes are cenſured and puniſhed upon earth, the more are they obnoxious in hell to implacable vengeance, which no force can reſiſt, and no ſubtilty elude."

Telemachus ſeeing a man condemned by the judges, whom he found ſitting, ventured to aſk them what was his crime. He was immediately anſwered by the offender himſelf: "I have done," ſaid he, "no evil; my pleaſure conſiſted wholly in doing good. I have been juſt, munificent, liberal, and compaſſionate; of what crime then can I be accuſed?" "With reſpect to man," replied Minos, "thou art accuſed of none: but didſt thou not owe leſs to man than to the gods? if ſo, what are thy pretenſions to juſtice? Thou haſt punctually fulfilled thy duty to men, who

are but duſt; thou haſt been virtuous; but thy virtue terminated wholly in thyſelf, without reference to the gods who gave it: thy virtue was to be thy own felicity; and to thyſelf thou waſt all in all. Thou haſt indeed been thy own deity; but the gods, by whom all things have been created, and who have created all things for themſelves, cannot give up their rights: thou haſt forgotten them, and they will forget thee. Since thou haſt deſired to exiſt for thyſelf, and not for them, to thyſelf they will deliver thee up: ſeek then thy conſolation in thine own heart. Thou art ſeparated for ever from man, whom, for thy own ſake, thou haſt deſired to pleaſe; and left to thyſelf alone, that idol of thy heart! Learn now, at leaſt, that piety is that virtue of which the gods are objects; and that without this no virtue can deſerve the name. The falſe luſtre of that with which thou haſt long dazzled the eyes of men, who are eaſily deceived, will deceive no more: men diſtinguiſh that only from which they derive pain or pleaſure into virtue and vice, and are, therefore, alike ignorant both of good and evil: but here, the perſpicacity of Divine wiſdom diſcerns all things as they are: the judgment of men from external appearances is reſerved; what they have admired is frequently condemned; and what they have condemned, approved."

Theſe words, to the boaſter of philoſophic virtue, were like a ſtroke of thunder; and he was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock. The ſelf-complacence with which he had been uſed to contemplate his moderation, his fortitude, his generoſity, was now changed to anguiſh and regret: the view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became his puniſhment: he now ſaw, and was doomed for ever to ſee, himſelf by the light of truth: he perceived, that the approbation of men, which all his actions had been directed to acquire,

was erroneous and vain. When he looked inward, he found every thing totally changed: he was no longer the ſame being; and all comfort was eradicated from his heart. His conſcience, which had hitherto witneſſed in his favour, now roſe up againſt him, and reproached him even with his virtues; which not having the Deity for their principal and end, were erroneous and illuſive. He was overwhelmed with conſternation and trouble; with ſhame, remorſe, and deſpair. The Furies, indeed, forbore to torment him; he was delivered over to himſelf, and they were ſatisfied: his own heart was the avenger of the gods, whom he had deſpiſed. As he could not eſcape from himſelf, he retired to the moſt gloomy receſſes, that he might be concealed from others: he ſought for darkneſs, but he found it not; light ſtill perſecuted and purſued him: the light of truth, which he had not followed, now puniſhed him for the neglect; and all that he had beheld with pleaſure became odious in his eyes, as the ſource of miſery that could never end. "Dreadful ſituation!" ſaid he "I have known neither the gods, mankind, nor myſelf; I have, indeed, known nothing; ſince I have not diſtinguiſhed from ſpecious evil that only which is truly good. All my ſteps have deviated from the path I ſhould have trodden; all my wiſdom was folly, and all my virtue was pride, which ſacrificed, with a blind impiety, only to that vile idol myſelf!"

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abuſed their power. An avenging fury held up before them a mirrour, which reflected their vices in all their deformity: in this they beheld their undiſtinguiſhing vanity, that was gratified by the groſſeſt adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whoſe happineſs ſhould have been the firſt object of their attention; their inſenſi-

bility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their diſſipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their cauſeleſs ſuſpicions; their vain parade and oſtentatious ſplendour, an idle blaze, in which the public welfare is conſumed; their ambition of falſe honour, procured at the expenſe of blood; and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual ſupply of ſuperfluous delicacies from the wretched victims of grief and anguiſh. When they looked into this mirrour, they ſaw themſelves faithfully repreſented; and they found the picture more monſtrous and horrid than the chimera vanquiſhed by Bellerophon, the Lernæan hydra ſlain by Hercules, even Cerberus himſelf, though from three infernal mouths he diſgorges a ſtream of peſtilential fire, the fumes of which are ſufficient to deſtroy the whole race of men that breathe upon the earth. At the ſame time, another fury tauntingly repeated all the praiſes which ſycophants had laviſhed upon them in their lives, and held up another mirrour, in which they appeared as flattery had repreſented them. The contraſt of theſe pictures, ſo widely different, was the puniſhment of their vanity: and it was remarkable, that the moſt wicked were the objects of the moſt extravagant praiſe; becauſe the moſt wicked are moſt to be feared, and becauſe they exact, with leſs ſhame, the ſervile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually aſcended from this dreadful abyſs, where they ſaw nothing but the deriſion and inſult of which they were themſelves the objects; where every thing repulſed, oppoſed, and confounded them. As they ſported with the lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole ſpecies was created for their uſe, they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of ſlaves, who made them taſte all the bitterneſs of ſervitude

in their turn: they obeyed with unutterable anguiſh, and without hope that the iron hand of Oppreſſion would ly lighter upon them. Under the ſtrokes of theſe ſlaves, now their mercileſs tyrants, they lay paſſive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labour at the flaming furnaces of Mount Ætna.

Telemachus obſerved the countenances of theſe criminals to be pale and ghaſtly, ſtrongly expreſſive of the torment they ſuffered at the heart. They looked inward with a ſelf-abhorrence, now inſeparable from their exiſtence: their crimes themſelves were become their puniſhment, and it was not neceſſary that greater ſhould be inflicted; they haunted them like hideous ſpectres, and continually ſtarted up before them in all their deformity. They wiſhed for a ſecond death, that might ſeparate them from theſe miniſters of vengeance, as the firſt had ſeparated their ſpirits from the body; a death, that might at once extinguiſh all conſciouſneſs and ſenſibility: they called upon the depths of hell to hide them from the perſecuting beams of truth in impenetrable darkneſs: but they are reſerved for the cup of vengeance, which, though they drink of it for ever, ſhall be for ever full! The truth, from which they fled, has overtaken them, an invincible and unrelenting enemy! The ray, which once might have illuminated them, like the mild radiance of the day, now pierces them like lightning; a fierce and fatal fire, that without injury to the external parts, infixes a burning torment at the heart! By truth, now an avenging flame, the very ſoul is melted, like metal in a furnace: it diſſolves all, but deſtroys nothing; it diſunites the firſt elements of life, yet the ſufferer can never die: he is, as it were, divided againſt himſelf, without reſt, and without comfort; animated by no vital prin-

ciple, but the rage that kindles at his own miſconduct, and the dreadful madneſs that reſults from deſpair!

Among theſe objects, at the ſight of which the hair of Telemachus ſtood erect, he beheld many of the ancient kings of Lydia, who were puniſhed for having preferred the ſelfiſh gratifications of an idle and voluptuous life to that labour for the good of others, which, to royalty, is a duty of indiſpenſible obligation.

Theſe kings mutually reproached each other with their folly. "Did not I often recommend to you," ſaid one of them to his ſon, "during the laſt years of my life, when old age had given weight to my counſel, the reparation of the miſchief which my negligence had produced?" "Unhappy wretch!" replied the ſon, "thou art the cauſe of my perdition: it was thy example that made me vain-glorious, proud, voluptuous, and cruel. While I ſaw thee ſurrounded with flattery, and relaxed in luxury and ſloth, I alſo inſenſibly acquired the love of pleaſure and adulation. I thought the reſt of men were to kings, what horſes and other beaſts of burden are to men; animals wholly unworthy of regard except for the drudgery they perform, and the conveniencies they procure: this was my opinion, and I learnt it of thee. I followed thy example, and I ſhare thy miſery!" Theſe reproaches were mingled with the moſt horrid execrations; and mutual rage and indignation aggravated the torments of hell.

Around theſe wretched princes there ſtill hovered, like owls in the twilight, cauſeleſs Jealouſies, and vain Alarms; Miſtruſt and Dread, which revenge upon kings their diſregard of mankind; Avarice, inſatiable of wealth; falſe Honour, ever tyrannical and oppreſſive; and effeminate Luxury, a deceitful

dæmon, that aggravates every evil, and beſtows only imaginary good.

Many kings were alſo ſeverely puniſhed, not for the miſchief they had done, but for the good they had neglected to do. Every crime which is committed by the ſubject, in conſequence of laws not enforced, is the crime of the king; for kings reign only as miniſters of the law. To kings alſo are imputed all the diſorders that ariſe from pomp, luxury, and every other exceſs, which excites irregular and impetuous paſſions, that cannot be gratified but by the violation of the common rights of mankind: but the princes who, inſtead of watching over their people as a ſhepherd watches over his flock, worried and devoured them like the wolf, were puniſhed with the moſt exemplary ſeverity.

In this abyſs of darkneſs and miſery Telemachus beheld, with yet greater aſtoniſhment, many kings, who had been honoured for their perſonal virtues upon earth, but were, notwithſtanding, condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for implicitly leaving the adminiſtration of government to wicked and crafty men; they were puniſhed for miſchiefs which they had ſuffered to be perpetrated under the ſanction of their authority. The greater part of them, indeed, had been by principle neither virtuous nor vicious; ſupinely taking the colour impreſſed upon them from without: they did not ſhun the truth when it preſented itſelf; but they had no reliſh for virtue, no delight in doing good.

END OF BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS enters the fields of Elyſium, where he is known by his great grandfather Arceſius, who aſſures him that Ulyſſes is ſtill alive; that he ſhall ſee him in Ithaca, and ſucceed to his throne. Arceſius deſcribes the felicity of the juſt, eſpecially of good kings, who have reverenced the gods, and have given happineſs to their people: he makes Telemachus obſerve, that heroes, thoſe who have excelled only in the arts of deſtruction, have a much leſs glorious reward, and are allotted a ſeparate diſtrict by themſelves. Telemachus receives ſome general inſtructions, and then returns back to the camp.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

WHEN Telemachus quitted this place, he felt himſelf relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breaſt. This relief, ſo ſudden and ſo great, impreſſed him with a ſtrong ſenſe of the miſery of thoſe who are confined in it without hope of deliverance. He was terrified at having ſeen ſo many kings puniſhed with much greater ſeverity than any other offenders. "Have kings then," ſaid he, "ſo many duties to fulfil, ſo many difficulties to ſurmount, and ſo many dangers to avoid? Is the knowledge that is neceſſary to put them upon their guard, as well againſt themſelves as others, ſo difficult to be acquired? and, after all the envy, tumult, and oppoſition, of a tranſitory life, are they conſigned to the intolerable and eternal pains of hell? What folly, then, to wiſh for royalty! How happy the peaceful private ſtation, in which the practice of virtue is comparatively eaſy!"

Theſe reflections filled him with confuſion and trouble; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed with perturbation, and he felt ſomething like that hopeleſs miſery, of which he had juſt been a ſpectator: but, in proportion as he advanced, and the realms of darkneſs, deſpair, and horror, became more remote, he felt new courage gradually ſpring up in his breaſt;

he breathed with greater freedom; and perceived, at a diſtance, the pure and bliſsful light which brightens the reſidence of heroic virtue.

In this place reſided all the good kings who had governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were ſeparated from the reſt of the juſt; for, as wicked princes ſuffer more dreadful puniſhment than other offenders in Tartarus, ſo good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue in the fields of Elyſium.

Telemachus advanced towards theſe happy and illuſtrious beings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed: a thouſand rills wandered through theſe ſcenes of delight, and refreſhed the ſoil with a gentle and unpolluted wave: the ſong of innumerable birds echoed in the grove; and while Spring ſtrewed the ground with her flowers, Autumn loaded the trees with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-ſtar was never felt; and the ſtormy North was forbidden to ſcatter over it the froſts of winter. Neither War, that is a-thirſt for blood; nor Envy, that wounds with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed round her arms, and foſtered in her boſom; nor Jealouſy, nor Diſtruſt, nor Fears, nor vain Deſires, invade theſe ſacred domains of Peace: the day is here without end, and the ſhades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the bleſſed are clothed with a pure and lambent light as with a garment; a light, not reſembling that vouchſafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkneſs viſible, but a celeſtial radiance without a name; an emanation, that penetrates the groſſeſt body with more ſubtilty than the rays of the ſun penetrate the pureſt cryſtal; which rather ſtrengthens than dazzles the

ſight, and diffuſes through the ſoul a ſerenity which no language can expreſs. By this ethereal eſſence the bleſſed are ſuſtained in everlaſting life; it pervades them, it incorporates with them as food incorporates with the mortal body: they ſee it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhauſtible ſource of ſerenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are abſorbed, as fiſhes are abſorbed in the ſea: they wiſh for nothing, and, having nothing, they poſſeſs all things. This celeſtial light ſatiates the hunger of the ſoul; every deſire is precluded; and they have a fulneſs of joy, which ſets them above all that mortals ſeek with ſuch reſtleſs ardour to fill the vacuity that aches for ever in their breaſt. All the delighful objects that ſurround them are diſregarded, for their felicity ſprings up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without: ſo the gods, ſatiated with nectar and ambroſia, diſdain, as groſs and impure, all the dainties of the moſt luxurious table upon earth. From theſe ſeats of tranquillity all evils fly to a remote diſtance: death, diſeaſe, poverty, and pain; regret and remorſe; fear, and even hope, which is ſometimes not leſs painful than fear itſelf; animoſity, diſguſt, and reſentment, are, for ever, denied acceſs.

The lofty mountains of Thrace, whoſe ſummits, hoary with everlaſting ſnows, have pierced the clouds from the beginning of time, might ſooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre, than the peace of theſe happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are, indeed, touched with pity at the miſeries of life; but it is a ſoothing and tender paſſion, that takes nothing from their immutable felicity. Their countenances ſhine with a divine glory; with the bloom of unfading youth, the brightneſs of everlaſting joy; of joy which, ſuperior

to the wanton levity of mirth, is calm, ſilent, and ſolemn, the ſublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel, every moment, what a mother feels at the return of an only ſon, whom ſhe believed to be dead; but the pleaſure which, in the breaſt of the mother is tranſient, is permanent in theirs: it can neither languiſh nor ceaſe: they have all the gladneſs that is inſpired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly; they converſe together concerning what they ſee, and what they enjoy; they deſpiſe the opprobrious luxury and idle pomp of their former condition, which they review with diſguſt and regret; they enjoy the remembrance of their difficulties and diſtreſs, during the ſhort period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was neceſſary they ſhould ſtrive, not only againſt others, but themſelves; and they acknowledge the guidance and protection of the gods, who conducted them in ſafety through ſo many dangers, with gratitude and admiration. Something ineffable and divine is continually poured into their hearts; ſomething like an efflux of Divinity itſelf, which incorporates with their own nature. They ſee, they feel, that they are happy; and are ſecretly conſcious that they ſhall be happy for ever. They ſing the praiſes of the gods, as with one voice: in the whole aſſembly there is but one mind, and one heart; and the ſame ſtream of divine felicity circulates through every breaſt.

In this ſacred and ſupreme delight whole ages glide away unperceived, and ſeem ſhorter than the happieſt hours upon earth; but gliding ages ſtill leave their happineſs entire. They reign together, not upon thrones which the hand of men can overturn, but in themſelves, with a power that is abſolute and immutable, not derived from without, or dependant upon a deſpicable and wretched multitude.

They are not diſtinguiſhed by the crowns that ſo often conceal, under a falſe luſtre, the mournful gloom of anxiety and terror: the gods themſelves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlaſting ſplendour, the ſymbols and the pledge of happineſs and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked round theſe fields for his father in vain, was ſo ſtruck with the calm but ſublime enjoyments of the place, that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the neceſſity he was under himſelf of returning back to the living. "It is here alone," ſays he, "that there is life; the ſhadow only, and not the reality, is to be found upon earth." He obſerved, however, with aſtoniſhment, that the number of kings that were puniſhed in Tartarus was great, and the number of thoſe that were rewarded in Elyſium was ſmall: from this diſproportion he inferred, that there were but few princes whoſe fortitude could effectually reſiſt their own power, and the flattery by which their paſſions were continually excited: he perceived that good kings were, for this reaſon, rare; and that the greater number are ſo wicked, that if the gods, after having ſuffered them to abuſe their power during life, were not to puniſh them among the dead, they would ceaſe to be juſt.

Telemachus, not ſeeing his father Ulyſſes among theſe happy few, looked round for his grandfather, the divine Laertes. While his eyes were ineffectually employed in this ſearch, an old man advanced towards him, whoſe appearance was, in the higheſt degree, venerable and majeſtic: his old age did not reſemble that of men who bend under the weight of years upon earth; it was a kind of nameleſs indication that he had been old before he died; it was ſomething that blended all the dignity of age with all the

graces of youth; for to thoſe who enter the fields of Elyſium, however old and decrepit, the graces of youth are immediately reſtored. This venerable figure came up haſtily to Telemachus; and looking upon him with a familiar complacency, as one whom he knew and loved, the youth, to whom he was wholly a ſtranger, ſtood ſilent, in confuſion and ſuſpenſe. "I perceive, my ſon," ſaid the ſhade, "that thou doſt not recollect me; but I am not offended. I am Arceſius, the father of Laertes; and my days upon earth were accompliſhed a little before Ulyſſes, my grandſon, went from Ithaca to the ſiege of Troy: thou waſt yet an infant in the arms of thy nurſe; but I had then conceived hopes of thee, which are now juſtified; ſince thou haſt deſcended into the dominions of Pluto in ſearch of thy father, and the gods have ſuſtained thee in the attempt. The gods, O fortunate youth! regard thee with peculiar love; and will diſtinguiſh thee by glory, equal to that of Ulyſſes. I am happy once more to behold thee: but ſearch for Ulyſſes no more among the dead; he ſtill lives; and is reſerved to render my line illuſtrious by new honours at Ithaca. Laertes himſelf, though the hand of Time is now heavy upon him, ſtill draws the breath of life, and expects that his ſon ſhall return to cloſe his eyes. Thus tranſitory is man, like the flower that blows in the morning, and in the evening is withered, and trodden under foot! One generation paſſes away after another, like the waves of a rapid river; and Time, ruſhing on with ſilent but irreſiſtible ſpeed, carries with him all that can beſt pretend to permanence and ſtability. Even thou, O my ſon! alas! even thou, who art now happy in the vigour, the vivacity, and the bloom of youth, ſhalt find this lovely ſeaſon, ſo fruitful of delight, a tranſient flower, that fades as ſoon as it is blown:

without having been conſcious that thou wert changing, thou wilt perceive thyſelf changed: the train of graces and pleaſures that now ſport around thee, health, vigour, and joy, ſhall vaniſh like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance that they once were thine. Old age ſhall inſenſibly ſteal upon thee; that enemy to joy ſhall diffuſe through thee his own languors; ſhall contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up, for ever, that fountain of delight which now ſprings in thy breaſt: thou ſhalt look round upon all that is preſent with diſguſt; anticipate all that is future with dread; and retain thy ſenſibility only for pain and anguiſh. This time appears to thee to be far diſtant: but, alas! thou art deceived; it approaches with irreſiſtible rapidity, and is, therefore, at hand: that which draws near ſo faſt can never be remote; and the preſent, for ever flying, is remote already; even while we ſpeak it is paſt, and it returns no more. Let the preſent, therefore, be light in thy eſtimation; tread the path of virtue, however rugged, with perſeverance; and fix thine eye upon futurity: let purity of manners, and a love of juſtice, ſecure thee a place in this happy reſidence of peace. Thou ſhalt ſoon ſee thy father reſume his authority in Ithaca; and it is decreed that thou ſhalt ſucceed him on the throne. But royalty, O my ſon! is a deceitful thing: thoſe who behold it at a diſtance, ſee nothing but greatneſs, ſplendour, and delight; thoſe who examine it near, find only toil, perplexity, ſolicitude, and fear. In a private ſtation, a life of eaſe and obſcurity is no reproach; but a king cannot prefer eaſe and leiſure to the painful labours of government without infamy; he muſt live, not for himſelf, but for thoſe he governs: the leaſt fault he commits produces infinite

miſchief; for it diffuſes miſery through a whole people, and ſometimes for many generations. It is his duty to humble the inſolence of guilt, to ſupport innocence, and repreſs calumny. It is not enough to abſtain from doing evil, he muſt exert himſelf to the uttermoſt in doing good: neither will it ſuffice to do good as an individual, he muſt prevent the miſchief that others would do if they were not reſtrained. Think then of royalty, O my ſon! as a ſtate, not of eaſe and ſecurity, but of difficulty and danger; and call up all thy courage to reſiſt thyſelf, to controul thy paſſions, and diſappoint flattery."

While Arceſius was yet ſpeaking, he ſeemed to glow with the divine ardour of inſpiration; and when he diſplayed the miſeries of royalty, Telemachus perceived in his countenance ſtrong expreſſions of pity. "Royalty," ſaid he, "when it is aſſumed to procure ſelfiſh indulgencies, degenerates into tyranny; when it is aſſumed to fulfil its duties, to govern, cheriſh, and protect an innumerable people, as a father protects, cheriſhes, and governs his children, it is a ſervitude moſt laborious and painful, and requires the fortitude and patience of heroic virtue. It is, however, certain, that thoſe who fulfil the duties of government with diligence and integrity ſhall here poſſeſs all that the power of the gods can beſtow to render happineſs complete!"

While Telemachus liſtened to this diſcourſe, it ſunk deep into his heart: it was engraven upon that living tablet as the ſculptor engraves upon braſs the characters which he would tranſmit to the lateſt generation. It was an emanation of truth and wiſdom, that, like a ſubtile flame, pervaded the moſt ſecret receſſes of his ſoul: it at once moved and warmed him; and he felt his heart, as it were, diſſolved by a divine energy not to be expreſſed; by ſomething that ex-

hauſted the fountain of life: his emotion was a kind of deſire that could not be ſatisfied; an impulſe that he could neither ſupport nor reſiſt; a ſenſation exquiſitely pleaſing, and yet mixed with ſuch pain as it was impoſſible long to endure.

After ſome time its violence abated, he breathed with more freedom, and he diſcovered in the countenance of Arceſius a ſtrong likeneſs of Laertes; he had alſo a confuſed remembrance of ſomething ſimilar in the features of Ulyſſes, when he ſet out for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted him into tears of tenderneſs and joy: he wiſhed to embrace a perſon whom he now regarded with reverence and affection, and attempted it many times in vain: the ſhade, light and unſubſtantial, eluded his graſp, as the flattering images of a dream deceive thoſe who expect to enjoy them: the thirſty lip is ſometimes in purſuit of water that recedes before it; ſometimes the imagination forms words, which the tongue refuſes to utter; and ſometimes the hand is eagerly ſtretched out, but can graſp nothing: ſo the tender wiſh of Telemachus could not be gratified; he beheld Arceſius, he heard him ſpeak, and he ſpoke to him, but to touch him was impoſſible. At length he inquired who the perſons were that he ſaw round him.

"You ſee," ſaid the hoary ſage, "thoſe who were the ornament of their age, and the glory and happineſs of mankind; the few kings who have been worthy of dominion, and filled the characters of deities upon earth. Thoſe whom you ſee not far diſtant, but ſeparated from them by that ſmall cloud, are allotted to much inferior glory; they were heroes, indeed, but the reward of courage and proweſs is much leſs than that of wiſdom, integrity, and benevolence.

"Among thoſe heroes you ſee Theſeus, whoſe countenance is not perfectly cheerful: ſome ſenſe of his misfortune, in placing too much confidence in a falſe and deſigning woman, ſtill remains; and he ſtill regrets his having unjuſtly demanded the death of his ſon Hypolitus at the hands of Neptune: how happy had it been for Theſeus if he had been leſs liable to ſudden anger! You ſee alſo Achilles, who, having been mortally wounded in the heel by Paris, ſupports himſelf upon a ſpear: if he had been as eminent for wiſdom, juſtice, and moderation, as for courage, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they had compaſſion for the nations whom he would have governed by a natural ſucceſſion, after the death of Peleus his father; and would not leave them at the mercy of raſhneſs and preſumption of a man more eaſily irritated than the ſea by a tempeſt. The thread of his life was cut ſhort by the Fates; and he fell as a flower ſcarce blown falls under the ploughſhare, and withers before the day is paſt in which it ſprung up. They made uſe of him only as they do of torrents and tempeſts, to puniſh mankind for their crimes: he was the inſtrument by which they overthrew the walls of Troy, to puniſh the perjury of Laomedon, and the criminal deſires of Paris. When this was done they were appeaſed; and they were implored in vain, even by the tears of Thetis, to ſuffer a young hero to remain longer upon the earth, who was fit only to deſtroy cities, to ſubvert kingdoms, and to fill the world with confuſion and trouble.

"You ſee another, remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance; that is Ajax, the ſon of Telamon, and the couſin of Achilles: you cannot be ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he laid claim to his arms, which he ſaid ought not

to be given to another; but they were claimed alſo by your father, who inſiſted upon his right: the Greeks determined in favour of Ulyſſes, and Ajax ſlew himſelf in deſpair. The marks of rage and indignation are ſtill viſible in his countenance: approach him not, my ſon, for he will think you come to inſult the misfortune that you ought to pity: he has diſcovered us already, and he ruſhes into the thick ſhade of the wood that is behind him to avoid a ſight that is hateful to his eyes. On the other ſide you ſee Hector, who would have been invincible if the ſon of Thetis had lived in another age. That gliding ſhade is Agamemnon, whoſe countenance ſtill expreſſes a ſenſe of the perfidy of Clytemneſtra. O my ſon! the misfortunes that have avenged the impiety of Tantalus in his family ſtill make me tremble: the mutual enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes, filled the houſe of their father with horror and death. Alas! how is one crime, by a kind of dreadful neceſſity, the cauſe of more! Agamemnon returned in triumph from the ſiege of Troy; but no time was allowed him to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired in war. Such is the fate of almoſt all conquerors! All that you ſee have been great in battle, but they have neither been amiable nor virtuous, and they enjoy only the ſecond place in the fields of Elyſium.

"Thoſe who have reigned with juſtice, and loved their people, are conſidered as the friends of the gods; while Achilles and Agamemnon, ſtill full of their quarrels and their combats, are not perfect even here, but retain their natural defects, and ſuffer the infelicity they produce. Theſe heroes regrete, in vain, the life that they have loſt, and grieve at their change from a ſubſtance to a ſhade: but the kings who, with an equal hand, have diſpenſed juſtice and

mercy, being purified by the divine light which perpetually renovates their being, feel their wishes anticipated, and their happiness complete. They look back upon the vain solicitude of mankind with compassion, and despise the great affairs that busy ambition as the play of an infant: they drink of truth and virtue at the fountain-head, and are satisfied: they can suffer nothing, either from themselves or others: they have no wants, no wishes, no fears: with respect to them all is finished, except their joy, which shall have no end.

"The venerable figure you see yonder is Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. The character of old age is tempered with ineffable sweetness and majesty: he moves with a light and gliding pace, that resembles the flight of a bird, and may be traced by the flowers that spring up under his feet: he holds a lyre of ivory in his hand; and an eternal rapture impels him to celebrate the wonders of the gods with eternal praise: his breath is a gale of fragrance, like the breath of the morning in spring; and the harmony of his voice and his lyre might add to the felicity, not of Elysium only, but Olympus. This is the reward of his paternal affection to the people, whom he surrounded with the walls of a new city, and secured in the blessings of society by legislation.

"Among those myrtles, at a little distance, you see also Cecrops the Egyptian, the first sovereign of Athens, a city dedicated to the goddess of wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops, by bringing excellent laws from Egypt, the great source from which learning and good morals have flowed through all Greece, softened the natural ferocity of the people that he found in the scattered villages of Attica, and united them by the bands of society. He was just,

humane, and compaſſionate: he left his people in affluence, and his family in a modeſt mediocrity; for he was not willing that his children ſhould ſucceed to his power, becauſe there were others whom he judged more worthy of the truſt.

"But I muſt now ſhow you Eric̈thon: you ſee him in that little valley. Eric̈thon was the firſt who introduced the uſe of ſilver as money, in order to facilitate commerce among the iſlands of Greece; but he foreſaw the inconveniencies which would naturally reſult from his expedient. "Apply yourſelves," ſays he to the people among whom he circulated his new coin, "to accumulate natural riches; for they only deſerve the name. Cultivate the earth, that you may have wealth in corn and wine, and oil and fruit: multiply your flocks to the utmoſt, that you may be nouriſhed by their milk, and clothed with their wool; and it will then be impoſſible that you ſhould be poor. The increaſe even of your children will be the increaſe of your wealth, if you inure them early to diligence and labour; for the earth is inexhauſtible, and will be more fruitful in proportion as it is cultivated by more hands: it will reward labour with boundleſs liberality; but to idleneſs it will be parſimonious and ſevere. Seek principally, therefore, for that which is truly wealth, as it ſupplies that which is truly want. Make no account of money, but as it is uſeful either to ſupport neceſſary wars abroad, or for the purchaſe of ſuch commodities as are wanted at home; and indeed it is to be wiſhed that no commerce ſhould be carried on in articles that can only ſupport and gratify luxury, vanity, and ſloth. My children," ſaid the wiſe Eric̈thon, who thought frequent admonition neceſſary, "I greatly fear that I have made you a fatal preſent: I foreſee that this money will excite avarice

and ambition, the luſt of the eye, and the pride of life; that it will produce innumerable arts, which can only corrupt virtue and gratify idleneſs; that it will deſtroy your reliſh for that happy ſimplicity which is at once the bleſſing and the ſecurity of life; and make you look with contempt upon agriculture, the ſupport of our exiſtence, and the ſource of every valuable poſſeſſion. But I call the gods to witneſs that I made you acquainted with money, a thing uſeful in itſelf, in the integrity of my heart!" Erichthon, however, having lived to ſee the miſchiefs that he dreaded come to paſs, retired, overwhelmed with grief, to a deſert mountain, where he lived to an extreme old age, in poverty and ſolitude, diſguſted with government, and deploring the folly of mankind.

"Not long afterwards, Greece beheld a new wonder in Triptolemus, to whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harveſt. Mankind were, indeed, already acquainted with corn, and the manner of multiplying it by ſeed; but they knew only the firſt rudiments of tillage; and Triptolemus being ſent by Ceres, came with the plough in his hand, to offer the bounty of that goddeſs to all who had ſpirit to ſurmount the natural love of reſt, and apply themſelves diligently to labour. The Greeks ſoon learnt of Triptolemus to part the earth into furrows, and render it fertile by breaking up its ſurface. The yellow corn ſoon ſtrewed the fields under the ſickle of the reapers; and the wandering barbarians, that were diſperſed in the foreſts of Epirus and Etolia, ſeeking acorns for their ſubſiſtence, when they had learnt to ſow corn, and make bread, threw off their ferocity, and ſubmitted to the laws of civil ſociety. Triptolemus made the Greeks ſenſible of the pleaſure

that is to be found in that independent wealth which a man derives from his own labour; and in the poſſeſſion of all the neceſſaries and conveniencies of life, the genuine produce of his own field. This abundance, ſo ſimple and ſo blameleſs, ariſing from agriculture, recalled to their minds the counſel of Erichthon. They held money in contempt, and all other factitious wealth, which has no value but in the vain imaginations of men; which tempts them to pleaſures that are neither ſincere nor ſafe, and diverts them from that labour which alone ſupplies all that is of real value with innocence and liberty. They were now convinced that a paternal field, with a kindly ſoil, and diligent cultivation, was the beſt inheritance for thoſe that were wiſely content with the ſimple plenty that contented their fathers, who, wanting nothing that was uſeful, deſired nothing that was vain. Happy would it have been for the Greeks if they had ſteadily adhered to theſe maxims, ſo fit to render them free, powerful, and happy; and to inſpire and maintain a uniform and active virtue, which would have made them worthy of ſuch bleſſings! But, alas! they began to admire falſe riches; by degrees they neglected the true, and they degenerated from this admirable ſimplicity! O my ſon! the ſceptre of thy father ſhall, one day, deſcend to thee: in that day remember to lead thy people back to agriculture, to honour the art, to encourage thoſe that practiſe it, and to ſuffer no man either to live in idleneſs, or employ himſelf only to propagate luxury and ſloth. Theſe men, who governed with ſuch benevolence and wiſdom upon earth, are here the favourites of Heaven! They were, in compariſon with Achilles, and other heroes who excelled only in war, what the gentle and genial gales of Spring are to the deſolating ſtorms of Winter; and they now as far

ſurpaſs them in glory as the ſun that gives the day ſurpaſſes, in ſplendour, the moon that can only leſſen the darkneſs of the night."

While Arceſius was thus ſpeaking, he perceived that Telemachus had fixed his eyes upon a little grove of laurels, and a rivulet of pure water that was bordered with roſes, violets, lilies, and a thouſand other odoriferous flowers, the vivid colours of which reſembled thoſe of Iris, when ſhe deſcends upon earth with ſome meſſage from the gods to man. He ſaw, in this delightful ſpot, an inhabitant of Elyſium whom he knew to be Seſoſtris. There was now a majeſty in the appearance of this great prince infinitely ſuperior to that which diſtinguiſhed him upon the throne of Egypt: his eyes ſparkled with a divine radiance, that Telemachus could not ſtedfaſtly behold; and he appeared to have drank, even to exceſs, of immortality and joy; ſuch was the rapture, beyond all that mortals have the power to feel, which the divine Spirit, as the reward of his virtue, had poured into his breaſt!

"O my father!" ſaid Telemachus to Arceſius, "I know him; it is Seſoſtris, the wiſe and the good, whom I beheld, not long ſince, upon his throne in Egypt!" "It is he," replied Arceſius; "and in him you have an example of the boundleſs liberality with which good kings are rewarded by the gods: yet all the felicity which now overflows his boſom, and ſparkles in his eye, is nothing in compariſon of what he would have enjoyed, if, in the exceſs of proſperity, he had been ſtill moderate and juſt. An ardent deſire to abaſe the pride and inſolence of the Tyrians impelled him to take their city. This acquiſition kindled a deſire of more, and he was ſeduced by the vain glory of a conqueror: he ſubdued, or rather he ravaged, all Aſia. At his return into Egypt he found

the throne uſurped by his brother, who had rendered the beſt laws of the country ineffectual by an iniquitous adminiſtration. His conqueſts of other kingdoms, therefore, ſerved only to throw his own into confuſion: yet he was ſo intoxicated with the vanity of conqueſt, that he harnaſſed the princes whom he had ſubdued to his chariot. This was leſs excuſable than all the reſt; but he became at length ſenſible of his fault, and aſhamed of his inhumanity. Such was the fruit of his victories! and the great Seſoſtris has left an example of the injury done by a conqueror to his country and himſelf, when he uſurps the dominions of others: this degraded the character of a prince, in other reſpects ſo juſt and beneficent; and this has diminiſhed the glory which the gods intended for his reward.

"But ſeeſt thou not another ſhade, my ſon, diſtinguiſhed by a wound, and a lambent light that plays round it like a glory? That is Dioclides, a king of Caria, who voluntarily gave up his life in battle, becauſe an oracle had foretold that, in a war between the Carians and the Lycians, the nation whoſe king ſhould be ſlain would be victorious.

"Obſerve yet another: that is a wiſe legiſlator, who, having inſtituted ſuch laws as could not fail to render his people virtuous and happy, and bound them by a ſolemn oath not to violate them in his abſence, immediately diſappeared, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor and unnoticed on a foreign ſhore, that his people might, by that oath, be obliged to keep his laws inviolate for ever.

"He, whom thou ſeeſt not far off from theſe is Euneſimus, a king of Pylos, and an anceſtor of Neſtor. During a peſtilence that deſolated the earth, and crowded the banks of Acheron with ſhades newly

diſmiſſed from above, he requeſted of the gods that he might be permitted to redeem the lives of his people with his own: the gods granted his requeſt; and have here rewarded it with felicity and honour, in compariſon of which, all that royalty upon earth can beſtow is vain and unſubſtantial, like a ſhadow or a dream.

"That old man, whom you ſee crowned with flowers, is Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and eſpouſed Anchinoe, the daughter of the God Nilus, who fertilizes the earth with the flood that he pours over it from a ſecret ſource. He had two ſons, Danaüs, whoſe hiſtory you know; and Egyptus, from whom that mighty kingdom derives its name. Belus thought himſelf more enriched by the plenty which he diffuſed among his people, and the love that he acquired in return, than by all the levies he could have raiſed, if he had taxed them to their utmoſt ability. Theſe, my ſon, whom you believe to be dead, theſe only are the living; thoſe are the dead who languiſh upon earth the victims of diſeaſe and ſorrow! the terms are inverted, and ſhould be reſtored to their proper place. May the gods vouchſafe thee ſuch virtue as this life ſhall reward; a life, which nothing ſhall embitter or deſtroy! But haſte now from this world to which thou art yet unborn: it is time the ſearch for thy father ſhould be renewed. Alas, what ſcenes of blood ſhalt thou behold before he is found! What glory awaits thee in the fields of Heſperia! Remember the counſels of Mentor: let theſe be the guide of thy life; and thy name ſhall be great to the utmoſt limits of the earth, and the remoteſt period of time!"

Such was the admonition of Arceſius; and he immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory gate, that leads from the gloomy dominions of Pluto.

Telemachus parted from him with tears in his eyes; but it was not poſſible to embrace him: and leaving behind him the ſhades of everlaſting night, he made haſte back to the camp of the allies, having joined the two young Cretans in his way, who had accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern, and deſpaired of his return.

END OF BOOK NINETEENTH.

TELEMACHUS

BOOK TWENTIETH.

CONTENTS.

VENUSIUM having been left as a depoſit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians, Telemachus declares againſt ſeizing it, in an aſſembly of the chiefs, and perſuades them to be of his opinion: he diſcovers great penetration and ſagacity with reſpect to two deſerters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poiſon him; and the other, Dioſcorus, had offered to bring him Adraſtus's head. In the battle, which ſoon follows, Telemachus ſtrews the field with dead in ſearch of Adraſtus: Adraſtus, who is alſo in ſearch of Telemachus, engages and kills Piſiſtratus, the ſon of Neſtor: Philoctetes comes up, and at the moment when he is about to pierce Adraſtus, is himſelf wounded and obliged to retire: Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adraſtus is making a terrible ſlaughter, ruſhes to their aſſiſtance: he engages Adraſtus, and preſcribes conditions upon which he gives him his life: Adraſtus riſing from the ground, attempts treacherouſly to kill his conqueror by ſurpriſe, who engages him a ſecond time, and kills him.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTIETH.

IN the mean time the chiefs of the army aſſembled, to conſider whether it was expedient to poſſeſs themſelves of Venuſium, a ſtrong town which Adraſtus had formerly taken from a neighbouring people, the Peucetian Apulians. They had entered into the alliance that was formed againſt him, to obtain ſatisfaction for the injury; and Adraſtus, to ſoften their reſentment, had put the town as a depoſit into the hands of the Lucanians; he had, however, at the ſame time, corrupted the Lucanian garriſon and its commander with money, ſo that he had ſtill more authority in Venuſium than the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had conſented that Venuſium ſhould be garriſoned with Lucanian forces, were thus defrauded in the negociation.

A citizen of Venuſium, whoſe name was Demophantes, had ſecretly offered to put the allies in poſſeſſion of one of the gates by night; an advantage which was of the greater importance, as Adraſtus had placed his magazine of military ſtores and proviſions in a neighbouring caſtle, which could not hold out againſt an enemy that was in poſſeſſion of Venuſium. Philoctetes and Neſtor had already given their opinion, that this offer ſhould be accepted; and the reſt of the chiefs, influenced by their autho-

rity, and ſtruck with the facility of the enterpriſe, and its immediate advantages, applauded their determination: but Telemachus, as ſoon as he returned, exerted his utmoſt abilities to ſet it aſide.

"I confeſs," ſaid he, "that if any man can deſerve to be ſurpriſed and deceived, it is Adraſtus, who has practiſed fraud againſt all mankind: and I am ſenſible, that the ſurpriſe of Venuſium will only put you into poſſeſſion of a town, which by right is yours already, becauſe it belongs to the Apulians, who are confederates in your expedition: I alſo acknowledge, that you may improve this opportunity with the greater appearance of juſtice, as Adraſtus, who has made a depoſit of the town in queſtion, has, at the ſame time, corrupted the commander and the garriſon, to ſuffer him to enter it whenever he ſhall think fit: and I am convinced, as well as you, that if you ſhould take poſſeſſion of Venuſium to-day, you would to-morrow be maſters of the neighbouring caſtle, in which Adraſtus has formed his magazine; and that the day following, this formidable war would be at an end. But is it not better to periſh than to conquer by means like theſe? Muſt fraud be counteracted by fraud? Shall it be ſaid that ſo many kings, who united to puniſh the perfidy of Adraſtus, were themſelves perfidious! If we can adopt the practices of Adraſtus without guilt, Adraſtus himſelf is innocent; and our attempt to puniſh him injurious. Has all Heſperia, ſuſtained by ſo many colonies of Greece, by ſo many heroes returned from the ſiege of Troy, no other arms to oppoſe the fraud and treachery of Adraſtus than treachery and fraud! You have ſworn by all that is moſt ſacred to leave Venuſium a depoſit in the hands of the Lucanians: the Lucanian garriſon, you ſay, is corrupted by Adraſtus, and I believe it to be true; but this garriſon is

ſtill Lucanian; it receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refuſed to obey them; it has preſerved at leaſt an appearance of neutrality; neither Adraſtus nor his people have yet entered it; the treaty is ſtill ſubſiſting; and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is a promiſe never to be kept but when a plauſible pretence to break it is wanting? ſhall an oath be ſacred only when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are inſenſible to the love of virtue, and the fear of the gods, have ye no regard to your intereſt and reputation? If you give ſo pernicious an example to mankind, by breaking your promiſe, and violating your oath, in order to put an end to a war, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? by which of your neighbours will you not be at once dreaded and abhorred? and by whom will you afterwards be truſted in the moſt preſſing neceſſity? What ſecurity can you give for your faith when you deſign to keep it? and how will you convince your neighbours that you intend no fraud even when you are ſincere? Shall this ſecurity be a ſolemn treaty? You have trodden treaties under foot. Shall it be an oath? Will they not know that you ſet the gods at defiance, when you can derive any advantage from perjury? With reſpect to you, peace will be a ſtate of no greater ſecurity than war; for whatever you do will be conſidered as the operations of war, either ſecret or avowed. You will be the conſtant enemies of all who have the misfortune to be your neighbours. Every affair which requires reputation, probity, or confidence, will to you become impracticable; and you will never be able to make any promiſe that can be believed. But there is yet another intereſt yet nearer and more preſſing, which muſt ſtrike you, if you are not loſt to all ſenſe of probity, and wholly blind to your ad-

vantage; a conduct ſo perfidious will be a canker in the very heart of your alliance, which it muſt finally deſtroy. The fraud that you are about to practiſe againſt Adraſtus will inevitably render him victorious."

At theſe words the aſſembly demanded, with great emotion, how he could take upon him to affirm, that the alliance would be ruined by a meaſure that would procure them certain and immediate victory? "How can you," ſaid he, "confide in each other, if you violate the only bond of ſociety and confidence, your plighted faith? After you have admitted this maxim, that the laws of honeſty and truth may be violated to ſecure a conſiderable advantage, who among you will confide in another, when that other may ſecure a conſiderable advantage by breaking his promiſe and defrauding you? And when this is the caſe, what will be your ſituation? which of you would not practiſe fraud to preclude the fraudulent practices of his neighbour? What muſt become of an alliance conſiſting of ſo many nations, each of which has a ſeparate intereſt, when it is agreed among them, in a public deliberation, that every one is at liberty to circumvent his neighbour, and violate his engagements? Will not the immediate conſequence be, diſtruſt and diſſention; an impatience to deſtroy each other, excited by the dread of being deſtroyed? Adraſtus will have no need to attack you; you will effect his purpoſe upon yourſelves, and juſtify the perfidy you combined to puniſh.

"Ye mighty chiefs! renowned for magnanimity and wiſdom, who govern innumerable people with experienced command, deſpiſe not the counſel of a youth. Whatever is your danger or diſtreſs, your reſources ſhould be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never deſpair: but if once you paſs the

barrier of integrity and honour, your retreat is cut off, and your ruin inevitable: you can never more eſtabliſh that confidence, without which no affair of importance can ſucceed; you can never make thoſe hold virtue ſacred, whom you have once taught to deſpiſe it. And, after all, what have you to fear? Will not your courage conquer, without ſo baſe an auxiliary as fraud? Are not your own powers, and the ſtrength of united nations, ſufficient? Let us fight, and if we muſt, let us die; but let us not conquer with the loſs of virtue and of fame. Adraſtus, the impious Adraſtus, is in our power; and nothing can deliver him but our participation of the crimes that expoſe him to the wrath of Heaven."

When Telemachus had done ſpeaking, he perceived that his words had carried conviction to the heart. He obſerved, that of all who were preſent, not one offered to reply; their thoughts were fixed; not indeed upon him, nor the graces of his elocution, but upon the truths that he had diſplayed. At firſt, all was ſilent aſtoniſhment, expreſſed only by the countenance; but after a ſhort time a confuſed murmur ſpread by degrees through the whole aſſembly; they looked upon each other; and all were impatient to declare their ſentiments, though every one was afraid to ſpeak firſt. It was expected that the chiefs of the army ſhould give their opinion; and the venerable Neſtor, at length, ſpoke as follows.

"The gods, O ſon of Ulyſſes! have ſpoken by thy voice: Minerva, who has ſo often inſpired thy father, has ſuggeſted to thee the wiſe and generous counſel which thou haſt given to us. I think not of thy youth; for when I hear thee, Pallas only is preſent to my mind. Thou haſt been the advocate of virtue. The greateſt advantage without virtue is loſs; without virtue, men are ſuddenly overtaken by

the vengeance of their enemies, they are diſtruſted by their friends, abhorred by good men, and obnoxious to the righteous anger of the gods. Let us, then, leave Venuſium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of defeating Adraſtus only by our own magnanimity.

Thus Neſtor ſpoke, and the whole aſſembly applauded: but their eyes were fixed upon Telemachus; and every one thought he ſaw the wiſdom of the goddeſs that inſpired him lighten in his countenance.

This queſtion being determined, the council began immediately to debate another, in which Telemachus acquired equal reputation. Adraſtus, with a perfidy and cruelty natural to his character, had ſent one Acanthus into the camp as a deſerter, who had undertaken to deſtroy the principal commanders of the army by poiſon; and had a particular charge not to ſpare Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave eaſily to entertain ſuſpicion, readily admitted this wretch to his preſence, and treated him with great kindneſs; for having ſeen Ulyſſes in Sicily, he recommended himſelf by relating his adventures. Telemachus took him under his immediate protection, and conſoled him under his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been defrauded, and treated with indignity, by Adraſtus. Telemachus, however, was warming and cheriſhing a viper in his boſom, which his kindneſs only could enable to deſtroy him. Acanthus had diſpatched another deſerter, whoſe name was Arion, from the camp of the allies to Adraſtus, with particular intelligence of its ſituation; and aſſurances, that he would give poiſon to the chief commanders, particularly to Telemachus, the next day, at an entertainment to which he had

been invited as a gueſt. It happened that this man was detected and ſeized, as he was eſcaping from the camp; and, in the terror and confuſion of conſcious guilt, he confeſſed his treachery. Acanthus was ſuſpected to have been his accomplice, becauſe a remarkable intimacy had been obſerved between them; but Acanthus, who had great courage, and was profoundly ſkilled in diſſimulation, made ſo artful a defence, that nothing could be proved againſt him, nor could the conſpiracy be traced to its ſource.

Many of the princes were of opinion, that he ought certainly to be ſacrificed to the public ſafety. "He muſt, at all events," ſaid they, "be put to death; for the life of a private individual is nothing in competition with the lives of ſo many kings. It is poſſible he may die innocent; but that conſideration ſhould have no weight, when the vicegerents of the gods are to be ſecured from danger."

"This horrid maxim," ſaid Telemachus, "this barbarous policy, is a diſgrace to human nature. Is the blood of men to be ſo lightly ſpilt? and are they to be thus wantonly deſtroyed by thoſe that are ſet over them only for their preſervation? The gods have made you, to mankind, what the ſhepherd is to his flock; and will you degrade yourſelves into wolves, and worry and devour thoſe whom you ought to cheriſh and protect! Upon your principles, to be accuſed, and to be guilty, is the ſame thing; and every one that is ſuſpected muſt die. Envy and calumny will deſtroy innocence at pleaſure; the oppreſſed will be ſacrificed to the oppreſſor; and, in proportion as tyranny makes kings diſtruſtful, judicial murders will depopulate the ſtate."

Telemachus uttered this remonſtrance with a vehemence and authority that gave it invincible force, and covered thoſe, who gave the counſel he had re-

proved, with confuſion. He perceived it, and ſoftened his voice. "As for myſelf," ſaid he, "I am not ſo fond of life as to ſecure it upon ſuch terms. I had rather Acanthus ſhould be wicked than Telemachus; and would more willingly periſh by his treaſon, than deſtroy him unjuſtly while I doubt only of his crime. A king is, by his office, the judge of his people; and his deciſions ſhould be directed by wiſdom, juſtice, and moderation: let me, then, examine Acanthus in your preſence.

Every one acquieſced; and Telemachus immediately queſtioned him concerning his connexion with Arion; he preſſed him with a great variety of particulars; and he frequently took occaſion to intimate a deſign of ſending him back to Adraſtus as a deſerter: this, if he had really deſerted, would have alarmed him; for Adraſtus would certainly have puniſhed him with death: but Telemachus, who watched the effect of this experiment with great attention, perceived not the leaſt token of fear, either in his countenance or his voice; and therefore thought it probable that he was guilty of the conſpiracy.

Not being able, however, fully to convict him, he demanded his ring. "I will ſend it," ſaid he, "to Adraſtus." At the demand of his ring Acanthus turned pale; and Telemachus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, perceived that he was in great confuſion. The ring being delivered, "I will ſend Polytropus," ſaid Telemachus, "a Lucanian whom you well know, to Adraſtus, as a meſſenger diſpatched with private intelligence from you, and he ſhall produce this ring as a token. If it is acknowledged by Adraſtus, and, by this means, we diſcover that you are his emiſſary, you ſhall be put to death by torture; but if you will now voluntarily confeſs your guilt, we will remit the puniſhment it deſerves, and

only baniſh you to ſome remote iſland, where every thing ſhall be provided for your ſubſiſtence. Acanthus being now urged both by fear and hope, made a full confeſſion; and Telemachus prevailed with the kings to give him his life, as he had promiſed it; and he was ſent into one of the Echinadian iſlands, where he paſſed his days in ſecurity and peace.

Not long afterwards, a Daunian of obſcure birth, but of a daring and violent ſpirit, whoſe name was Dioſcorus, came into the camp of the allies by night, and offered to aſſaſſinate Adraſtus in his tent. This offer it was in his power to make good; for whoever deſpiſes his own life, can command that of another. Dioſcorus had no wiſh but for revenge. Adraſtus had forcibly taken away his wife, whom he loved to diſtraction, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herſelf; and he had determined either to kill the tyrant and recover his wife, or periſh in the attempt. He had received ſecret inſtructions how to enter the tent in the night, and had learnt that his enterpriſe would be favoured by many officers in the ſervice: but he thought it would alſo be neceſſary that the allies ſhould attack the camp at the ſame time; as the confuſion would facilitate his eſcape, and afford him a fairer opportunity to carry off his wife.

As ſoon as this man had made the confederate princes acquainted with his deſign, they turned towards Telemachus, as referring implicitly to his deciſion. "The gods," ſaid he, "who have preſerved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. It would be our intereſt to reject treachery, if we had not ſufficient virtue to deteſt it: if we ſhould once practiſe it againſt others, our example would juſtify others in the practice of it againſt us; and then, who among us will be ſafe? If Adraſtus ſhould avoid the miſchief that threatens him, it will recoil upon our-

ſelves; the nature of war will be changed; military ſkill and heroic virtue will have no object; and we ſhall ſee nothing but perfidy, treaſon, and aſſaſſination: we ſhall ourſelves experience their fatal effects, and deſerve to ſuffer every evil to which we have given ſanction by our practice. I am, therefore, of opinion, that we ought to ſend back this traitor to Adraſtus; not for his ſake, indeed; but the eyes of all Heſperia, and of all Greece, are upon us, and we owe this teſtimony of our abhorrence of perfidy to them, and to ourſelves; we owe it alſo to the gods, for the gods are juſt."

Dioſcorus was accordingly ſent away to Adraſtus, who trembled at a review of his danger, and was beyond expreſſion amazed at the generoſity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of diſintereſted virtue. He contemplated what had happened with admiration, a ſecret and involuntary praiſe; but he did not dare to applaud it openly, being conſcious that it would condemn himſelf: it brought into his mind the fraud and cruelty he had practiſed, with a painful ſenſe both of guilt and ſhame. He endeavoured to account for appearances, without imputing to his enemies ſuch virtue as he could not emulate, and, while he felt himſelf indebted to them for his life, he could not think of ingratitude without compunction: but, in thoſe who are habitually wicked, remorſe is of ſhort duration.

Adraſtus, who ſaw the reputation of the allies perpetually increaſe, thought it abſolutely neceſſary to attempt ſomething of importance againſt them immediately; as he found they muſt, of neceſſity, foil him in virtue, he could only hope to gain the advantage of them in arms; and therefore prepared to give them battle without delay.

The day of action arrived; and Aurora had ſcarce

ſtrewed her roſes in the path of the ſun, and thrown open the gates of the eaſt before him, when Telemachus, anticipating the vigilance of experience and age, broke from the ſoft embraces of Sleep, and put all the commanders in motion. His helmet, covered with horſe-hair that floated in the wind, already glittered upon his head; his cuiraſs diffuſed a new ſun-ſhine upon the plain; and his ſhield, the work of Vulcan, beſides its natural beauty, ſhone with a divine effulgence, which it derived from the ægis of Minerva that was concealed under it: in one hand he held a lance, and with the other he pointed out the poſts which the ſeveral diviſions of the army were to occupy. Minerva had given a fire to his eye that was more than human, and animated his countenance with an expreſſion of awful majeſty, that ſeemed to be an earneſt of victory. He marched, and all the princes of the confederacy, forgetting their dignity and their age, followed him by an irreſiſtible impulſe; their hearts were inacceſſible even to envy; and every one yielded, with a ſpontaneous obedience, to him who was under the immediate, but inviſible, conduct of Minerva. There was now nothing impetuous or precipitate in his deportment; he poſſeſſed himſelf with the moſt placid tranquillity and condeſcending patience; he was ready to hear every opinion, and to improve every hint; but he ſhowed alſo the greateſt activity, vigilance, and foreſight: he provided againſt the remoteſt contingencies; he was neither diſconcerted himſelf, nor diſconcerted others: he excuſed all miſtakes; regulated all that was amiſs; and obviated difficulties even in their cauſes, before they could take effect: he exacted no unreaſonable ſervice, he left every man at liberty, and enjoyed every man's confidence. When he gave an order, he expreſſed himſelf with the greateſt plainneſs and perſpicuity;

he repeated it to aſſiſt the apprehenſion and memory of thoſe that were to execute it: he conſulted their looks while he was ſpeaking, to know whether he was perfectly underſtood, and he made them expreſs their ſenſe of his orders in their own words. When he had ſatisfied himſelf of the abilities of the perſons he employed, and perceived that they perfectly entered into his views, he never diſmiſſed them without ſome mark of his eſteem and confidence: every one, therefore, that was engaged in the execution of his deſigns, was intereſted in the ſucceſs, from a principle of love to their commander, whom they wiſhed, more than all things, to pleaſe. Nor was their activity reſtrained by the fear of having misfortune imputed to them as a fault; for he blamed none that were unſucceſsful even by miſtake, if their intentions appeared to have been good.

The firſt rays of the ſun now tinged the horizon with a glowing red, and the ſea ſparkled with the reflected fires of the riſing day; the plain was thronged with men and arms, and horſes and chariots were every where in motion. An almoſt infinite variety of ſounds produced a loud but hoarſe noiſe, like that of the ſea, when a mighty tempeſt, at the command of Neptune, moves the world of waters to its foundation; and Mars, by the din of arms, and the dreadful apparatus of war, began to ſcatter the ſeeds of rage in every breaſt. Spears ſtood erect in the field as thick as corn that hides the furrows of the plough in autumn; a cloud of duſt aroſe in the air, which hid both heaven and earth, by degrees, from the ſight of man; and inexorable Death advanced with Confuſion, Horror, and Carnage, in his train.

The moment the firſt flight of arrows was diſcharged, Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, pronounced theſe words: "O Jupiter,

father both of gods and men! thou ſeeſt juſtice on our ſide; and peace, which we have not been aſhamed to ſeek: we draw the ſword with reluctance; and would ſpare the blood of man. Againſt even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and profane, we have no malice. Judge, therefore, between him and us. If we muſt die, it is thy hand that reſumes the life it has given! If Heſperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant abaſed, it is thy power, and the wiſdom of Minerva, that ſhall give us victory! The glory will be due to thee; for the fate of battle is weighed in thy balance. We fight in thy behalf, for thou art righteous; and Adraſtus is, therefore, more thy enemy than ours! If in thy behalf we conquer, the blood of a whole hecatomb ſhall ſmoke upon thy altars before the day is paſt!"

Then, ſhaking the reins over the fiery and foaming courſers of his chariot, he ruſhed into the thickeſt ranks of the enemy. The firſt that oppoſed him, was Periander the Locrian: he was covered with the ſkin of a lion, which he had ſlain when he was travelling in Cilicia; and he was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous ſize: he had the ſtature and the ſtrength of a giant; and, as ſoon as he ſaw Telemachus, he deſpiſed his youth, and the beauty of his countenance. "Is it for thee," ſaid he, "effeminate boy! to diſpute the glory of arms with us? Hence, and ſeek thy father in the dominions of the dead!" He ſpoke, and lifted his ponderous and knotted mace againſt him; it was ſtudded with ſpikes of ſteel, and had the appearance of a maſt. All that were near trembled at its deſcent; but Telemachus avoided the blow; and ruſhed upon his enemy, with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace, falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, daſhed it to pieces; and before Periander could

recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood, which guſhed in a torrent from the wound, inſtantly ſtifled his voice; his hands relaxed; and the reins falling upon the neck of his courſers, they ſtarted away with ungoverned fury. He fell from the chariot; his eyes were ſuffuſed with everlaſting darkneſs; and his countenance, pale and diſfigured, was ſtill impreſſed with the agonies of death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the ſight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants; reſerving to himſelf the lion's ſkin and mace, as trophies of his victory.

He then ſought Adraſtus in the thickeſt of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way: Hileus, who had harneſſed to his chariot two courſers, bred in the vaſt plains that are watered by the Aufidus, and ſcarcely inferior to thoſe of the ſun; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almoſt rivaled Eryx in combats with the ceſtus; Crantor, who had been the hoſt and the friend of Hercules, when he paſſed through Heſperia, to puniſh the villanies of Cacus with death; Menecrates, who, in wreſtling, was ſaid to have rivalled Pollux; Hypocoon the Salapian, who, in managing the horſe, had the grace and dexterity of Caſtor; the mighty hunter Eurymedes, who was always ſtained with the blood of bears and wild boars that he ſlew upon the frozen ſummits of the Appenine, and who was ſaid to have been ſo great a favourite of Diana, that ſhe taught him the uſe of the bow herſelf; Nicoſtratus, who had conquered a giant, among the rocks of Mount Garganus, that vomited fire; and Eleanthus, who was betrothed to Pholoe, a youthful beauty, the daughter of the god that pours the river Liris from his urn.

She had been promiſed, by her father, to him who

ſhould deliver her from a winged ſerpent, which was bred on the borders of the ſtream, and which an oracle had predicted ſhould, in a few days, devour her. Eleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to deſtroy the monſter, and ſucceeded; but the Fates with-held from him the fruits of his victory; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and timid joy, ſhe learnt that he had followed Adraſtus to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely ſtroke. Her ſighs were wafted to the ſurrounding woods and mountains upon every gale; her eyes overflowed with tears; and the flowers, which ſhe had been wreathing into garlands, were neglected; in the diſtraction of her grief ſhe accuſed Heaven of injuſtice; but the gods beheld her with compaſſion; and, accepting the prayers of her father, put an end to her diſtreſs. Her tears flowed in ſuch abundance, that ſhe was ſuddenly changed into a fountain, which at length mingled with the parent ſtream: but the waters are ſtill bitter; no herbage bloſſoms upon the banks; and no tree but the cypreſs refreſhes them with a ſhade.

In the mean time, Adraſtus, who learnt that Telemachus was ſpreading terror on every ſide, went in ſearch of him with the utmoſt ardour and impatience. He hoped to find him an eaſy conqueſt, as he had yet ſcarcely acquired the full ſtrength of a man: the tyrant did not, however, truſt wholly to this advantage, but took with him thirty Daunians, of uncommon boldneſs, dexterity, and ſtrength, to whom he had promiſed great rewards for killing Telemachus in any manner. If at this time they had met, and the thirty Daunians had ſurrounded the chariot of the young hero, while Adraſtus had attacked him in front, he would certainly have been

cut off without difficulty: but Minerva turned this formidable band another way.

Adraſtus, thinking he diſtinguiſhed the voice and figure of Telemachus among a crowd of combatants that were engaged in a ſmall hollow at the foot of a hill, ruſhed to the ſpot, that he might ſatiate his revenge: but, inſtead of Telemachus, he found Neſtor, who, with a feeble hand, threw ſome random ſhafts that did no execution. Adraſtus, in the rage of diſappointment, would inſtantly have ſlain him, if a troop of Pylians had not ſurrounded their king. And now a multitude of arrows obſcured the day, and covered the contending armies like a cloud: nothing was to be heard but the groans of death, and the claſhing armour of thoſe that fell; the ground was loaded with mountains of the ſlain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal furies, and clothed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By theſe relentleſs deities, enemies to man, Pity, generous Valour, and mild Humanity, were driven from the field; and Slaughter, Revenge, Deſpair, and Cruelty, raged amidſt the tumult without controul. Minerva the wiſe and invincible ſhuddered, and turned with horror from the ſcene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked with difficulty with the ſhafts of Hercules, limped to the aſſiſtance of Neſtor with all his might: Adraſtus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that ſurrounded him, laid many of them in the duſt. He ſlew Eteſilaus, who was ſo light of foot that he ſcarcely imprinted the ſand; and, in his own country, left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him: he overthrew alſo Eutiphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hypolitus in the chace;

Pterelaus, who had followed Neſtor to the ſiege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his proweſs and valour; Ariſtogiton, who, having bathed in the river Achelous, was ſaid to have received, from the deity of the ſtream, the ſecret gift of aſſuming whatever form he deſired, and who had, indeed, a ſuppleneſs and agility that eluded the ſtrongeſt graſp; but Adraſtus, by one ſtroke of his lance, rendered him motionleſs for ever, and his ſoul ruſhed from the wound with his blood.

Neſtor, who ſaw the braveſt of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adraſtus, as ears of corn, ripened into a golden harveſt, fall before the ſickle of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he expoſed himſelf in vain: his attention was wholly fixed upon his ſon Piſiſtratus, whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely ſuſtaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment was come when Neſtor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Piſiſtratus made a ſtroke againſt Adraſtus with his lance, ſo violent that, if the Daunian had not avoided it, it muſt have been fatal. The aſſailant, having miſſed his blow, ſtaggered with its force; and, before he could recover his poſition, Adraſtus wounded him with a javelin in the belly: his bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his colour faded like a flower that is broken from its root; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, ſuſtained him as he fell; and had juſt time to place him in the arms of his father before he expired. He looked up, and made an effort to give the laſt token of his tenderneſs; but, having opened his lips to ſpeak, the ſpirit iſſued with his breath.

Neſtor, now defended againſt Adraſtus by Philoctetes, who ſpread carnage and horror round him, ſtill ſupported the body of his ſon, and preſſed it in an agony to his boſom, The light was now hateful to his eyes; and his paſſion burſt out in exclamation and complaint: "Wretched man," ſaid he, "to have been once a father, and to have lived ſo long! Wherefore, O inexorable Fates! would you not take my life when I was chaſing the Calydonian boar, ſailing in the expedition to Colchos, or courting danger in the firſt ſiege of Troy? I ſhould then have died with glory, and taſted no bitterneſs in death. I now languiſh with age and ſorrow; I am now feeble and deſpiſed; I live only to ſuffer, and have ſenſibility only for affliction! O my ſon! O my dear ſon Piſiſtratus! when I loſt thy brother Antilochus, I had ſtill thee to comfort me; but I now have thee no more! I poſſeſs nothing, and can receive no comfort! with me all is at an end; and even in hope, that only ſolace of human miſery, I have no portion! O my children! Antilochus and Piſiſtratus! I feel this day as if this day I had loſt ye both; and the firſt wound in my heart now bleeds afreſh. Alas! I ſhall ſee you no more! Who ſhall cloſe my eyes when I die, and who ſhall collect my aſhes for the urn! Thou haſt died, O my dear Piſiſtratus! like thy brother, the death of a hero; and to die is forbidden only to me!"

In this tranſport of grief he would have killed himſelf with a javelin that he held in his hand; but he was prevented by thoſe who ſtood by. The body of his ſon was forced from his arms; and, ſinking under the conflict, he fainted: he was carried in a ſtate of inſenſibility to his tent; where ſoon after reviving, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not, by a gentle force, been reſtrained.

In the mean time Adraſtus and Philoctetes were mutually in ſearch of each other. Their eyes ſparkled like thoſe of the leopard and the lion, when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Caïſter: their looks were ſavage, and expreſſed hoſtile fury and unrelenting vengeance: every lance that they diſmiſſed was fatal; and the ſurrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At laſt they got ſight of each other; and Philoctetes applied one of thoſe dreadful arrows to his bow, which, from his hand, never miſſed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favoured the fearleſs cruelty of Adraſtus, would not yet ſuffer him to periſh: it was the pleaſure of the god that he ſhould prolong the horrors of the war, and increaſe the number of the dead: and he was ſtill neceſſary to divine juſtice for the puniſhment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the ſhaft againſt Adraſtus, was himſelf wounded with a lance: the blow was given by Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus, who, among all the commanders at the ſiege of Troy, was excelled in perſon only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, diſcharged the arrow at Amphimachus. The weapon tranſfixed his heart: the luſtre of his eyes, ſo beautifully black, was extinguiſhed, and they were covered with the ſhades of death: his lips, in compariſon of which the roſes that Aurora ſcatters in the horizon are pale, loſt their colour; and his countenance, ſo blooming and lovely, became ghaſtly and diſfigured. Philoctetes himſelf was touched with compaſſion; and, when his body lay weltering in his blood, and his treſſes, which might have been miſtaken for Apollo's, were trailed in the duſt, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes having ſlain Amphimachus, was himſelf obliged to retire from the field: he became feeble by the loſs of blood; and he had exerted himſelf ſo much in the battle, that his old wound became painful, and ſeemed ready to break out afreſh; for, notwithſtanding the divine ſcience of the ſons of Æſculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhauſted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of ſlain that ſurrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled all the Oebalians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia in dexterity and courage, juſt at the moment when Adraſtus might with eaſe have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to reſiſt him, or retard his victory: all his enemies were either fallen or fled; and he might juſtly be reſembled to a torrent which, having overflowed its bounds, ruſhes on with tumultuous impetuoſity, and ſweeps away the harveſt and the flock, the ſhepherd and the village, together.

Telemachus heard the ſhouts of the victors at a diſtance; and ſaw his people flying before Adraſtus with diſorder and precipitation; like a timid hind, that, purſued by the hunter, traverſes the plain, ruſhes through the foreſt, leaps the precipice, and plunges into the flood. A groan iſſued from his breaſt, and his eyes ſparkled with indignation: he quitted the ſpot where he had long fought with ſo much danger and glory, and haſted to ſuſtain his party: he advanced, covered with the blood of a multitude, whom he had extended in the duſt; and, in his way, he gave a ſhout that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameleſs terror to his voice, which the neighbouring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never

never louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal furies, War and Death. The ſhout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear; Adraſtus himſelf was moved, and bluſhed at the confuſion that he felt. A thouſand fatal preſages thrilled him with ſecret horror; and he was actuated rather by deſpair than courage: his trembling knees thrice bent under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly pale, and a cold ſweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of ſullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be ſtarting from their ſockets. All his motions had the ſudden violence of a convulſion, and he looked like Oreſtes when he was poſſeſſed by the furies. He now began to believe there were gods; he fancied that he ſaw them denouncing vengeance, and that he heard a hollow voice iſſuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlaſting torment. Every thing impreſſed him with a ſenſe that a divine and inviſible hand was raiſed againſt him, and that it would cruſh him in its deſcent. Hope was extinguiſhed in his breaſt; and his courage fled, as light flies, when the ſun plunges in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the ſhades of night.

Adraſtus, whoſe tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed ſo ſevere a ſcourge, the impious Adraſtus, had now filled up the meaſure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He ruſhed forward to meet his fate with a blind fury, which Horror, Remorſe, Indignation, and Deſpair, united to inſpire. At the firſt ſight of Telemachus he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegeton roared to receive him: he uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued

open, but he was unable to ſpeak: like a man terrified with a frightful dream, who makes an effort to complain, but can articulate nothing. He diſcharged a lance at Telemachus with tremor and precipitation: but Telemachus, ſerene and fearleſs, as the friend of Heaven, covered himſelf with his buckler; and Victory ſeemed to overſhadow him with her wings, and ſuſpend a crown over his head: in his eye there was ſomething that expreſſed at once courage and tranquillity; and ſuch was his apparent ſuperiority to danger, that he might have been taken for Minerva herſelf. He turned aſide the lance that was thrown againſt him by Adraſtus, who inſtantly drew his ſword, that he might prevent Telemachus from diſcharging his lance in return: Telemachus, therefore, relinquiſhed his ſpear; and, ſeeing the ſword of Adraſtus in his hand, immediately unſheathed his own.

When the other combatants on each ſide ſaw them thus cloſely engaged, they laid down their arms; and, fixing their eyes upon them, waited in ſilence, for the event that would determine the war. Their ſwords flaſhed like the bolts of Jove when he thunders from the ſky; and their poliſhed armour reſounded with the ſtrokes. They advanced, retired, ſtooped, and ſprung ſuddenly up; till, at length cloſing, each ſeized his antagoniſt at the ſame moment. The claſping ivy leſs cloſely embraces the elm, than theſe combatants each other. The ſtrength of Adraſtus was undiminiſhed, but that of Telemachus was not yet mature. Adraſtus frequently endeavoured to ſurpriſe and ſtagger him, by a ſudden and violent effort, but without ſucceſs: he then endeavoured to ſeiſe his ſword; but the moment he relinquiſhed his graſp for that purpoſe, Telemachus lifted him from the ground and laid him at his feet.

In this dreadful moment the wretch, who had ſo long defied the gods, betrayed an unmanly fear of death. He was aſhamed to beg his life; yet, not able to ſuppreſs his deſire to live, he endeavoured to move Telemachus with compaſſion. "O ſon of Ulyſſes!" ſaid he, "I now acknowledge that there are gods, and that the gods are juſt: their righteous retribution has overtaken me! It is misfortune only that opens our eyes to truth: I now ſee it, and it condemns me. But let an unhappy prince bring thy father, now diſtant from his country, to thy remembrance, and touch thy breaſt with compaſſion!"

Telemachus, who kept the tyrant under him with his knee, and had raiſed the ſword to diſpatch him, ſuſpended the blow. "I fight," ſaid he, "only for victory and for peace; not for vengeance, or for blood! Live, then; but live to atone for the wrongs you have committed; reſtore the dominions you have uſurped; and eſtabliſh juſtice and tranquillity upon the coaſt of Heſperia, which you have ſo long polluted by cruelty and fraud: live, from henceforth, a convert to truth and virtue. Learn from your defeat, that the gods are juſt, and that the wicked are miſerable: that to ſeek happineſs in violence and deceit is to enſure diſappointment; and that there is no enjoyment like the conſtant exerciſe of integrity and benevolence! As a pledge of your ſincerity, give us your ſon Metrodorus, and twelve chiefs of your nation, for hoſtages."

Telemachus then ſuffered Adraſtus to riſe; and, not ſuſpecting his inſincerity, offered him his hand. But the tyrant, in this unguarded moment, perfidiouſly threw a ſhort javelin at him, which he had hitherto kept concealed: the weapon was ſo keen, and thrown with ſuch dexterity and ſtrength, that it would have pierced the armour of Telemachus, if it

had not been of divine temper; and Adraſtus, being now without arms, placed himſelf, for ſecurity, behind a tree. Telemachus then cried out, "Bear witneſs, Daunians, the victory is ours! The life of your king was mine by conqueſt, and it is now forfeited by treachery. He that fears not the gods is afraid of death; he that fears the gods can fear nothing elſe." He advanced haſtily towards the Daunians as he ſpoke; and made a ſign to his people, that were on the other ſide of the tree, where Adraſtus had taken refuge, to cut off his retreat. The tyrant, perceiving his ſituation, would have made a deſperate effort to force his way through the Cretans; but Telemachus, ruſhing upon him, ſudden and irreſiſtible as the bolt which the Father of the gods launches from the ſummit of Olympus, to deſtroy the guilty, ſeized him with his victorious hand, and laid him proſtrate in the duſt, as the northern tempeſt levels the harveſt, not yet ripe for the ſickle. The victor was then deaf to entreaty, though the perfidious tyrant again attempted to abuſe the goodneſs of his heart: he plunged the ſword in his breaſt; and diſmiſſed his ſoul to the flames of Tartarus, the juſt puniſhment of his crimes!

END OF BOOK TWENTIETH.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

CONTENTS.

ADRASTUS being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the allies in token of peace, and request that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where some are of opinion that the conquered lands should be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common interest to appoint Polydamas king of the Daunians, and leave them in possession of their country: he afterwards persuades the Daunians to bestow Arpi upon Diomede, who had accidentally landed upon their coast. Hostilities being now at an end, the allies separate, and every one returns to his country.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

THE Daunians, as ſoon as Adraſtus was dead, inſtead of deploring their defeat, and the loſs of their chief, rejoiced in their deliverance; and gave their hands to the allies, in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the ſon of Adraſtus, whom the tyrant had brought up in the principles of diſſimulation, injuſtice, and cruelty, puſillanimouſly fled: but a ſlave, who had been the confidant and companion of his vices, whom he had enfranchiſed, and loaded with benefits, and to whom alone he truſted in his flight, thought only how he might improve the opportunity to his own advantage; he therefore attacked him behind as he fled, and having cut off his head, brought it into the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime which would put an end to the war: the allies, however, were ſtruck with horror at the fact, and put the traitor to death.

Telemachus, when he ſaw the head of Metrodorus, a youth of great beauty and excellent endowments, whom the love of pleaſure and bad examples had corrupted, could not refrain from tears. "What an inſtance," ſaid he, "of the miſchief of proſperity to a young prince! The greater his elevation, and the keener his ſenſibility, the more eaſy, and the more

certain, is his ſeduction from virtue! And what has now happened to Metrodorus, might, perhaps, have happened to me, if I had not been favoured by the gods with early misfortune and the counſels of Mentor."

The Daunians, being aſſembled, required, as the only condition of peace, that they ſhould be permitted to chuſe a king of their own nation, whoſe virtues might remove the diſgrace which Adraſtus had brought upon royalty: they were thankful to the gods who had cut him off; they came in crowds to kiſs the hand of Telemachus, as the inſtrument of divine juſtice; and they celebrated their defeat as a triumph. Thus the power which threatened all Heſperia, and ſtruck united nations with terror, fell in a moment, totally, and for ever! So the ground, that is gradually undermined, in appearance maintains its ſtability; the ſlow progreſs of the work below is diſregarded or deſpiſed; nothing ſhakes, nothing is broken, and in appearance nothing is weak; yet the ſecret ſupport is certainly, though inſenſibly, deſtroyed; and the moment at laſt arrives, when the whole falls at once into ruin, and nothing remains but an abyſs, in which the ſurface, and all that covered it, is ſwallowed up. An illegal authority, however founded, is gradually ſubverted by fraud and cruelty; it is gazed at with admiration and terror, and every one trembles before it, till the moment when it ſinks into nothing; it falls by its own weight, and it can riſe no more, for its ſupport is not only removed but annihilated; juſtice and integrity are wanting, which alone can produce confidence and love.

On the next day the chiefs of the army aſſembled to give the Daunians a king. They ſaw the two camps intermingled, by an amity ſo ſudden and unexpected,

and the two armies as it were incorporated into one, with infinite pleaſure. Neſtor, indeed, could not be preſent; for the death of his ſon was more than the weakneſs of age could ſupport: he ſunk under this misfortune, in the decline of life, as a flower ſinks under the ſhowers of the evening, which was the glory of the field when Aurora firſt gave the day; his eyes continually overflowed from an inexhauſtible ſource; the lenient hand of Sleep cloſed them no more, and the ſoothing proſpects of hope, in which miſery itſelf can rejoice, were cut off. All food was bitter to his taſte, and light was painful to his eye; he had no wiſh but to be diſmiſſed from life, and covered with the veil of eternal darkneſs. The voice of friendſhip ſoothed and expoſtulated in vain; for even kindneſs itſelf diſguſted him, as the richeſt dainties are diſguſtful to the ſick. To ſoft condolence, and tender expoſtulation, he anſwered only by ſounds of inarticulate ſorrow; yet he was ſometimes heard to break out into paſſionate exclamations alone: "O Piſiſtratus!" he would ſay; "O my ſon! thou calleſt me, and I will follow thee; thou haſt made death welcome, and I have no wiſh but once more to behold thee upon the borders of the Styx!" After ſuch burſts of grief he would paſs whole hours in ſilence, except that, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, groans would involuntarily eſcape him.

In the mean time, the princes that were aſſembled waited impatiently for Telemachus, who ſtill continued near the body of Piſiſtratus, burning the richeſt perfumes, ſcattering flowers over it with a liberal hand, and mingling the fragrant ſhower with his tears. "O my dear companion!" ſaid he, "can our firſt meeting at Pylos, our journey to Sparta, and our meeting on the coaſt of Heſperia, be forgotten! How many obligations am I under to thee! how ten-

derly did I love thee! and how faithfully was my love returned! I knew thy valour, it would have rivalled the greateſt heroes of Greece; but, alas! it has deſtroyed thee! It has indeed conſecrated thy name, but it has impoveriſhed the world! We have loſt the virtues that would have been equal to thoſe of thy father; another Neſtor, whoſe wiſdom and eloquence would, in future times, have been the pride and admiration of Greece! That ſoft perſuaſion was already upon thy lips, which, when Neſtor ſpeaks, is irreſiſtible; that native ſimplicity and truth, that gentle expoſtulation, which ſooths anger into peace; and that authority, which equanimity and wiſdom neceſſarily acquire, were already thy own! To thy voice every ear was attentive, and every heart was inclined to approve thy judgment! Thy words, plain and artleſs, diſtilled upon the heart as the dews of heaven diſtil upon the riſing herbage of the field! In thee how many bleſſings, within a few hours, did we poſſeſs! with thee how many bleſſings have we now loſt for ever! Piſiſtratus, whom but yeſterday I claſped to my breaſt, is now inſenſible to my friendſhip; and a mournful remembrance of him is all that remains! If, inſtead of our cloſing thy eyes, thou hadſt cloſed the eyes of Neſtor, the gods would have ſpared him this ſight of anguiſh and horror; and he would not have been diſtinguiſhed among fathers by unexampled calamity!"

After theſe exclamations of tenderneſs and pity, Telemachus ordered the blood to be waſhed from the wounded ſide of Piſiſtratus, and the body to be laid upon a purple bier. Upon this bed of death his head reclined, and his countenance pale, he reſembled a young tree, which, having covered the earth with its ſhade, and ſhot up its branches to heaven, is cut down with the axe by an untimely ſtroke:

it is ſevered at once from its root, and from the earth, a prolific mother, that cheriſhes her offspring in her boſom! The branches languiſh, and the verdure fades; it is no longer ſelf-ſupported; it falls to the ground, and its ſpreading honours, that concealed the ſky, are ſtretched, withered, and ſapleſs, in the duſt; it is no more a tree, but a lifeleſs trunk; it aſpires, and is graceful no more! Thus fallen, and thus changed, Piſiſtratus was now borne to the funeral pile, attended by a band of Pylians, moving with a ſlow and mournful pace, their arms reverſed, and their eyes ſwimming in tears, fixed upon the ground. And now the flame aſcends in ruddy ſpires to the ſky; the body is quickly conſumed, and the aſhes depoſited in a golden urn. This urn, as an invaluable treaſure, Telemachus, who ſuperintended the whole, confided to Callimachus, to whom Neſtor had once confided the ſon whoſe remains it contained. "Preſerve," ſaid he, "theſe mournful but precious relics of one whom you tenderly loved! preſerve them for his father! but do not give them till he has fortitude enough to aſk for them; that which at one time exaſperates ſorrow will ſooth it at another."

Telemachus, having thus fulfilled the laſt duties to his friend, repaired to the aſſembly of the confederate princes, who, the moment they ſaw him, became ſilent with attention: he bluſhed at the deference that was paid him, and could not be prevailed upon to ſpeak. The acclamations that followed increaſed his confuſion; he wiſhed to hide himſelf; and now, for the firſt time, appeared to be irreſolute and diſconcerted. At laſt he entreated, as a favour, that they would praiſe him no more: "Not," ſays he, "becauſe it diſpleaſes me, eſpecially from thoſe who are ſo well able to diſtinguiſh virtue; but becauſe I

am afraid it ſhould pleaſe me too much: praiſe is the great corrupter of mankind; it renders them arrogant, preſumptuous, and vain; and ought alike to be deſerved and avoided. Nothing is ſo like honeſt praiſe as flattery; tyrants, the moſt wicked of all men, are moſt the objects of adulation; and what pleaſure can I derive from ſuch tribute? Honeſt praiſe, if I am ſo happy to deſerve it, will be paid when I am abſent; and if you believe that I have merit, you muſt alſo believe that I deſire to be humble, and am afraid of being vain. Spare me then, if you eſteem me; and do not praiſe me as if you thought praiſe was delightful to my ear."

Telemachus, having thus expreſſed the ſentiments of his heart, took no farther notice of thoſe who ſtill continued loud in extravagant encomiums, and his neglect ſoon put them to ſilence; for they began to fear that their zeal would diſpleaſe him: praiſe, therefore, was at an end, but admiration increased; for the tenderneſs which he had ſhown to Piſiſtratus, and the affectionate aſſiduity with which he had paid the laſt duties of a friend, were univerſally known; and the whole army was more touched with theſe teſtimonies of ſenſibility and benevolence than with all the prodigies of wiſdom and valour that had diſtinguiſhed his character with unrivalled luſtre. "He is wiſe," ſaid they to each other, "and he is brave; he is beloved of the gods, he ſtands alone the hero of our age; he is more than man! but this is only wonderful, this excites no paſſion but aſtoniſhment. He is, beſides, humane, he is good, he is a faithful and a tender friend; he is compaſſionate, liberal, and beneficent, and devoted without reſerve to thoſe who merit his affection! Of his haughtineſs, indifference, and ferocity, nothing remains; and he is now, not the wonder only, but the delight, of mankind!

His character is now diſtinguiſhed by uſeful and endearing excellence, by qualities that reach the heart, that melt us with tenderneſs, that make us not only acknowledge, but feel, his virtues, and would prompt us to redeem his life with our own!"

The princes, having thus given vent to their eſteem and admiration, proceeded to debate the neceſſity of giving the Daunians a king. The greater part of the aſſembly was of opinion, that the territories of Adraſtus ſhould be divided among them as a conquered country; and Telemachus was offered as his ſhare the fertile country of Arpos, where Ceres pours out her golden treaſures, Bacchus preſents his delicious fruit, and the olive, conſecrated to Minerva, pays her green tribute twice a-year. "This country," ſaid they, "ought to obliterate Ithaca from your remembrance, its barren ſoil, its mean cottages, the dreary rocks of Dulichium, and the ſavage foreſts of Zacynthus. Think no more of your father, who has certainly been buried in the deep at the promontory of Capareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius, and the anger of Neptune; nor of your mother, who muſt have yielded to her ſuitors in your abſence; nor of your country, which the gods have not favoured like that which is now offered you."

Telemachus heard them patiently; but the rocks of Theſſaly and Thrace are not more deaf and inexorable to the complaints of deſpairing love than the ſon of Ulyſſes to theſe offers. "I have no wiſh," ſaid he, "either for luxury, or wealth; and why ſhould I poſſeſs a wider extent of country, or command a greater number of men! I ſhould only be more embarraſſed, and leſs at liberty. Men of the greateſt wiſdom, and moſt moderate deſires, have found life full of trouble, without taking upon them the government of others, who are reſtleſs and un-

tractable, injurious, fraudulent, and ungrateful. He that desires to command others for his own sake, without any view but to his own power, and pleasure, and glory, is a tyrant; an enemy to the gods, and a punishment to man! He who governs mankind with justice and equity, for their own advantage, is rather their guardian than their lord: his trouble is inconceivable; and he is far from wishing to increase it, by extending his authority. The shepherd, who does not riot upon the flesh of his flock, who defends them from the wolf at the hazard of his life, who leads them to the best pasture, and watches over them night and day, has no desire to increase the number of his sheep, or to seize upon those that belong to his neighbour; for this would only increase his care, by multiplying its objects. Though I have never governed, I have learnt from the laws, and from the sages by whom laws have been made, that government is an anxious and laborious task: I am, therefore, content with Ithaca, however small, and however poor; and if I can reign there with fortitude, and justice, and piety, I shall have no need to wish for a larger dominion to increase my glory. My reign, indeed, may commence but too soon. Would to Heaven that my father, escaping the fury of the waves, may reign himself to the longest period of human life; and that, under him, I may learn to subdue my own passions till I know how to restrain those of a whole nation!"

Telemachus then addressed the assembly in these terms: "Hear, O ye princes! what your interest makes it my duty to declare. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will make them a just people; he will show them the advantage of keeping their faith unbroken, and of not invading the territories of their neighbours; a lesson which, under the impious

Adraſtus, they could never learn. From theſe people, while they are under the direction of a wiſe and good prince, you will have nothing to fear; if ſuch a prince you ſhall give them, they will be indebted for him to you, and they will be indebted to you for the peace and proſperity that they will enjoy under him: inſtead of attacking, they will bleſs you; and both king and people will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. But, on the contrary, if you divide their country among you, the miſchiefs which I now predict will certainly come to paſs. The Daunians, puſhed to deſperation, will renew the war; they will fight in a juſt cauſe, the cauſe of liberty; and the gods, who abhor tyranny, will fight for them: if the gods ſhould take part againſt you, firſt or laſt, you muſt be confounded, and your proſperity will diſſipate like a vapour: counſel and wiſdom will be withdrawn from your chiefs, courage from your armies, and plenty from your country; your hope will be preſumptuous, and your undertakings raſh; you will impoſe ſilence upon thoſe that warn you of your danger; and your ruin will be ſudden and irretrievable: it will then be ſaid, "Is this the mighty nation that was to give laws to the world? this that is now vanquiſhed, purſued, and trampled in the duſt? Such is the deſert of the lawleſs, the haughty, and the cruel; and ſuch is the righteous retribution of Heaven!"

"Conſider alſo, that if you undertake to divide your conqueſt, you will unite all the ſurrounding nations againſt you: your alliance, which was formed in defence of the common liberty of Heſperia, againſt the uſurpations of Adraſtus, will become odious; and you will yourſelves be juſtly accuſed of aſpiring at an univerſal tyranny. But ſuppoſe that you ſhould be victorious againſt the Daunians, and every other people, your ſucceſs will inevitably be

your ruin. This meaſure will diſunite you: it cannot be taken without a violation of thoſe very rules by which alone you can regulate your own pretenſions; it will ſubſtitute power for juſtice, and, therefore, each of you will make his power the meaſure of his claim. Not one of you will have ſufficient authority over the reſt to make a peaceable diviſion of the common property; and thus a new war will commence, of which your deſcendents, that are not yet born, will probably never ſee the end. Is it not better to ſit down in peace, with juſtice and moderation, than to follow ambition, where all is tumult, danger, and calamity? Is not perfect tranquillity and blameleſs pleaſure, a plentiful country, and friendly neighbours, the glory that is inſeparable from juſtice? and the authority that muſt reſult from an integrity, to which foreign nations refer their conteſts for deciſion, more deſirable than the idle vanity of lawleſs conqueſt? I ſpeak, O princes! without intereſt; I oppoſe your opinions, becauſe I love you; I tell you the truth, though I riſk your diſpleaſure: ſhould the counſel of integrity be lightly rejected?" While Telemachus was thus ſpeaking with a new and irreſiſtible authority, and the princes were admiring the wiſdom of his counſels in aſtoniſhment and ſuſpenſe, a confuſed noiſe ſpread through the camp, and came at laſt to the place where they were aſſembled. It was ſaid that a ſtranger had juſt landed, with a company of men in arms; that he was of a lofty port, and had a military greatneſs in his aſpect and demeanour; that he appeared to have endured great adverſity, and to be ſuperior to all ſufferance. The ſoldiers, who were ſtationed to guard the coaſt, at firſt prepared to repulſe him as an enemy that was invading their country; upon which he drew his ſword with an air of intrepidity, and declared that,

if he was attacked, he could make good his defence; but that he required only peace and hoſpitality. He then held out an olive branch as a ſupplicant; and, deſiring to be conducted to thoſe who commanded that part of the coaſt, he was accordingly brought to the royal aſſembly.

The moment after this intelligence was received the ſtranger entered. His majeſtic appearance ſtruck the whole aſſembly with ſurpriſe; he looked like the god of war, when he calls together his ſanguinary bands upon the mountains of Thrace; and he addreſſed the princes in theſe terms:

"Surely I ſee the guardians of mankind, aſſembled to defend their country, or diſtribute juſtice! Here, then, a man perſecuted by Fortune may hope to be heard; may the gods preſerve you from the like calamity! I am Diomede, the king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the ſiege of Troy; and her vengeance purſues me whitherſoever I fly. Neptune, who can refuſe nothing to the divine daughter of the ſea, has given me up to the fury of the winds and waves, and I have ſuffered ſhipwreck almoſt upon every rock. Inexorable Venus has left me no hope of again returning to my kingdom, or claſping my family to my breaſt! In the country where I firſt beheld the light I ſhall behold it no more: from all that is dear to me I am ſevered for ever! Upon this unknown coaſt, after all my ſhipwrecks, I ſeek only ſecurity and reſt. Jupiter himſelf is the ſtranger's tutelary god? if, therefore, ye have any reverence of Heaven, if ye have any feelings of compaſſion; vouchſafe me ſome neglected corner of this vaſt country, ſome barren ſpot, ſome untrodden waſte, ſome ſandy plain, ſome craggy rock, where I may take refuge with my aſſociates in misfortune, and build a little town, a ſad memorial of the country

we have loſt! We aſk but a ſmall tract of ſuch ground as is uſeleſs to you; we will be peaceable neighbours, and firm allies; we will have no enemy, and no intereſt, but yours; and we deſire no other diſtinction or peculiarity than the liberty of living according to our own laws."

While Diomede was ſpeaking, Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon him; and all the changes of paſſion were by turns expreſſed in his aſpect. When the hero, at firſt, mentioned his long misfortunes, he thought this majeſtic ſtranger might be his father, and his countenance brightened with hope: the moment he declared himſelf to be Diomede, it faded like a flower at the chill blaſt of the North; and, when he complained of inexorable anger, and an offended goddeſs, the heart of Telemachus was melted by the remembrance of what his father and himſelf had ſuffered from the ſame cauſe. The conflict was at laſt more than he could ſuſtain; and, burſting into tears of grief and joy, he threw himſelf upon the neck of Diomede, and embraced him.

"I am," ſaid he, "the ſon of Ulyſſes, your aſſociate in the war; who when you carried off the horſes of Rheſus was not idle. The gods have treated him with unrelenting ſeverity, as they have treated you. If the oracles of Erebus may be believed, he is ſtill alive; but, alas! he is not alive to me. I have left Ithaca to ſeek him; and I have now loſt him, and my country, for ever! Judge, from my misfortunes, of my compaſſion for your's; for Misfortune is the parent of Pity, and ſo far it is an advantage. In this country I am but a ſtranger myſelf; and I have, from my infancy, ſuffered various diſtreſs in my own. Yet, O mighty Diomede! I was not there ignorant of the glory you have acquired; nor am I here unable, O next to Achilles in

courage and proweſs! to procure you ſome ſuccour. The princes, which you ſee in this aſſembly, are not ſtrangers to humanity; they are ſenſible that without it there is neither virtue, nor courage, nor honour. The truly great become more illuſtrious by adverſity; without adverſity ſomething is wanting in their character; they cannot be examples either of patience or of fortitude: when virtue ſuffers, every heart is melted that is not inſenſible to virtue. Intruſt, then, your affairs implicitly with us, to whom the gods have given you: we receive you as a bounty from their hands; and ſhall think ourſelves happy in the power of alleviating your diſtreſs."

Diomede, aſtoniſhed at what he heard, fixed his eyes upon Telemachus; and feeling himſelf moved to the heart, they embraced as if they had been long united by the moſt intimate friendſhip. "O ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes," ſaid he, "how worthy art thou of ſuch a father! Thou haſt the ſame ſweetneſs of countenance, the ſame graceful elocution, the ſame force of eloquence, the ſame elevation of ſentiment, and the ſame rectitude of thought!"

The hero was alſo embraced by Philoctetes; and they related their unfortunate adventures to each other. "You would certainly," ſaid Philoctetes, "be glad once more to ſee Neſtor: he has juſt loſt his laſt ſurviving child, Piſiſtratus; and to him this world is only now a vale of tears leading to the grave. Come with me and comfort him: an unfortunate friend is more likely than any other to ſooth his diſtreſs."

They went immediately to his tent; but grief had ſo much affected both his ſenſes and his underſtanding that he recollected Diomede with difficulty. Diomede, at firſt, wept with him; and the old man felt his grief increaſed by the interview: the preſence

of his friend, however, ſoothed his anguiſh by degrees; and it was eaſy to perceive that the ſenſe of his misfortunes was in ſome degree ſuſpended by the pleaſure of relating them, and of hearing what had befallen Diomede in return.

In the mean time, the aſſembled princes conſulted with Telemachus what was proper to be done. Telemachus adviſed them to beſtow the country of Arpos upon Diomede, and to give Polydamas to the Daunians for their king. Polydamus was their countryman; a ſoldier, of whoſe eminent abilities Adraſtus was jealous; and whom, therefore, he would never employ, leſt he ſhould ſhare the glory of ſucceſs, which he wiſhed to ſecure to himſelf. Polydamus had often told him, in private, that, in a war againſt united nations, his life and the public welfare were too much expoſed, and would have perſuaded him to treat the neighbouring ſtates with more juſtice and equity: but men who hate truth, hate thoſe alſo who are bold enough to ſpeak it; they are not touched, either with their ſincerity, their zeal, or their diſintereſtedneſs. A deluſive proſperity hardened the heart of Adraſtus againſt the counſels of virtue; and the neglect of them afforded him every day a new triumph; for fraud and violence gave him the advantage over all his enemies. The misfortunes which Polydamas predicted did not happen; Adraſtus deſpiſed the timid prudence which foreſaw nothing but difficulty and danger; Polydamas became, at length, inſupportable; he was diſmiſſed from all his employments, and left to languiſh in poverty and ſolitude.

Polydamas was, at firſt, overwhelmed with this reverſe of fortune; but, at length, it ſupplied what was wanting in his character, a ſenſe of the vanity of external greatneſs. He became wiſe at his own

expenſe, and rejoiced that he had felt adverſity: he learnt, by degrees, to ſuffer; to live upon little; to regale, with tranquillity, upon truth; to cultivate the virtues of private life, which are infinitely more eſtimable than thoſe that glitter in the public eye; and not to depend for his enjoyments upon mankind. He dwelt in a deſert, at the foot of Mount Garganus, where a rock, that formed a kind of rude vault, ſheltered him from the weather; a river that fell from the mountain quenched his thirſt; and the fruit of ſome neighbouring trees allayed his hunger. He had two ſlaves, whom he employed to cultivate a ſmall ſpot of ground; and he aſſiſted them in their work with his own hands. The ſoil repaid his labour with uſury, and he was in want of nothing. He had not only fruit, herbs, and roots, in abundance, but the moſt fragrant flowers of every kind. In this retirement he deplored the misfortune of thoſe nations, which the mad ambition of their princes puſhes on to their ruin. He expected every day that the gods, who, though long-ſuffering, are juſt, would put an end to the tyranny of Adraſtus: he thought he perceived that the more the tyrant roſe in proſperity, the nearer he approached to deſtruction; for ſucceſsful imprudence, and abſolute authority, in its utmoſt ſtretch, are, to kings and kingdoms, the certain forerunners of a fall. Yet, when he heard of the defeat and death of Adraſtus, he expreſſed no joy, either in having foreſeen his ruin, or in being delivered from his tyranny: he was anxious only for his country, which he feared the conquerors might reduce to a ſtate of ſlavery.

Such was the man whom Telemachus propoſed to give the Daunians for their king. He had been ſome time acquainted both with his abilities and his virtue; for Telemachus, as he had been adviſed by Mentor,

applied himſelf, with inceſſant diligence, to diſcover the good and bad qualities of all perſons who had any conſiderable truſt, whether under the allied princes with whom he ſerved in the war, or among their enemies: and it was one of his principal employments, in every place, to diſcover and examine men who were diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſingular talent or qualification, wherever they were to be found.

The confederate princes were, at firſt, ſomething unwilling to beſtow the kingdom upon Polydamas. "We have learnt," ſaid they, "by fatal experience, that a king of the Daunians, who has a military diſpoſition, and military ſkill, muſt be extremely formidable to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander, and he may bring us into great danger." "It is true," ſaid Telemachus, "that Polydamas is acquainted with war; but it is alſo true, that he is a lover of peace; which, together, make the very character that our intereſt requires. A man who has experienced the difficulties, the dangers, and the calamities, of war, is much better qualified to avoid them than he that knows them only by report. Polydamas has learnt to reliſh, and to value, the bleſſings of tranquillity; he always condemned the enterpriſes of Adraſtus, and foreſaw the ruin in which they would terminate. You will have much more to fear from a weak prince, without knowledge, and without experience, than from one who ſees all with his own eye, and determines all by his own will. The weak and ignorant prince will ſee all things with the eyes of another; either of ſome capricious favourite, or ſome flattering, turbulent, and ambitious miniſter: he will, therefore, be engaged in a war without intending it; and you can certainly have no dependance upon him, who acts implicity by the direction of others; there can be no hope that his promiſes

will be kept; and you will, in a ſhort time, have no alternative but to deſtroy him, or ſuffer yourſelves to be deſtroyed by him. Is it not, therefore, more advantageous, more ſafe, and, at the ſame time, more juſt and more generous, faithfully to fulfil the truſt which the Daunians have placed in you, and give them a king that is worthy of dominion?"

All ſcruples being entirely removed by this diſcourſe, Polydamas was immediately propoſed to the Daunians, who waited the determination of the aſſembly with great impatience. As ſoon as they heard the name of Polydamas, they anſwered, "The allies have now proved the ſincerity of their intentions, and given us a pledge of perpetual peace, by propoſing a man of ſuch virtue and abilities for our king: if they had propoſed a man without ſpirit, without virtue, without knowledge, we ſhould have concluded, that they deſigned only to make us weak and contemptible, by rendering our government corrupt; a cruel ſubtilty, which we could not have ſeen practiſed againſt us without a ſecret but ſtrong reſentment! The choice of Polydamas, indeed, is a proof of nobler principles: for as the allies have given us a king who is incapable of doing any thing inconſiſtent with the liberty and honour of our ſtate, it is manifeſt that they expect nothing which can either degrade or oppreſs us; and, on our part, we take the gods to witneſs, that, if the rivers return not back to their ſources, we will not ceaſe to love thoſe who have treated us with ſo noble a beneficence. May our lateſt poſterity remember the benefits which have this day been conferred upon us; and renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age in Heſperia, till time ſhall be no more!"

Telemachus then propoſed to the Daunians, that the plains of Arpos ſhould be given to Diomede, for

the ſettlement of a colony: "You will lay this new people," ſaid he, "under an obligation without expenſe. You do not occupy the country in which they will ſettle, yet they will be indebted for their ſettlement there to you. Remember, that all men ſhould be united by the bands of love; that the earth is of an extent much larger than they can fill; that it is neceſſary to have neighbours, and eligible to have ſuch neighbours as are obliged to you for their ſettlement: nor ſhould you be inſenſible to the misfortunes of a prince, to whom his native country is interdicted for ever. An union between him and Polydamas will be immediately formed, upon mutual principles of rectitude and benevolence, the only principles upon which any union can be laſting: you will, therefore, ſecure all the bleſſings of peace to yourſelves, and become ſo formidable to all the neighbouring ſtates, that none of them will attempt the acquiſition of greatneſs and power that would be dangerous to the reſt. As we have given to your country and people a king, that will procure to both the higheſt degree of proſperity and honour, let your liberality, at our requeſt, beſtow a country that you do not cultivate upon a king who has an indubitable claim to your aſſiſtance."

The Daunians anſwered, that they could refuſe nothing to Telemachus, who had given them Polydamas for a king; and they went immediately to ſeek him in his deſert, that they might place him upon the throne. Firſt, however, they granted the fertile plains of Arpos to Diomede for a new kingdom; and their bounty to him was extremely pleaſing to the allies; becauſe his colony of Greeks would powerfully aſſiſt them to repreſs the Daunians in any future attempt to make encroachments upon the neigh-

bouring ſtates, of which Adraſtus had given them ſo pernicious an example.

All the purpoſes of the alliance being now accompliſhed, the princes drew off their forces in ſeparate bodies; and Telemachus departed with his Cretans, having firſt tenderly embraced his noble friend Diomede; Neſtor, ſtill inconſolable for the loſs of his ſon; and Philoctetes, who poſſeſſed and deſerved the arrows of Hercules.

END OF BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

CONTENTS.

TELEMACHUS, at his return to Salentum, is surprised to see the country so well cultivated, and so little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for these alterations, and points out the principal causes that prevent national prosperity: he proposes the conduct of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus discovers to Mentor his desire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope; Mentor approves of his choice, and assures him that she is designed for him by the gods; but that at present he should think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her suitors.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

TELEMACHUS was now impatient to rejoin Mentor at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father would arrive before him. As he approached the city, he was aſtoniſhed to ſee that the neighbouring country, which he had left almoſt a deſert, was now in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation, and ſwarmed, like a hive, with the children of induſtry and labour: this change he imputed to the wiſdom of Mentor. But, when he entered the city, and perceived that its appearance was much leſs magnificent, and that fewer hands were employed to furniſh the luxuries of life, he was diſpleaſed; for he was naturally fond of elegance and ſplendour: his diſpleaſure, however, ſoon gave way to other ſentiments; he ſaw Idomeneus and Mentor, at a diſtance, coming to meet him; and his heart inſtantly overflowed with tenderneſs and joy. It was not, however, without ſome mixture of anxiety; for, notwithſtanding his ſucceſs in the expedition againſt Adraſtus, he doubted whether his conduct, upon the whole, would be approved by Mentor, and endeavoured to read his ſentiments in his eyes as he approached.

Idomeneus embraced Telemachus with the affection of a parent; and Telemachus, as ſoon as he

was diſengaged, threw himſelf upon the neck of Mentor, and burſt into tears. "I am ſatisfied," ſays Mentor: "you have indeed committed great faults; but they have acquainted you with your infirmities, and warned you of ſelf-confidence. More advantage is ſometimes derived from diſappointment than ſucceſs. Great atchievements frequently produce contemptible vain-glory and dangerous preſumption: but diſappointments from ill conduct make the man a cenſor of himſelf, and reſtore the wiſdom which ſucceſs had taken away. You are not to ſeek praiſe from men; but to offer it, with humility, to the gods. You have, indeed, performed noble exploits; but you muſt confeſs that you was rather the inſtrument than the agent: were they not effected by powers communicated from without? and were they not frequently endangered by your precipitation and imprudence? Are you not ſecretly conſcious that Minerva exalted you into a nature ſuperior to your own; and that, after this transformation only, you became equal to the atchievements that you performed? Minerva ſuſpended your paſſions, as Neptune ſuſpends the ſwelling of the ſurge when he commands the tempeſt to be ſtill."

While Idomeneus was gratifying his curioſity, by making various inquiries of the Cretans that were returned with Telemachus from the war, Telemachus was liſtening to the wiſdom of Mentor. At length, looking round him with aſtoniſhment, "I ſee many alterations here," ſaid he, "of which I cannot comprehend the cauſe: has any misfortune happened to Salentum in my abſence? The magnificence and ſplendour in which I left it have diſappeared. I ſee neither ſilver, nor gold, nor jewels; the habits of the people are plain, the buildings are

ſmaller and more ſimple, the arts languiſh, and the city is become a deſert."

"Have you obſerved," replied Mentor, with a ſmile, "the ſtate of the country that lyes round it!" "Yes," ſaid Telemachus; "I perceive that agriculture is become an honourable profeſſion, and that there is not a field uncultivated." "And which is beſt?" replied Mentor; "a ſuperb city, abounding in marble, and ſilver, and gold, with a ſteril and neglected country; or a country in a ſtate of high cultivation, and fruitful as a garden, with a city where decency has taken place of pomp? A great city, full of artificers, who are employed only to effeminate the manners, by furniſhing the ſuperfluities of luxury, ſurrounded by a poor and uncultivated country, reſembles a monſter, with a head of an enormous ſize, and a withered enervated body, without beauty, vigour, or proportion. The genuine ſtrength and true riches of a kingdom conſiſt in the number of people, and the plenty of proviſions; and innumerable people now cover the whole territory of Idomeneus, which they cultivate with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity. His dominions may be conſidered as one town, of which Salentum is the centre; for the people that were wanting in the fields, and ſuperfluous in the city, we have removed from the city to the fields: we have alſo brought in many foreigners; and, as the produce of the earth will always be in proportion to the number of people that till it, this quiet and peaceable multitude is a much more valuable acquiſition than a new conqueſt. We have expelled thoſe arts which divert the poor from procuring, by agriculture, the neceſſaries of life, and corrupt the wealthy, by giving them the ſuperfluities of luxury and pride: but we have done no injury to the polite arts, nor to thoſe who have a

true genius for their cultivation. Idomeneus is thus become much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence; a falſe ſplendour, which, by dazzling the eye, concealed ſuch weakneſs and miſery as would, in a ſhort time, have ſubverted his empire. He has now a much greater number of ſubjects, and he ſubſiſts them with greater facility: theſe people, inured to labour and hardſhip, and ſet above a fond and effeminate attachment to life, by the wiſe inſtitutions of the government under which they live, are always ready to take the field in defence of the country which they have cultivated with their own hand; and the ſtate which you think is in decay will ſhortly be the wonder of Heſperia.

"Remember, O my ſon! that there are two evils in government which admit of no remedy; an unequitable and deſpotic power in the prince, and a luxurious depravity of manners in the people. Princes that have been accuſtomed to conſider their will only as law, and to give the reins to their paſſions, may do any thing; but their power of doing any thing is neceſſarily ſubverted by its own exceſs: their government is capriciouſly adminiſtered without maxim or principle; they are univerſally feared and flattered; their ſubjects degenerate into ſlaves; and, of theſe ſlaves, the number is perpetually diminiſhing. Who ſhall dare to affront them with truth! who ſhall ſtem the torrent of deſtruction! it ſwells over all bounds; the wiſe fly before it, and ſigh in ſecret over the ruin of their country. Some ſudden and violent revolution only can reduce this enormous power within proper bounds; and by that, which alone can reſtrain it, it is frequently deſtroyed. Nothing is ſo certain a preſage of irremediable deſtruction as authority puſhed to exceſs; it is like a bow that is overbent, which, if not relaxed, will ſuddenly fly

to pieces; and who ſhall venture to relax it? This exceſſive, this fatal, but flattering, power, has been once the ruin of Idomeneus; he was dethroned, but not undeceived: and of that power, which, as it is not intended for mankind, can be aſſumed only to their ruin, he would ſtill have been the dupe, if the gods had not ſent us hither for his deliverance; and, after all, events, ſcarce leſs than miracles, have been neceſſary to open his eyes.

"The other incurable evil is luxury. As the prince is corrupted by an exceſs of power, the people are corrupted by luxury. It has been ſaid, indeed, that luxury feeds the poor at the expenſe of the rich: but, certainly, the poor may be ſubſiſted by uſeful employments; if they apply themſelves to multiply the products of the earth, they will be under no neceſſity to corrupt the rich by the refinements of luxury. A deviation from the ſimplicity of nature is ſometimes ſo general, that a whole nation conſiders the moſt trifling ſuperfluities as the neceſſaries of life: theſe factitious neceſſaries multiply every day, and people can no longer ſubſiſt without things, which thirty years before had never been in being. This luxury is called taſte, improvement, and politeneſs; and, though a vice which ſuperinduces almoſt every other, it is cultivated and commended as a virtue. Its contagion ſpreads from the prince to the meaneſt of the people: the royal family imitates the magnificence of the king, the nobles that of the royal family, the middle claſs that of the nobles; for who makes a juſt eſtimation of himſelf? and the poor would intrude upon the claſs above them. Every one lives above his condition: ſome from oſtentation, and to glory in their wealth; ſome from a falſe ſhame, and to conceal their poverty. Even thoſe who diſcover the miſchief of this general folly want

fortitude to ſet the firſt example of reformation: all conditions are confounded, and the nation is undone. A deſire of gain to ſupport this idle expenſe, taints, by degrees, the pureſt minds; wealth is the only object of deſire, and poverty the only mark of diſgrace. You may have learning, talents, and virtue; you may diffuſe knowledge, you may win battles, ſave your country, and ſacrifice your intereſt; and, after all, if your merit is not ſet off by the glitter of faſhionable expenſe, you will ſink into obſcurity and contempt. Even thoſe who are without money will not appear to want it; they live at the ſame expenſe as if they had it; they borrow, they cheat, and practiſe a thouſand ſcandalous expedients to procure it: and who ſhall apply a remedy to theſe evils? New laws muſt be inſtituted, and the taſte and habit of the whole nation muſt be changed: and who is equal to ſuch an undertaking but he who is at once a philoſopher and a prince? who, by the example of his own decency and moderation, can ſhame the fools that are fond of oſtentation and parade, and keep the wiſe in countenance, who would rejoice to be encouraged in an honeſt frugality."

Telemachus, while he liſtened to this diſcourſe, perceived the deluſions of his mind vaniſh, like a man that wakes from a dream. He was now conſcious to truth; and his heart was transformed to its image, as marble to the idea of the ſculptor, when he gives it the features, the attitude, and almoſt the ſoftneſs, of life. At firſt he made no reply; but, while he recollected what he had heard, he attentively reviewed the alterations that had been made in the city.

At length, turning to Mentor, "You have," ſaid he, "made Idomeneus one of the wiſeſt princes upon earth; I no longer know either him or his people.

I am now convinced, that your atchievements here are much greater than ours in the field. The ſucceſs of war is, in a great degree, the effect of perſonal proweſs and chance; and the commander muſt always ſhare the glory of conqueſt with his men: but your work is properly and excluſively your own: you have alone oppoſed a whole nation, and its prince; and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The ſucceſs of war is always fatal and horrid: but all here is the work of celeſtial wiſdom; all is gentle, pure, and lovely; all indicates an authority more than human. When man is deſirous of glory, why does he not ſeek it by works of benevolence like theſe? O how falſe are their notions of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravaging the earth, and deſtroying mankind?" At this exclamation of Telemachus, Mentor felt a ſecret joy that brightened in his countenance; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conqueſt and triumph to their true ſtandard, at an age when it would have been but natural to over-rate the glory he had acquired.

"It is true," replied Mentor, after a pauſe; "all that Idomeneus has done here is right, and deſerves commendation; but he may do ſtill better. He has now brought his paſſions under ſubjection, and he applies himſelf to the government of his people upon juſt principles: but he has ſtill great faults, which ſeem to be the progeny of faults that are paſt. When we make an effort to leave familiar vices, they ſeem to follow us; bad habits, relaxation of mind, inveterate errors, and ſtrong prejudices, long remain. Happy are thoſe who never deviated into error; for their rectitude, and theirs only, can be uniform and conſtant. The gods, O Telemachus! require more from you than from Idomeneus; becauſe you have been

made acquainted with truth from your earlieſt infancy, and have never been expoſed to the ſeduction of unbounded proſperity.

"Idomeneus," continued Mentor, "is by no means deficient either in penetration or knowledge, but he waſtes his abilities upon little things: he is too much buſied upon parts to comprehend the whole; and he arranges atoms inſtead of conceiving a ſyſtem. The proof of abilities in a king, as the ſupreme governor of others, does not conſiſt in doing every thing himſelf: to attempt it is a poor ambition; and to ſuppoſe that others will believe it can be done, an idle hope. In government, the king ſhould not be the body, but the ſoul; by his influence, and under his direction, the hands ſhould operate, and the feet ſhould walk: he ſhould conceive what is to be done, but he ſhould appoint others to do it; his abilities will appear in the conception of his deſigns, and the choice of his inſtruments. He ſhould never ſtoop to their function, nor ſuffer them to aſpire to his: neither ſhould he truſt them implicitly; he ought to examine their proceedings, and be equally able to detect a want of judgment or integrity. He governs well, who diſcerns the various characters and abilities of men, and employs them to adminiſter government, under him, in departments that are exactly ſuited to their talents. The perfection of ſupreme government conſiſts in the governing of thoſe that govern: he that preſides ſhould try, reſtrain, and correct them; he ſhould encourage, raiſe, change, and diſplace them; he ſhould keep them for ever in his eye, and in his hand: but, to make the minute particulars of their ſubordinate departments objects of perſonal application indicates meanneſs and ſuſpicion, and fills the mind with petty anxieties, that leave it neither time nor liberty for deſigns that are worthy of royal attention. To form

great deſigns all muſt be freedom and tranquillity; no intricacies of buſineſs muſt embarraſs or perplex, no ſubordinate objects muſt divide the attention. A mind that is exhauſted upon minute particulars reſembles the lees of wine, that have neither flavour nor ſtrength; and a king that buſies himſelf in doing the duty of his ſervants is always determined by preſent appearances, and never extends his view to futurity; he is always abſorbed by the buſineſs of the day that is paſſing over him; and this, being his only object, acquires an undue importance, which, if compared with others, it would loſe. The mind that admits but one object at a time muſt naturally contract; and it is impoſſible to judge well of any affair without conſidering many, comparing them with each other, and ranging them in a certain order, by which their relative importance will appear. He that neglects this rule in government reſembles a muſician, who ſhould content himſelf with the diſcovery of melodious tones, one by one, and never think of combining or harmonizing them into muſic, which would not only gratify the ear, but affect the heart. Or he may be compared to an architect, who ſhould fancy the powers of his art exhauſted, by heaping together large columns, and great quantities of ſtone curiouſly carved, without conſidering the proportion of his building, or the arrangement of his ornaments: ſuch an artiſt, when he was building a ſaloon, would not reflect, that a ſuitable ſtair-caſe ſhould be added; and when he was buſy upon the body of the building, he would forget the court-yard, and the portal: his work would be nothing more than a confuſed aſſemblage of parts, not ſuited to each other, not concurring to form a whole: ſuch a work would be ſo far from doing him honour, that it would be a perpetual monument of diſgrace; it would ſhow that

his range of thought was not ſufficient to include all the parts of his deſign at once, that his mind was contracted, and his genius ſubordinate; for he that ſees only from part to part, is fit only to execute the deſigns of another. Be aſſured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like muſic, and juſt proportions like architecture.

"If you will give me leave to carry on the parallel between theſe arts and government, I can eaſily make you comprehend the inferiority of thoſe who adminiſter government by parts, and not as a whole. He that ſings particular parts in a concert, however great his ſkill, or excellent his voice, is ſtill but a ſinger; he who regulates all the parts, and conducts the whole, is the maſter of muſic: ſo, he that faſhions the columns, and carries up the ſide of a building, is no more than a maſon; but he who has deſigned the whole, and whoſe mind ſees all the relations of part to part, is the architect. Thoſe, therefore, who are moſt buſy, who diſpatch the greateſt number of affairs, can leaſt be ſaid to govern; they are inferior workmen; the preſiding mind, the genius that governs the ſtate, is he, who doing nothing, cauſes all to be done; who meditates and contrives; who looks forward to the future, and back to the paſt; who ſees relative proportions, arranges all things in order, and provides for remote contingencies; who keeps himſelf in perpetual exerciſe to wreſtle with fortune, as the ſwimmer ſtruggles with a torrent; and whoſe mind is night and day upon the ſtretch, that, anticipating all events, nothing may be left to chance.

"Do you think, my dear Telemachus, that a great painter is inceſſantly toiling, that he may diſpatch his work with the greater expedition? No;

ſuch drudgery and conſtraint would quench all the fire of imagination; he would no longer work like a genius; for the genius works, as he is impelled by the powers of fancy, in ſudden, vigorous, but irregular ſallies. Does the genius grind his colours, or prepare his pencils? No; he leaves that to others, that are, as yet, but in the rudiments of his art: he reſerves himſelf for the labours of the mind; he tranſfers his ideas to the canvas, in ſome bold and glowing ſtrokes, which give dignity to his figures, and animate them, not only with life but paſſion. His mind teems with the thoughts and ſentiments of the heroes he is to repreſent; he is carried back to the ages in which they lived, and is preſent to the circumſtances they were placed in. But, with this fervid enthuſiaſm, he poſſeſſes alſo a judgment that reſtrains and regulates it; ſo that his whole work, however bold and animated, is perfectly conſonant to propriety and truth. And can it be imagined, that leſs elevation of genius, leſs effort of thought, is neceſſary to make a great king than a good painter? Let us, therefore, conclude, that the province of a king is to think, to form great deſigns, and to make choice of men properly qualified to carry them into execution."

"I think," ſaid Telemachus, "that I perfectly comprehend your meaning: but ſurely a king, who leaves the diſpatch of public buſineſs to others, will be often impoſed upon." "You impoſe upon yourſelf," replied Mentor: "a general knowledge of government will always ſecure him againſt impoſition. Thoſe who are not acquainted with radical principles, and have not ſagacity to diſcern the talents and characters of men, are always ſeeking their way, like men in the dark. If theſe, indeed, eſcape impoſition, it is by chance; for they have not a clear and perfect knowledge of what they ſeek, nor in what

direction they ſhould move to find it: their knowledge is juſt ſufficient to excite ſuſpicion; and they are rather ſuſpicious of integrity that oppoſes them with truth, than of fraud that ſeduces them by flattery. Thoſe, on the contrary, who know the principle of government, and can diſtinguiſh the characters of men, know what is to be expected from them, and how to obtain it: they know, at leaſt, whether the perſons they employ are, in general, proper inſtruments to execute their deſigns; and whether they conceive and adopt their views with ſufficient preciſion and abilities to carry them into effect. Beſides, as their attention is not divided by embarraſſing particulars, they keep the great object ſteadily in view; and can always judge whether they deviate or approach it. If they are ſometimes deceived, it is in accidental and trifling matters, that are not eſſential to the principal deſign. They are alſo ſuperior to little jealouſies, which are always marks of a narrow mind, and groveling diſpoſition: they know that, in great affairs, they muſt in ſome particulars be deceived, becauſe they are obliged to make uſe of men, and men are often deceitful; and more is loſt, by the delay and irreſolution which ariſes from want of confidence in thoſe who muſt be employed, than from petty frauds, by which that confidence is abuſed. He is comparatively happy who is diſappointed only in affairs of ſmall moment: the great work may go on with ſucceſs; and it is about this only that a great man ought to be ſolicitous. Fraud indeed, ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed when it is diſcovered; but he that would not be deceived in matters of importance, muſt, in trifles, be content to be deceived. An artificer in his workroom ſees every thing with his own eye, and does every thing with his own hand; but a king, who preſides over a great nation,

can neither ſee all nor do all: he ought, indeed, to do nothing himſelf but what another cannot do under him, and to ſee nothing that is not eſſential to ſome determination of great importance.

"You, Telemachus," continued Mentor, "are a favourite of the gods, and it is their pleaſure to diſtinguiſh your reign by wiſdom. All that you ſee here is done leſs for the glory of Idomeneus than for your inſtruction; and if your virtues correſpond with the deſigns of Heaven, the wiſe inſtitutions that you admire in Salentum are but as ſhadows to the ſubſtance, in compariſon of what you will one day do in Ithaca. But Idomeneus has now prepared a ſhip for our departure; and it is time that we ſhould think of quitting the coaſts of Heſperia."

At the mention of their departure, Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, with reſpect to an attachment, which made it impoſſible for him to leave Salentum without regret. The ſecret, however, coſt him ſome pain. "You will blame me, perhaps," ſaid he, "for yielding too eaſily to impreſſions of love in the countries through which I paſs; but my heart would always reproach me if I ſhould hide from you the paſſion that I have conceived for Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not a blind impulſe, like that which you taught me to ſurmount in the Iſland of Calypſo. I know that the wound which my heart received from Eucharis was deep; neither time nor abſence can efface her image from my heart; and I cannot, even now, pronounce her name without emotion. After ſuch experience of my weakneſs, I muſt be diffident of myſelf: yet, what I feel for Antiope is wholly different from what I felt for Eucharis: it is not the tumultuous deſire of paſſion; it is the calm complacency of reaſon, a tender approbation and eſteem:

I desire her, as the sister of my soul, my friend and companion for life; and, if the gods shall ever restore my father to me, and I am permitted to chuse, my fate and the fate of Antiope shall be one. The charms that have attached me to Antiope are the glowing modesty of her countenance; her silent diffidence, and sweet reserve; her constant attention to tapestry, embroidery, or some other useful and elegant employment; her diligence in the management of her father's household since the death of her mother; her contempt of excessive finery in her dress; and her total forgetfulness, or rather ignorance, of her beauty. When, at the command of Idomeneus, she leads the dance with the beauties of Crete, to the soft sound of the flute, she might be well taken for Venus, the queen of Smiles, with the Graces in her train: when he takes her with him to the chace, she discovers such skill in the bow, and such dignity of deportment, as distinguish Diana, when she is surrounded by her nymphs: of this superiority she alone is ignorant, while every eye remarks it with admiration. When she enters a temple with sacred offerings to the gods, she might herself be taken for the divinity of the place: with what devotion and awe she presents her gifts, and propitiates the gods, when some crime is to be expiated or some fatal omen averted! and when she appears with a golden needle in her hand, surrounded by the virgins of her train, we are tempted to believe that Minerva has descended in a human form to the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to mankind. She encourages others to diligence by her example; she sweetens labour, and suspends weariness, by the melody of her voice, when she sings the mysterious history of the gods; and she excels the most exquisite painters in the elegance of her embroidery. How happy the man

whom Hymen ſhall unite with her by a gentle band! What can he ſuffer, but her loſs! what can he fear, but to ſurvive her!

"But I take the gods to witneſs, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart. I ſhall love Antiope for ever; but ſhe ſhall not delay my return to Ithaca a moment. If another ſhould poſſeſs her, I ſhall be wretched; yet I will leave her. Although I know that I may loſe her by abſence, I will not mention my love either to her or to her father; for I ought to conceal it in my boſom from all but you, till Ulyſſes, again ſeated upon his throne, ſhall permit me to reveal it. Judge then, my dear Mentor, how much my attachment to Antiope differs from that paſſion for Eucharis, by which, you remember, both my virtue and reaſon to have been overborne."

"I am ſenſible of this difference," ſaid Mentor: "Antiope is all gentleneſs, prudence, and ſimplicity; her hands do not deſpiſe labour; ſhe looks forward with a provident forecaſt; ſhe provides for contingencies; ſhe diſpatches preſſing buſineſs with ſilent expedition; ſhe is always buſy, but never confuſed, for every thing is referred to its proper time and place. The elegant regularity of her father's houſehold is her glory; a nobler diſtinction than youth and beauty! Though the whole is ſubmitted to her management, and it is her province to reprove, to deny, to ſpare, which make almoſt every other woman hated, yet ſhe is beloved by the whole houſe; for ſhe diſcovers neither paſſion, nor obſtinacy, nor levity, nor caprice, which are ſo often blemiſhes in the ſex; a glance of her eye is a ſufficient command, and every one obeys from an unwillingneſs to diſpleaſe her. She gives particular directions with exactneſs and preciſion; and commands nothing that cannot be executed: there is kindneſs even in her

reproof; and ſhe encourages to amendment while ſhe blames for miſconduct. She is the ſolace of her father's fatigue and care; and to her his mind retreats for reſt, as a traveller, fainting with heat in the ſummer's ſun, retreats to the ſhade of a grove, and repoſes in luxurious eaſe upon the downy turf. Antiope is indeed a treaſure that would repay the moſt diſtant and laborious ſearch. Her mind, no more than her body, is diſhonoured by trifling ornaments: her imagination is lively, but not uncontrouled; ſhe ſpeaks only when it is improper to refrain; and in her ſpeech there is an artleſs grace, a ſoft but irreſiſtible perſuaſion; all liſten in ſilence, and ſhe bluſhes with confuſion: the deference and attention with which ſhe is heard make it difficult for her modeſty not to ſuppreſs what ſhe intended to ſay. We have, indeed, heard her ſpeak but ſeldom; yet you once heard her upon an occaſion which I am ſure you cannot forget. She was one day ſent for by her father, when he was about to puniſh one of his ſlaves with exemplary ſeverity: ſhe appeared, with her head modeſtly reclined, and her face covered with a long veil: ſhe ſpoke; but ſaid no more than was juſt neceſſary to appeaſe his anger. At firſt ſhe ſeemed to take part in his reſentment; ſhe then ſoftened it by inſenſible degrees: at laſt ſhe inſinuated an apology for the offender; and, without wounding the king, by the mortifying ſenſe of exceſſive anger, ſhe kindled in his boſom ſentiments of juſtice and compaſſion: the tumult of his mind ſubſided under an eaſy but irreſiſtible influence, as the yielding waves inſenſibly loſe their undulation, when hoary Nereus is ſoothed into peace by the gentle blandiſhments of his daughter Thetis. Thus will the heart of a huſband, one day, correſpond with the influence of Antiope, though ſhe aſſumes

no authority, nor takes advantage of her charms; as the lute now anſwers to her touch, when ſhe awakes it to the tendereſt ſtrains. Antiope is, indeed, worthy of your affection, and ſhe is intended for you by the gods; but though your love for her is juſtified by reaſon, you muſt wait till ſhe is given you by Ulyſſes. I commend you for having concealed your ſentiments; and I may now tell you, that if you had made any propoſitions to Antiope, they would have been rejected, and you would have forfeited her eſteem: ſhe will enter into no engagement, but leaves herſelf wholly to the diſpoſal of her father. He that hopes to be her huſband muſt reverence the gods, and fulfil every duty to men. I have obſerved, and has it not been obſerved by you, that ſhe is leſs ſeen, and that her eyes are more frequently fixed upon the ground, than before your expedition? She is not a ſtranger to any of your atchievements in the war; ſhe is acquainted with your birth and your adventures; and ſhe knows the endowments which you have received from the gods: this knowledge has increaſed her reſerve. Let us then depart for Ithaca: my taſk will be accompliſhed when I have aſſiſted you to find your father, and put you in a condition to obtain ſuch a wife as might have increaſed the felicity of the golden age. If Antiope, a royal virgin, the daughter of Idomeneus king of Salentum, was a keeper of ſheep upon the bleak ſummit of Mount Algidus, the poſſeſſion of Antiope would ſtill be happineſs and honour."

END OF BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

IDOMENEUS, fearing the departure of his guests, proposes several embarrassing affairs to Mentor, and assures him, that without his assistance they cannot be adjusted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues steady to his purpose of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another expedient to detain them: he encourages the passion of Telemachus for Antiope, and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter: she is in the utmost danger from a wild boar, but is delivered by Telemachus: he feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewell. Being encouraged by Mentor, he surmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

IDOMENEUS, who dreaded the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, formed many pretences to delay them. He told Mentor, that he could not, without his aſſiſtance, determine a diſpute which had ariſen between Diophanes a prieſt of Jupiter Conſervator and Heliodorus a prieſt of Apollo, concerning the omens that were to be drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. "And why," ſaid Mentor, "ſhould you concern yourſelf about ſacred things? Leave queſtions of religion to be decided by the Etrurians, who have preſerved the moſt ancient oracles by tradition, and who are by inſpiration interpreters of the gods to men. Employ your authority only to ſuppreſs theſe diſputes in the beginning, act with perfect neutrality while they continue, and content yourſelf with ſupporting the deciſion when it ſhall be made Remember, that kings ought to ſubmit to religion, and not make it: religion is from the gods, and above regal authority. If kings concern themſelves with religion, they do not protect it as a divine inſtitution, but degrade it to a mere inſtrument of ſtate policy. The power of kings is ſo great, and that of others ſo little, that religion would be in danger of becoming juſt what the ſovereign would wiſh to make it, if he ſhould undertake to determine

any queſtion about its doctrines or duties. Leave, then, the deciſions of theſe queſtions implicitly to the friends of the gods; and exert your authority only againſt thoſe who will not conform to their determination when it is made.'

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity he ſuffered from the great number of cauſes between private perſons, which he was preſſed, with great importunity, to decide. "Decide," ſaid Mentor, "all new queſtions of right, by which ſome general maxim of juriſprudence will be eſtabliſhed, or ſome precedent given for the explanation of laws already in force: but do not take upon you to determine all queſtions of private property; they would overwhelm and embarraſs you by their variety and number; juſtice would neceſſarily be delayed for your ſingle deciſion; and all ſubordinate magiſtrates would become uſeleſs. You would be overwhelmed and confounded; the regulation of petty affairs would leave you neither time nor thought for buſineſs of importance; and, after all, petty affairs would not be regulated. Avoid, therefore, a ſtate of ſuch diſadvantage and perplexity; refer private diſputes to ſubordinate judges, and do nothing yourſelf but what others cannot do for you: you then, and then only, fulfil the duties of a king." "But," ſaid Idomeneus, "there are many perſons of high birth about me, who have followed my fortunes, and loſt great poſſeſſions in my ſervice; theſe perſons ſeek ſome kind of recompenſe for their loſſes, by obtaining certain young women of great wealth in marriage; they urge me, with inceſſant importunity, to interpoſe in their behalf, and a ſingle word from me would enſure them ſucceſs."

"It is true," ſaid Mentor, "a ſingle word from you would be ſufficient; but that ſingle word would

coſt you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and conſolation of chuſing their ſons-in-law, and, conſequently, their heirs? This, ſurely, would reduce them to the ſevereſt and moſt abject ſlavery, and make you anſwerable for all the domeſtic evils of your people. Marriage, at the beſt, is not the couch of unmingled delight; and why ſhould you ſcatter new thorns among the down? If you have faithful ſervants to reward, diſtribute among them ſome unappropriated lands; and give them, beſides, rank and honours ſuited to their merits and condition: if more ſtill is neceſſary, add to theſe pecuniary gratifications from your treaſury; and make good the deficiency by retrenching your expenſe: but never think of paying your own debts with the property of others; much leſs with property transferred in violation of the moſt ſacred rights, by giving a daughter in marriage without the conſent of her parents."

This difficulty being removed, Idomeneus immediately propoſed another. "The Sibarites," ſaid he, "complain, that certain diſtricts, which we have given as uncultivated lands among the ſtrangers whom we have drawn to Salentum, belong to them. Muſt I admit this claim? and ſhall I not encourage other nations to make demands upon our territory if I do?"

"The Sibarites," ſaid Mentor, "ſhould not be implicitly believed in their own cauſe; nor is it juſt to believe you implicitly in your's." "Upon whoſe teſtimony will you then depend?" ſaid Idomeneus. "Upon that of neither of the parties," replied Mentor: "ſome neighbouring nation, that cannot be ſuſpected of partiality to either, muſt determine between you. The Sipontines are ſuch a nation; they have no intereſt that is incompatible with your's."

"But am I obliged," ſaid Idomeneus, "to ſubmit to an umpire? Am I not a ſovereign prince? and is a ſovereign prince to leave the extent of his dominions to the deciſion of foreigners?"

"If you reſolve to keep the lands in queſtion," anſwered Mentor, "you muſt ſuppoſe that your claim to them is good: if the Sibarites inſiſt upon a reſtoration, they muſt, on their part, ſuppoſe their right to be inconteſtible. Your opinions being thus oppoſite, the difference muſt either be accommodated by an umpire mutually choſen, or decided by force of arms: there is no medium. If you ſhould enter a country, inhabited by people who had neither judge nor magiſtrate, and among whom every family aſſumed a right of determining differences with a neighbouring family by violence, would you not deplore their misfortune, and think, with horror, of the dreadful confuſion which muſt ariſe from every man's being armed againſt his fellow? Can you then believe that the gods would look with leſs horror upon the earth, of which all the inhabitants may be conſidered as one people, if every nation, which is but a more numerous family, ſhould aſſume the right of determining by violence all differences with a neighbouring nation? An individual, who poſſeſſes his field as an inheritance from his anceſtors, depends wholly upon the authority of the laws, and the judgment of the magiſtrate, for the ſecurity of his property; and would be ſeverely puniſhed, as guilty of ſedition, if he ſhould endeavour to ſecure by force what was given him by right: do you, then, believe that kings are at liberty to ſupport their pretenſions by violence, without having firſt tried what could be done by expedients more conſonant to reaſon and humanity? Is not juſtice yet more ſacred and inviolable as an attribute of kings, when it has whole na-

tions for its object, than as a private virtue in an individual, when it relates only to a ploughed field? Is he a villain and a robber who ſeizes only a few acres; and is he juſt, is he a hero, who wreſts whole provinces from their poſſeſſor? If men are ſubject to prejudice, partiality, and error, with reſpect to the trifling concerns of private property, is it probable that they ſhould be leſs influenced by ſuch motives in affairs of ſtate? Should we rely upon our own judgment, where it is moſt likely to be biaſſed by paſſion; and ſhould not error be moſt dreaded, where its conſequences will be moſt fatal? The miſtake of a prince with reſpect to his own pretenſions, is the cauſe of ravage, famine, and maſſacres; of irreparable loſs to the preſent generation, and of ſuch depravation of manners, as may extend calamity to the end of time. A king knows, that he is always ſurrounded by flatterers; ſhould he not, therefore, ſuppoſe that, upon ſuch occaſions, he will be flattered? If he leaves his differences to arbitration, he ſhows himſelf candid, equitable, and diſpaſſionate; he ſtates the reaſons upon which his claim is founded; the umpire is an amicable mediator, not a rigorous judge; and though his determinations do not compel implicit obedience, yet the greateſt deference ſhould be paid to them: he does not pronounce ſentence like a judge, from whoſe authority there is no appeal, but he propoſes expedients; and, by his advice, the parties make mutual conceſſions for the preſervation of peace. If war is at laſt inevitable, notwithſtanding the king's utmoſt endeavours to avoid it, he will, at leaſt, have ſecured the teſtimony of a good conſcience, the eſteem of his neighbours, and the protection of the gods." Idomeneus felt the force of this reaſoning, and conſented that the Sipontines ſhould mediate between him and the Sibarites.

The king finding theſe expedients to prevent the departure of the two ſtrangers ineffectual, endeavoured to detain them by a ſtronger tie. He had obſerved the attachment of Telemachus to Antiope, and he hoped that, by ſtrengthening this, he might accompliſh his purpoſe. When he gave an entertainment, therefore, he frequently commanded his daughter to ſing: ſhe obeyed from a ſenſe of duty, but it was with ſuch regret and confuſion as made it eaſy to perceive how much ſhe ſuffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went ſo far as to intimate his deſire, that the ſubject of her ſong might be the victory which had been obtained over the Daunians and Adraſtus; but ſhe could not be prevailed upon to ſing the praiſes of Telemachus; ſhe declined it with modeſt reſpect, and her father thought fit to acquieſce. There was ſomething in her voice inexpreſſibly tender and ſweet; Telemachus felt all its power, and his emotion was too great to be concealed. Idomeneus remarked it with pleaſure; but Telemachus appeared not to perceive his deſign: he could not quench the ſenſibility of paſſion, but reaſon precluded its effects. He was no longer that Telemachus, whom Love, the tyrant of the mind, had once held captive in the Iſland of Calypſo; while Antiope ſung he was ſilent, and as ſoon as the ſong was over he turned the converſation to ſome other ſubject.

The king being again diſappointed, reſolved to give his daughter the pleaſure of a great hunting match. She declined the ſport, and entreated with tears to be left behind; but the commands of Idomeneus were peremptory, and ſhe was obliged to obey. She was mounted upon a fiery ſteed, which, like thoſe that Caſtor had trained to war, diſdained the ground, and was impatient of the rein; yet ſhe governed him with ſuch eaſy negligence, that he ſeemed to move

by the ſecret impulſe of her will. A train of virgins followed her, with that ardour which is the diſtinction and felicity of youth; and ſhe might have been taken for Diana with her nymphs. The king followed her inceſſantly with his eye; and while he gazed upon his child, forgot the paſt misfortunes of his life: ſhe fixed alſo the attention of Telemachus, who was more touched with her modeſty than with the graces of her perſon, or her dexterity in the field.

The dogs gave chace to a wild boar of an enormous ſize. He was more furious than that of Calydon; the briſtles of his back were as rigid as iron, and as ſharp and long as a dart; his eyes ſeemed to ſparkle with fire, and to be ſuffuſed with blood; his breath was heard at a remote diſtance, like the hoarſe murmurs of rebellious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave that the tempeſt may ceaſe; his long tuſks were crooked like a ſickle, nor could the trees of the foreſt ſtand before them. He gored all the dogs that had courage to approach him, and the boldeſt hunters that purſued him were afraid he ſhould be overtaken; yet Antiope, who in the courſe was ſwifter than the wind, came up and attacked him; ſhe threw a javelin at him, which wounded him in the ſhoulder; the blood guſhed out in a torrent, and he turned upon his adverſary with new fury. The horſe of Antiope, however bold and ſpirited, ſhuddered and drew back: the monſter then ruſhed againſt him, and the ſhock was like that of the ponderous engines that overturn the bulwarks of the ſtrongeſt city; the horſe could not ſuſtain it, and fell. Antiope was now upon the ground, in a ſituation that left her no power to avoid the tuſks of the furious animal whom ſhe had provoked; but Telemachus, whoſe attention had been engroſſed by her danger, was already diſmounted, and, with a rapidity

ſcarce leſs than that of lightning, threw himſelf between her and the boar that was foaming to revenge his wound: the prince inſtantly plunged a hunting ſpear in his body, and the horrid monſter fell, agonized with fury, to the ground.

Telemachus cut off the head, which aſtoniſhed the hunters, and was ſtill terrible when nearly viewed: he preſented it immediately to Antiope, who bluſhed, and conſulted the eyes of Idomeneus to know what ſhe ſhould do. Idomeneus, who had been terrified at her danger, and was now tranſported with joy at her deliverance, made a ſign that ſhe ſhould accept the preſent: ſhe took it, therefore, with an elegant acknowledgment. "I receive from you with gratitude," ſaid ſhe, "a more valuable gift; I am indebted to you for my life." The moment ſhe had ſpoken, ſhe feared ſhe had ſaid too much, and fixed her eyes upon the ground. Telemachus, who perceived her confuſion, could only reply, "How happy is the ſon of Ulyſſes to have preſerved a life ſo precious! how much more happy if he could unite it with his own!" Antiope made no anſwer, but mixed haſtily with her young companions, and immediately remounted her horſe.

Idomeneus would immediately have promiſed his daughter to Telemachus, but he hoped that, in a ſtate of uncertainty, his paſſion would ſtill increaſe, and that the hope of enſuring his marriage would prevent his departure from Salentum. Such were the principles upon which Idomeneus reaſoned; but the gods deride and diſappoint the wiſdom of men: the very project that was formed to detain Telemachus haſtened his departure. That tumult of love, and hope, and fear, which he now felt in his breaſt, made him juſtly diſtruſt his reſolution: Mentor laboured with double diligence to revive his deſire of return-

ing to Ithaca; and the veſſel being now ready, he alſo preſſed Idomeneus to diſmiſs them. Thus the life of Telemachus being every moment regulated by the wiſdom of Mentor, with a view to the conſummation of his glory, he was ſuffered to remain no longer at any place than was neceſſary to exerciſe his virtues, and add experience to knowledge.

Mentor, as ſoon as Telemachus arrived, had given orders that a veſſel ſhould be got ready. Idomeneus had ſeen the preparations with inexpreſſible regrete; and when he perceived that the gueſts, from whom he had derived advantages ſo numerous and important, could be detained no longer, he gave himſelf up to melancholy and deſpair: he ſhut himſelf up in the innermoſt receſſes of his palace, and endeavoured to ſooth his anguiſh, by venting it in ſighs and tears; he forgot that nature was to be ſuſtained with food, and no interval of tranquillity was beſtowed by ſleep; his health gradually declined, and the ſecret anxiety of his heart conſumed him: he withered like a ſtately tree, which covers the earth with its ſhadow, but is gnawed by a worm at the root: the winds in their fury may have attacked it in vain, the earth may have nouriſhed it with delight, and it may have been ſpared in reverence by the axe; but if the latent miſchief is not diſcovered it will fade; its leaves, which are its honours, will be ſcattered in the duſt, and the trunk and branches only, rifted and ſapleſs, will remain. Such in appearance was Idomeneus, the victim of inconſolable grief.

Telemachus was tenderly affected at his diſtreſs, but did not dare to ſpeak to him: he dreaded the day of departure, and was always buſied in finding pretences for delay; but he was at length delivered from this ſtate of embarraſſment and ſuſpenſe by Men-

tor. "I am glad," ſaid he, "to ſee this alteration in your temper: you were by nature obdurate and haughty, ſenſible only to your own convenience and intereſts; but you are now ſoftened into humanity, and your own misfortunes have taught you to compaſſionate the ſufferings of others. Without this ſympathy there can be neither goodneſs nor virtue, nor ability to govern; but it muſt not be carried to exceſs, nor ſuffered to degenerate into feminine ſoftneſs. I would myſelf ſolicit Idomeneus to diſmiſs you, and ſpare you the embarraſſment of ſo painful a converſation; but I am unwilling that a falſe ſhame, and unmanly timidity, ſhould predominate in your breaſt. You muſt learn to blend fortitude and courage with the tenderneſs and ſenſibility of friendſhip: you ſhould preſerve an habitual fear of giving unneceſſary pain; when you are compelled to grieve any man, you ſhould participate his ſorrow, and make the blow fall lightly, which you cannot avert." "That an inevitable ſtroke may be thus lightened," ſaid Telemachus, "is the reaſon why I wiſh that Idomeneus ſhould be acquainted with our departure rather by you than by myſelf.

"My dear Telemachus," ſaid Mentor, "you miſtake your motive. You are like all other children of royalty, whoſe paſſions have been flattered, and whoſe wiſhes prevented, in their earlieſt youth; they expect that every thing ſhould be managed ſo as to coincide with their deſires, and that the laws of Nature ſhould be ſubſervient to their will; yet they have not reſolution to oppoſe any man to his face. They avoid an oppoſition, not in tenderneſs to others, nor from a principle of benevolence that fears to give pain, but from a regard to their own convenience and gratification: they cannot bear to be ſurrounded with mournful or diſcontented countenan-

ces, and are touched with the miſeries of men, only as objects diſagreeable to their eye; they will not hear of misfortune, becauſe it is a diſguſtful ſubject; and leſt their fancy ſhould be offended, they muſt be told that all is proſperity and happineſs; they are ſurrounded with delights, and will neither ſee nor hear any thing that may interrupt their joy. If miſconduct is to be reproved, or error detected, importunity repreſſed, falſe claims oppoſed, or factious turbulence controuled, they will always depute another for the purpoſe, rather than declare their own will with that gentle firmneſs, which enforces obedience, without kindling reſentment. They will tamely ſuffer the moſt unreaſonable favours to be extorted, and the moſt important affairs to miſcarry, rather than determine for themſelves againſt the opinion of thoſe who are continually about them. This weakneſs is eaſily diſcovered, and every one improves it to his advantage; every requeſt becomes in effect a demand; it is urged with the moſt pertinacious and troubleſome importunity, and is granted that importunity may be troubleſome no more. The firſt attempt upon the prince is by flattery; by this deſigning paraſites recommend themſelves to favour; but they are no ſooner truſted to ſerve than they aſpire to govern: they rule their lord by the very power they have derived from him; their bridle is in his mouth, and their yoke upon his ſhoulders; he groans under it, and ſometimes he makes an effort to throw it off: this effort is ſoon remitted, and he bears the yoke to his grave; he dreads the appearance of being governed, yet tamely ſuffers the reality. To be governed is indeed neceſſary to ſuch princes, for they reſemble the feeble branches of a vine, which, not being able to ſupport themſelves, always creep round the trunk of ſome neighbouring

tree. I muſt not ſuffer you, O Telemachus, to fall into this ſtate of imbecility, which cannot fail to render you wholly unfit for command. Though you dare not ſpeak to Idomeneus, leſt you ſhould wound your ſenſibility, you will yet have no ſenſe of his affliction when the gates of Salentum are behind you; you are even now leſs melted by his grief than embarraſſed by his preſence. Go then, and ſpeak to him for yourſelf; learn upon this occaſion to unite the tender and the firm; let him ſee that you leave him with regret, but that you are determined to leave him."

Telemachus did not dare to oppoſe Mentor, nor yet to ſeek Idomeneus; he was aſhamed of his timidity, and yet unable to ſurmount it; he heſitated, he went forward a few ſteps, and then returned to Mentor with ſome new pretence for delay. He was about to ſpeak; but the very look of Mentor deprived him of the power, and ſilently confuted all that he would have ſaid. "Is this, then," ſaid Mentor, with a ſmile of diſdain, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of Heſperia? is this the ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, who is to ſucceed him as the oracle of Greece? and does he not dare to tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer delay his return to his country, where he hopes once more to embrace his father? O wretched Ithaca! how great will be thy misfortune, if thou art one day to be governed by a prince, who is himſelf a ſlave to an unworthy ſhame; and who, to gratify his weakneſs in the lighteſt trifle, will ſacrifice the moſt important intereſt! Remark, now, the difference between the ſedate fortitude of the cloſet and the tumultuous courage of the field; you feared not the arms of Adraſtus, yet are intimidated by the grief of Idomeneus: this inequality often brings diſhonour upon thoſe princes who have been

diſtinguiſhed by the nobleſt atchievements; after they have appeared heroes in battle, they have been found leſs than men in common occurrences, in which others have been conſiſtent and ſteady."

Telemachus, feeling the force of theſe truths, and ſtung with the reproach they contained, turned abruptly away, and debated no longer even with himſelf. But when he approached the place where Idomeneus was ſitting pale and languiſhing, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his heart overwhelmed with ſorrow, they became, in a moment, afraid of each other: they did not dare to interchange a look, and their thoughts were mutually known without language; each dreaded that the other ſhould break ſilence; and in this painful ſuſpenſe both burſt into tears. At length Idomeneus, preſſed by exceſs of anguiſh, cried out, "Why ſhould we ſeek virtue, ſince thoſe who find her are thus wretched! I am made ſenſible of my weakneſs, and then abandoned to its effects. Be it ſo; and let the paſt calamities of my life return. I will hear no more of good government; I know not the art, and am weary of the labour. But as for you, Telemachus, whither would you go? To ſeek your father is vain, for among the living he is not to be found: Ithaca is in poſſeſſion of your enemies, who will deſtroy you if you return, and one of whom is now certainly the huſband of your mother. Be content, therefore, to continue at Salentum; my daughter ſhall be your wife, and my kingdom your inheritance. Your power here, even while I live, ſhall be abſolute, and my confidence in you without limits. If theſe advantages are unworthy of your acceptance, at leaſt leave me Mentor; Mentor is my laſt reſource. Speak; anſwer me; let not your heart be ſteeled againſt me, nor deny your pity to the moſt unfortunate of men! Alas, you are ſtill

ſilent; the gods are ſtill enexorable: I feel more ſenſibly their reſentment at Salentum than at Crete; and the loſs of Telemachus wounds me deeper than the death of my ſon!"

Telemachus replied, in a timid and a faltering tone, "My departure from Salentum is not choice but fate. I am commanded to Ithaca by the gods; their wiſdom is communicated to Mentor, and Mentor has urged my departure in their name. What then can I do? Should I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, that ſhould be yet dearer than both? As I am born to royalty, a life of eaſe and pleaſure muſt not be my portion, nor muſt inclination be my guide. With your kingdom I ſhould poſſeſs more wealth and power than my father's can beſtow; but I ought to prefer what the gods have decreed me, to what your bounty has offered in its ſtead. If Antiope was my wife, I ſhould think myſelf too happy to deſire your kingdom; but that I may deſerve Antiope, I muſt go whither I am called by duty, and ſhe muſt be demanded for me by my father. Did you promiſe to ſend me back to Ithaca? and was it not under this promiſe that I marched againſt your enemy Adraſtus with the army of the allies? and is it not now time that I ſhould attend to my own intereſt, and endeavour to redreſs the misfortunes of my family? The gods, who have given me to Mentor, have alſo given Mentor to the ſon of Ulyſſes, that, guided by his wiſdom, he might fulfil their purpoſe: would you, therefore, have me loſe Mentor, when all, but Mentor, is loſt already? I have now no certain portion, retreat, or parent, or country. One man, diſtinguiſhed for virtue and for wiſdom, is all that remains; and this indeed is the moſt valuable donation of Jove: judge, then, if I can renounce the bounty, and conſent to be totally deſtitute

and forlorn. I would ceaſe to be, rather than be thus: life itſelf is of leſs value than a friend; take my life, therefore, but leave me Mentor!

While Telemachus was thus ſpeaking his voice became ſtronger, and his timidity vaniſhed. Idomeneus could not acquieſce, though he knew not what to reply; and being unable to ſpeak, he endeavoured to excite pity by looks and geſtures of diſtreſs.

At this moment he perceived Mentor, who addreſſed him in a ſolemn tone, but without ſeverity. "Do not give way," ſaid he, "to unreaſonable ſorrow. We leave you, but we leave you to that wiſdom which preſides in the counſels of the gods. Remember, with gratitude, that we were ſent, by the direction of that wiſdom, to correct your errors, and preſerve your ſtate. We have reſtored Philocles, and he will ſerve you with fidelity: reverence for the gods, delight in virtue, love for the pepole, and compaſſion for the wretched, will be always predominant in his boſom. Liſten to his advice, and employ him without jealouſy or diſtruſt. The moſt important ſervice he can render you is to tell you your faults without diſguiſe or palliation; require this ſervice of him, therefore, in the firſt place. A good king is diſtinguiſhed by the nobleſt fortitude; he fears not the monitor in the friend, nor ſhrinks from the ſight of his own failings: if you are endowed with this fortitude, you have nothing to fear from our abſence; the felicity of your life is ſecure: but if flattery, which ſteals its winding way like a ſerpent, ſhould once more get acceſs to your heart, and render you ſuſpicious of diſintereſted counſel, you are undone. Pine no longer in voluntary ſubjection to ſorrow; but follow virtue with the utmoſt effort of your mind. I have inſtructed Philocles to lighten your cares, and deſerve your confidence, and I will be an-

ſwerable for his integrity. The gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus: the deſtiny which they have allotted us we ſhould fulfil boldly; for to regret it is vain. If my aſſiſtance ſhould be neceſſary, after I have reſtored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will return; and what could give me more ſenſible delight? I ſeek for myſelf neither wealth nor power; and I wiſh only to aſſiſt others in the ſearch of juſtice and virtue. To you I have a particular attachment; for the generous confidence of your friendſhip can never be forgotten."

While Mentor was ſpeaking, Idomeneus became conſcious to a ſudden and pleaſing change. He felt his paſſions ſubſide into peace, as the waves ſink to reſt, and the tempeſt is huſhed to ſilence, when the father of the deep lifts his trident againſt them. Nothing now remained but a kind of tender regret; ſomething that was rather a ſoft and ſoothing melancholy than grief; and courage, hope, virtue, and confidence in the gods, began once more to kindle in his boſom.

"Well then, my dear Mentor," ſaid he, "I muſt loſe all, and be content; let me, however be ſtill preſent to your mind. When you ſhall have arrived in Ithaca, where the reward of wiſdom ſhall fill all your wiſhes, remember that Salentum is your own work, and that Idomeneus, inconſolable for your loſs, had no hope but in your return. Farewell, O ſon of Ulyſſes! my ports ſhall detain you no more: the gods reclaim the treaſure which they lent, and it is my duty to comply. Farewell Mentor, the greateſt and wiſeſt of men! if ſuch excellence as thine is within the limits of our nature, and thou art not a divinity that haſt aſſumed the form, to call ſtrength from weakneſs, and from ſimplicity wiſdom; be ſtill the

guide and guardian of Telemachus, who is more fortunate to be thy charge than to be the conqueror of Adraſtus! diſmiſs you both: I will reſtrain my words; my ſighs are involuntary, and may, therefore, be forgiven. Go, live together, and together be happy! I have nothing left but the remembrance that I once ſhared your felicity: the golden moments are paſt, and I knew not their value; they fled in haſte, alas! and they will never return! I have poſſeſſed you; but the joy is vaniſhed! I now ſee you, but I ſhall ſee you no more!"

Mentor took this opportunity to withdraw: he embraced Philocles, who burſt into tears, and was unable to ſpeak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand, that he might have quitted that of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus, placing himſelf between them, went towards the port: he gazed upon them by turns; he ſighed; and he frequently began to ſpeak; but his voice faltered, and he left the ſentence unfiniſhed.

And now they heard, in a confuſed murmur, the voices of the mariners that crowded the ſhore; the cordage was ſtretched, the ſails were made ready, and a favourable gale ſprung up. Telemachus and Mentor, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them long in his arms, and followed them with his eyes as far as they could be ſeen.

END OF BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-FOURTH.

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TELEMACHUS, during the voyage, prevails with Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government, particularly that of diſtinguiſhing the characters of men, ſo as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad: during this converſation a calm obliges them to put in at a little iſland where Ulyſſes had juſt gone aſhore: Telemachus ſees and ſpeaks to him without knowing who he is; but after having ſeen him embark, feels a ſecret uneaſineſs, of which he cannot imagine the cauſe. Mentor explains it, and comforts him, aſſuring him that he ſhall ſoon meet with his father again: he puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to ſacrifice to Minerva; the goddeſs, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, reſumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus; ſhe gives him her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the houſe of his faithful ſervant Eumenes.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE ſails now ſwell with the breeze, and the ſhore ſeems to retreat: the pilot perceived at a diſtance the promontory of Leucate, which conceals its ſummit in hoary miſts that are blown round it by the freezing whirlwind; and the Acroceraunian mountains, which ſtill lift their preſumptuous brow to heaven, though blaſted ſo often by the bolts of Jove.

"I believe," ſaid Telemachus to Mentor, during the voyage, "that I now perfectly underſtand the maxims of government that you have given me. They appeared at firſt like the confuſed images of a dream; but by degrees they became clear and diſtinct: ſo all objects appear obſcure and cloudy at the firſt dawn of the morning; but at length they riſe gradually, like a new creation out of chaos, as the light, increaſing by inſenſible degrees, diſſipates the miſt that ſurrounds them, defines their true figure, and tinges them with their proper hue. I am perſuaded that the great ſecret of government is, to diſtinguiſh the different characters of men, to ſelect them for different purpoſes, and allot each to the employment which is moſt ſuited to his talents; but I am ſtill to learn how characters are thus to be diſtinguiſhed"

"Mankind," replied Mentor, "to be known,

muſt be ſtudied; and to be ſtudied, they muſt frequently be ſeen and talked to. Kings ought to converſe with their ſubjects, hear their ſentiments, and conſult them: they ſhould alſo truſt them with ſome ſmall employment, and take an account how they diſcharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important ſervice. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire your knowledge in horſes? was it not by ſeeing them frequently, and converſing with perſons of experience concerning their excellencies and defects? In the ſame manner, converſe with the wiſe and good, who are grown old in the ſtudy of human nature, concerning the defects and excellencies of men. You will thus inſenſibly acquire a nice diſcernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your obſervation. How have you been taught to diſtinguiſh the poet from the mere writer of verſes, but by frequent reading and converſation with perſons who have a good taſte for poetry? and how have you acquired judgment in muſic, but by the ſame application to the ſubject? How is it poſſible that men ſhould be well-governed if they are not known? and how can the knowledge of men be acquired but by living among them? But ſeeing them in public, where they talk of indifferent ſubjects, and ſay nothing even of them that has not been premeditated, is by no means living among them: they muſt be ſeen in private; their latent ſentiments muſt be traced to the ſecret receſſes of the heart; they muſt be viewed in every light; all their depths and ſhallows muſt be tried, and their principles of action aſcertained. But, to form a right judgment of mankind, it is principally neceſſary to know what they ought to be: a clear and definite idea of real merit is abſolutely neceſſary to diſtinguiſh

thoſe who have it from thoſe who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit; but there are few who know preciſely what is meant by either: they are ſplendid terms indeed; but, with reſpect to the greateſt part of thoſe who take a pride in perpetually repeating them, of uncertain ſignification. Juſtice, reaſon, and virtue, muſt be reſolved into ſome certain principles before it can be determined who are juſt, reaſonable, and virtuous: the maxims of a wiſe and good adminiſtration muſt be known before thoſe who adopt them can be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe who ſubſtitute falſe refinement, and political cunning, in their ſtead. To take the dimenſion of different bodies, we muſt have a ſtandard meaſure; to judge of qualities and characters, we muſt have ſome fixed and invariable principles, to which they may be referred. We muſt know preciſely what is the great purpoſe of human life, and to what end the government of mankind ſhould be directed: the ſole end of all government is to render mankind virtuous and happy; and, with this great end, the notion that a prince is inveſted with the regal power and authority for his own ſake is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant: a good king lives but for his people; and ſacrifices his own eaſe and pleaſure to their advantage. He whoſe eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end, the public good, if in any inſtance he attains it, will attain it by chance: he will float in the ſtream of time, like a ſhip in the ocean, without a pilot, the ſtars unmarked, and the ſhores unknown: in ſuch a ſituation is it poſſible to avoid ſhipwreck?

"It frequently happens that princes not knowing in what virtue conſiſts, know not what they ought to ſeek in mankind: they miſtake virtue for auſterity;

it offends them, by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence; and, touched at once with fear and diſguſt, they turn from it to flattery. From this moment, ſincerity and virtue are to be found no more; the prince is ſeduced by a phantom of falſe glory, which renders him unworthy of the true: he perſuades himſelf, that there is no ſuch thing as virtue upon the earth; for though the good can diſtinguiſh the wicked, the wicked cannot diſtinguiſh the good; and what they cannot diſtinguiſh they ſuppoſe not to exiſt: they know enough to render them ſuſpicious; but not knowing more, they ſuſpect all alike: they retire from the public eye, and immure themſelves in the palace; they impute the moſt caſual trifles to craft and deſign; they are a terror to mankind, and mankind is a terror to them; they love darkneſs, and diſguiſe their characters, which, however, are perfectly known: the malignant curioſity of their ſubjects penetrates every veil, and inveſtigates every ſecret; but he that is thus known by all knows no body: the ſelf-intereſted wretches that ſurround him rejoice to perceive that he is inacceſſible; and a prince that is inacceſſible to men is inacceſſible to truth: thoſe who avail themſelves of his blindneſs are buſy to calumniate or to baniſh all who would open his eyes; he lives in a kind of ſavage and unſociable magnificence, always the dupe of that impoſition which he at once dreads and deſerves. He that converſes only with a ſmall number almoſt neceſſarily adopts their paſſions and their prejudices; and from paſſions and prejudices the beſt are not free: he muſt alſo receive his knowledge by report; and therefore ly at the mercy of tale bearers, a deſpicable and deteſtable race, who are nouriſhed by the poiſon that deſtroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameleſs

criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to anſwer their own purpoſes, play upon the cauſeleſs ſuſpicion and unworthy curioſity of a weak and jealous prince.

"Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus! be man. Examine him; hear one man's opinion of another; try them by degrees; truſt implicitly to none; and profit of your own experience, when you ſhall have been deceived in your judgment, which ſometimes will certainly happen. Wicked men diſguiſe themſelves with too much art to be always detected; form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; and do not haſtily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either caſe, a miſtake may be dangerous: and thus, even from error, you will derive wiſdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not uſe him only, but truſt him; for ſuch men love that others ſhould appear ſenſible of their merit, and ſet a much higher value upon confidence and eſteem than pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue, by truſting them with abſolute power; for many men, who have ſtood againſt common temptations, have fallen, when unlimited authority and boundleſs wealth have brought their virtue to a ſeverer teſt. The prince, who ſhall be ſo far favoured of the gods as to find two or three, whoſe wiſdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendſhip, will, by their means, find others of the ſame characters to fill the inferior departments of ſtate: and thus, by the few that he can truſt, he will acquire the knowledge of others whom his own eye could never reach."

"But I have often heard," ſaid Telemachus, "that men of ability ſhould be employed, even though virtue be wanting." "The ſervice of ſuch men," replied Mentor, "is ſometimes neceſſary. When a nation

is in a ſtate of tumult and diſorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and deſigning men, who are poſſeſſed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed; and have acquired the confidence of perſons in power, who muſt not abruptly be oppoſed; nor muſt they be abruptly oppoſed themſelves, leſt they ſhould throw all things into irremediable confuſion: they muſt be employed for a time; but care muſt conſtantly be taken to leſſen their importance by degrees; and even while they are employed they muſt not be truſted. He that truſts them with a ſecret inveſts them with power, which they will certainly abuſe, and of which, from that moment, he will be the ſlave: by this ſecret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleaſure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impoſſible to be free. Let them negociate ſuperficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindneſs; let them be attached to their duty even by their paſſions, for by their paſſions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to ſecret and important deliberations. Some ſpring ſhould be always ready to put them in motion, when it is fit they ſhould act; but a king ſhould never truſt them with the key, either of his boſom or his ſtate. When the public commotion ſubſides, and government is regularly adminiſtered by men of approved integrity and wiſdom, the wicked, whoſe ſervices were forced upon their prince for a time, will inſenſibly become unneceſſary and inſignificant: but even then they ſhould be well treated; for, to be ungrateful, even to the wicked, is to be like them: but in all kindneſs ſhowed to ſuch characters, there ſhould be a view to their amendment; ſome of their faults ſhould be overlooked, as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority ſhould be gra-

dually reſumed, and thoſe miſchiefs prevented, which they would openly perpetrate, if not reſtrained. It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that, after all, the neceſſity of uſing wicked men as inſtruments of doing good is a misfortune; and though it is ſometimes inevitable, it ſhould be remedied as ſoon as poſſible. A wiſe prince, who has no wiſh but to eſtabliſh order, and diſtribute juſtice, will ſoon find honeſt men of ſufficient ability to effect his purpoſes; and be able to ſhake off the fraudulent and crafty, whoſe characters diſgrace the beſt ſervice they can perform.

"But it is not enough for a king to find good ſubjects, he muſt make them." "That," ſaid Telemachus, "muſt ſurely be an arduous taſk." "Not at all," replied Mentor: "the very ſearch after virtue and abilities will produce them; for rewards, well beſtowed, will excite univerſal emulation. How many languiſh in idleneſs and obſcurity, who would become diſtinguiſhed, if the hope of fortune was to excite them to labour? and how many deſpairing to riſe by virtue, endeavour to ſurmount the diſtreſſes of poverty by vice? If you diſtinguiſh genius and virtue by rewards and honours, your ſubjects will excel in both characters, by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own: and how much farther may you carry that excellence, by gradually bringing forward the merit that is thus produced, and advancing thoſe that appear capable of public and important ſervice, from the loweſt to the higheſt employments? You will exerciſe their various talents; and bring the extent of their underſtanding, and the ſincerity of their virtue, to the teſt. Thoſe who fill the great offices of ſtate will then have been brought up under your own eye, in lower ſtations; you will have followed them through life, ſtep by ſtep; and you will judge of them, not from their profeſſions, nor

from a ſingle act, but the whole tenour of their conduct."

While Mentor and Telemachus were engaged in this converſation, they perceived a Phæacian veſſel, which had put into a little iſland wholly deſolate, and ſurrounded by craggy precipices of an enormous height. It was at this time a dead calm, ſo that the zephyrs themſelves ſeemed to hold their breath: the whole ſurface of the ſea was bright and ſmooth as a mirrour; the ſails, which clung to the maſt, could no longer impel the veſſel in its courſe; and the rowers, exhauſted with labour, endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency of the gale in vain. It became, therefore, abſolutely neceſſary to go on ſhore at this place, which was rather a rock of the ſea than an habitation for men; and, at another time, it could not have been approached without the utmoſt danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, were not leſs impatient of delay than the mariners of Salentum, who had the conduct of Telemachus and Mentor. As ſoon as Telemachus was on ſhore, he advanced over the crags, towards ſome of theſe people who had landed before him; and inquired of the firſt man he met, whether he had ſeen Ulyſſes, the king of Ithaca, at the palace of Alcinoüs.

It happened, that the perſon to whom he addreſſed himſelf was not a Phæacian, but was a ſtranger, whoſe country was unknown: he was of a majeſtic deportment, but appeared ſorrowful and dejected. When he was accoſted, he was loſt in thought, and ſeemed not to hear the queſtion that was aſked him; but ſoon recollecting himſelf, he replied, "You ſuppoſe that Ulyſſes has been ſeen in the iſland of the Phæacians, and you are not miſtaken; he was received at the palace of Alcinoüs, as at a place where the gods are reverenced, and the duties of hoſpitality fulfilled:

but he ſoon after left that country, where you will now ſeek him in vain. He ſet out, that he might once more ſalute his houſehold gods in Ithaca, if the ſuperior powers ſhall forget their anger, and vouchſafe the bleſſing."

The ſtranger pronounced theſe words in a mournful voice, and immediately ruſhed into a wild thicket upon the top of a rock; where, fixing his eyes upon the ſea, he ſeemed deſirous of ſolitude, and impatient to depart. Telemachus remarked him with great attention; and the more he gazed the greater were his emotion and aſtoniſhment. "The anſwer of this ſtranger," ſaid he to Mentor, "is that of a man ſo abſorbed in affliction as ſcarce to take cognizance of external objects. The unfortunate have my pity, for I am myſelf unfortunate; and, for this man I am particularly intereſted, without knowing why: he has not treated me with courteſy, he ſeemed to pay no attention to what I ſaid, and he ſcarce vouchſafed me an anſwer; yet I cannot but wiſh that his misfortunes were at an end."

"See then," ſaid Mentor, with a ſmile, "what advantage is derived from the calamities of life; they humble the pride of greatneſs, and ſoften inſenſibility to compaſſion. Princes, who have been fatally flattered with perpetual proſperity, imagine themſelves to be gods; if they have an idle wiſh to be gratified, they expect mountains to ſink, and ſeas to vaniſh; they hold mankind as nothing, and would have all nature the mere inſtrument of their will: when they hear of misfortune, they ſcarce underſtand the term; with reſpect to them, misfortune is a dream; and they know not the difference between good and evil. Affliction only can teach them pity; and give them, for the adamant in their boſom, the heart of a man: when they are afflicted, they become

ſenſible that they participate a common nature with others, to whom they ſhould adminiſter the comfort of which they feel the want. If a ſtranger has thus forcibly excited your pity, becauſe, like you, he is a wanderer upon the coaſt, how much more compaſſion ſhould you feel for the people of Ithaca, if, hereafter, you ſhould ſee them ſuffer! Yet the people of Ithaca, whom the gods will confide to your care, as a flock is confided to a ſhepherd, may, perhaps, become wretched by your ambition, your prodigality, or imprudence; for nations are never wretched but by the fault of kings, who, like their guardian gods, ſhould watch over them for good."

To this diſcourſe of Mentor, Telemachus liſtened with grief and trouble; and at length, with ſome emotion, replied; "If theſe things are true, royalty is, of all conditions, the moſt wretched. A king is the ſlave of thoſe whom he appears to command; his people are not ſubordinate to him, but he is ſubordinate to his people; all his powers and faculties are referred to them as their object; he is the ſervant, not of the community only, but of every individual; he muſt ſupply all their wants, accommodate himſelf to all their weakneſſes, correct their vices, teach them wiſdom, and endow them with happineſs. The authority with which he appears to be inveſted is not his own: he is not at liberty to exert it, either for his glory or his pleaſure: it is, indeed, the authority of the laws to which he muſt himſelf be obedient, as an example to others: the laws muſt reign, and of their ſovereignty he muſt be the defence; for them he muſt paſs the night in vigils, and the day in labour: he is leſs at liberty and at reſt than any other in his dominions; for his own freedom and repoſe are ſacrificed to the freedom and happineſs of the public."

"It is true," replied Mentor, "that a king is inveſted with the character, only that he may be to his people what a ſhepherd is to his flock, or a father to his family: but can you imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a king, who is continually employed to make multitudes happy, can himſelf be wretched? He corrects the wicked by puniſhment, he encourages the good by rewards, he forms the world to virtue, a viſible divinity, the vicegerent of Heaven! Is it not ſufficient glory to ſecure the laws from violation? To affect being above their authority is not to acquire glory, but to become the object of deteſtation and contempt. A king, if he is wicked, muſt indeed be miſerable; for his paſſions and his vanity will keep him in perpetual tumult and ſolicitude: but if he is good, he will enjoy the pureſt and moſt ſublime of all pleaſures, in promoting the cauſe of virtue, and expecting an eternal recompenſe from the gods."

Telemachus, whoſe mind was in great uneaſineſs and agitation, ſeemed, at this time, never to have comprehended theſe principles, though they had long been familiar to his mind, and he had often taught them to others: a ſplenetic humour, the frequent concomitant of ſecret infelicity, diſpoſed him, contrary to his own ſentiments, to reject the truths which Mentor had explained with ſubtile cavils and pertinacious contradiction. Among other objections, he urged the ingratitude of mankind: "What," ſays he, "ſhall life be devoted to obtain the love of thoſe who will perhaps hate you for the attempt; and to confer benefits upon wretches, who may, probably, uſe them to your deſtruction!"

"Ingratitude," replied Mentor, with great calmneſs, "muſt be expected from mankind: but though mankind are ungrateful, we ſhould not be weary of

doing good; we ſhould ſerve them, leſs for their own ſakes, than in obedience to the gods, who command it. The good that we do is never loſt; if men forget it, it is remembered and rewarded by the gods. Beſides, if the multitude are ungrateful, there will always be virtuous men, by whom virtue will be regarded with reverence and love; and even the multitude, however inconſtant and capricious, will ſooner or later be juſt to merit. But if you would prevent the ingratitude of mankind, do not load them with ſuch benefits as, in the common eſtimation, are of moſt value; do not endeavour to make them powerful and rich; do not make them the dread or the envy of others, either by their proweſs or their pleaſures. This glory, this abundance, theſe delights, will corrupt them; they will become more wicked, and, conſequently, more ungrateful. Inſtead, therefore, of offering them a fatal gift, a delicious poiſon, endeavour to improve their morals, to inſpire them with juſtice, ſincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and diſintereſtedneſs: by implanting goodneſs, you will eradicate ingratitude: when you give virtue, you give a permanent and ſubſtantial good; and virtue will always attach thoſe who receive it to the giver. Thus, by communicating real benefits, you will receive real benefit in return; and the very nature of your gift will make ingratitude impoſſible. Is it ſtrange that men ſhould be ungrateful to princes, who have trained them to nothing but injuſtice and ambition; and taught them only to be jealous, arrogant, perfidious, and cruel! A prince muſt expect, that his people will act towards him as he has taught them to act towards others. If he labours to render them good, both by his example and authority, he will reap the fruit of his labour from their virtue; or, at leaſt, in his own, and

in the favour of the gods, he will find abundant conſolation for his diſappointment."

As ſoon as Mentor had done ſpeaking, Telemachus advanced haſtily towards the Phæacians, whoſe veſſel lay at anchor near the ſhore. He found among them an old man, of whom he inquired whence they came, whither they were going, and if he had not ſeen Ulyſſes? "We are come," ſaid the old man, "from our own iſland Corcyra, and we are going for merchandiſe to Epirus: Ulyſſes, as you have been told already, has been in our country, and has now left it."

"But who," ſaid Telemachus, "is he that, while he waits for the departure of your veſſel, ſeems to be abſorbed in the contemplation of his own misfortunes, and retires from ſociety to the moſt ſolitary parts of the iſland?" "He," ſaid the old man, "is a ſtranger of whom we have no knowledge. It is ſaid that his name is Cleomenes; that he is a native of Phrygia; and that, before his birth, it was declared by an oracle to his mother, that if he quitted his country he ſhould be a king; but that, if he continued in it, the gods would denounce their anger againſt the Phrygians by a peſtilence.

"He was, therefore, delivered to ſome ſailors by his parents as ſoon as he was born, who conveyed him to the Iſland of Leſbos, where he was privately educated at the expenſe of his country, which had ſo great an intereſt in keeping him at a diſtance. As he increaſed in ſtature, his perſon became at once comely and robuſt, and he excelled in all exerciſes that render the body agile and ſtrong; he alſo applied, with great genius and taſte, to ſcience and the polite arts; but no people would ſuffer him to continue among them. The prediction of the oracle con-

cerning him became generally known, and he was ſoon diſcovered wherever he went: kings were every where jealous, leſt he ſhould ſupplant them in the throne; and thus he became a fugitive from his youth, wandering about from country to country, without finding any place in which he might be allowed to remain. He has viſited nations very remote from his own; but the ſecret of his birth, and the oracle concerning him, is diſcovered as ſoon as he arrives. He endeavours to conceal himſelf wherever he comes, by entering into ſome obſcure claſs of life; but he is ſoon diſcovered, by his ſuperior talents for war, literature, and government, which break out with irreſiſtible ſplendour, notwithſtanding his efforts to repreſs them. In every country he is ſurpriſed into the exertion of his abilities by ſome unforeſeen occaſion, and theſe at once make him known to the public. His merit is his misfortune; for this he is wherever he is known, and excluded from every country where he would reſide: it is his deſtiny to be every where eſteemed, beloved, and admired, and to be excluded from all civil ſocieties upon earth.

"He is now advanced in years; and yet he has not hitherto been able to find any diſtrict, either of Aſia or Greece, where he may be permitted to live in unmoleſted obſcurity. He appears to be wholly without ambition, and to deſire neither honour nor riches; and if the oracle had not promiſed him royalty, he would think himſelf the happieſt of mankind. He indulges no hope of returning to his native country; for he knows that to return thither would be to give up every family to mourning and tears. Even royalty itſelf, for which he ſuffers, is not deſirable in his opinion: he is fulfilling the condition upon which it is to be acquired in ſpite of himſelf;

and, impelled by an unhappy fatality, he purſues it from kingdom to kingdom, while it flies, like a ſplendid illuſion before him, as it were to ſport with his diſtreſs, and continue an idle chace, till life itſelf ſhall have loſt value with its uſe. How fatal a gift is reſerved for him by the gods! how has it imbittered thoſe hours which youth would have devoted to joy! and how has it aggravated the infirmities of age, when the only felicity of wearied nature is reſt!

"He is now going," continued the old mariner, "to Thrace, in ſearch of ſome rude and lawleſs ſavages, whom he may collect into a ſociety, civilize, and govern for a certain time, that thus, having accompliſhed the oracle, the moſt flouriſhing ſtate may admit him without fear. If he ſucceeds in this deſign, he will immediately retire to a village in Caria, and apply himſelf wholly to his favourite employment agriculture. He is a wiſe man, his deſires are moderate, he fears the gods, and he knows mankind; and, though he does not think them worthy of eſteem, can live peaceably among them. Such is the account that I have heard of the ſtranger after whom you inquire."

Telemachus, while he was attending to this narrative, often turned his eyes towards the ſea, which began to be troubled: the wind now ſwelled the ſurface into waves, which, breaking againſt the rocks, whitened them with foam. The man obſerved it; and, turning haſtily to Telemachus, "I muſt be gone," ſaid he, "or my companions will ſail without me." He then ran towards the veſſel, the mariners hurried on board, and a confuſed clamour echoed along the ſhore.

The ſtranger, whom they called Cleomenes, had wandered about in the middle of the iſland; and,

climbing to the ſummit of many of the rocks, had eyed the boundleſs diffuſion of waters around him with a fixed and mournful attention. Telemachus had ſtill kept ſight of him, and remarked him in every ſituation; not with an idle curioſity, for his heart melted with compaſſion for a man who, tho' virtuous, was wretched, and a fugitive, formed for great atchievements, yet condemned to be the ſport of Fortune, and a ſtranger to his country. "I," ſaid he to himſelf, "may once more ſee Ithaca; but the return of this Cleomenes to Phrygia is impoſſible." Thus Telemachus received comfort from contemplating the miſery of a man more wretched than himſelf.

The ſtranger no ſooner perceived his veſſel ready to ſail than he ruſhed down the craggy ſides of the rock, with as much agility and ſpeed as Apollo bounds from precipice to precipice in the foreſts of Lycia, when, with his ſilver hair gathered in a knot behind him, he purſues the ſtags and the boars that fly from the terrors of his bow in vain. When the ſtranger was on board, and his veſſel, dividing the waves, became gradually more diſtant from the ſhore, the heart of Telemachus died within him; he felt the keeneſt affliction without knowing the cauſe: the tears flowed unbidden from his eyes, and he found nothing ſo pleaſing as to weep.

In the mean time, the mariners of Salentum, overcome with fatigue, were ſtretched upon the graſs near the beach in a profound ſleep. A ſweet inſenſibility was diffuſed through every nerve; and the ſecret but powerful influence of Minerva had, in full day, ſcattered over them the dewy poppies of the night. Telemachus was aſtoniſhed to ſee the Salentines thus reſign themſelves to ſleep, while the Phæa-

cians, ever active and vigilant, had improved the gale; yet he was more intent upon watching their veſſel, which was now fading from his ſight in the horizon, than upon recalling his mariners to their duty. A ſecret and irreſiſtible ſenſe of aſtoniſhment and concern kept his eyes fixed upon the bark that had left the iſland, and of which the ſails only could be ſeen, which, by their whiteneſs, were juſt diſtinguiſhed from the azure of the ſea. Mentor called to him, but he was deaf to his voice; his faculties ſeemed to be ſuſpended as in a trance; and he had no more the poſſeſſion of himſelf than the frantic votaries of Bacchus, when, graſping the Thyrſis in their hands, the ravings of their frenzy are re echoed from the banks of the Hebrus, and the rude acclivities of Iſmarus and Rhodope.

At length, however, the faſcination was ſuſpended; and, recovering his recollection, he again melted into tears. "I do not wonder," ſaid Mentor, "my dear Telemachus, to ſee you weep; for the cauſe of your trouble, though to you a ſecret, is known to me. Nature is the divinity that ſpeaks within you, it is her influence that you feel, and at her touch your heart has melted. A ſtranger has filled your breaſt with emotion; that ſtranger is the great Ulyſſes. What the Phæacian has told you concerning him, under the name of Cleomenes, is nothing more than a fiction, invented more effectually to conceal his return to Ithaca, whither he is now going; he is already near the port; and the ſcenes ſo long deſired are at length given to his view. You have ſeen him, as it was once foretold you, but have not known him; the time is at hand when you ſhall ſee him again, when you ſhall know him, and be known by him; but the gods would permit this only in Ithaca.

His heart did not ſuffer leſs emotion than your's: but he is too wiſe to truſt any man with his ſecret, while it might expoſe him to the treachery and inſults of the pretenders to Penelope. Your father Ulyſſes is the wiſeſt of mankind; his heart is an unfathomable depth; his ſecret lyes beyond the line of ſubtilty and fraud: he is the friend of truth, he ſays nothing that is falſe; but, when it is neceſſary, he conceals what is true: his wiſdom is, as it were, a ſeal upon his lips, which is never broken but for an important purpoſe: he ſaw you, he ſpoke to you, yet he concealed himſelf from you: what a conflict muſt he have ſuſtained, what anguiſh muſt he have felt! Who can wonder at his dejection and ſorrow!"

During this diſcourſe Telemachus ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment, and at length burſt into tears: his wonder was mingled with the tendereſt and deepeſt diſtreſs; and it was long before the ſighs that ſtruggled in his boſom would permit a reply. At length he cried out, "O my dear Mentor! there was, indeed, in this ſtranger ſomething that controuled all my heart, ſomething that attracted and melted me; a powerful influence without a name! But, if you knew him, why did you not tell me before he departed that he was Ulyſſes? and why did you not ſpeak to him yourſelf, and acquaint him that he was not concealed from you? What do theſe myſteries conceal? Is it that I ſhall be wretched for ever! Will the gods, in their anger, doom me to the torments of Tantalus, whoſe burning lips a deluſive ſtream approaches for ever, and for ever flies! O my father! haſt thou eſcaped me for ever! perhaps I ſhall ſee thee no more; perhaps the ſuitors of Penelope may take thee in the ſnares which they ſpread for me! O had I followed thee; then, if life had

been denied us, we might at leaſt have died together! O Ulyſſes, Ulyſſes! if thou ſhalt eſcape another ſhipwreck, which, from the perſevering malice of fortune, there is reaſon to doubt, I fear leſt thou ſhouldſt meet at Ithaca as diſaſtrous a fate as Agamemnon at Mycene. But wherefore, O my dear Mentor! did you envy my good fortune? why have I not already embraced my father? why am I not now with him in the port of Ithaca? why not fighting at his ſide, and exulting in the deſtruction of his enemies?"

"Let me now, my dear Telemachus," ſaid Mentor, with a ſmile, "ſhow thee to thyſelf, and thus acquaint thee with the weakneſs of mankind? To-day you are inconſolable, becauſe you have ſeen your father without knowing him; but what would you have given, yeſterday, to know that he was not dead! To-day, your own eyes aſſure you that he lives; and this aſſurance, which ſhould tranſport you with joy, overwhelms you with diſtreſs. Thus do mankind, by the perverſe depravity of their nature, eſteem that which they have moſt deſired as of no value the moment it is poſſeſſed; and torment themſelves, with fruitleſs wiſhes, for that which is beyond their reach. It is to exerciſe your patience that the gods thus hold you in ſuſpenſe. You conſider this time as loſt, but be aſſured that it is, more than any other, improved. The diſtreſs which you now ſuffer will exerciſe you in the practice of that virtue, which is of more importance than all others to thoſe who are born to command. Without patience you can be maſter neither of others nor yourſelf. Impatience, which appears to be the force and vigour of the ſoul, is, indeed, a weakneſs; the want of fortitude to ſuffer pain. He that knows not how to wait for good,

and to endure evil, is ſubject to the ſame imbecility as he that cannot keep a ſecret; they both want power to reſtrain the firſt impulſe of the mind; and reſemble a charioteer, whoſe hand has not ſtrength to reſtrain his impatient courſers in their headlong ſpeed; they diſdain the bridle, they ruſh forward with ungoverned fury, the chariot is overturned, and the feeble driver is cruſhed under the wheels. An impatient man is thus precipitated to ruin by the violence of impetuous and ungoverned deſire. The more elevated his ſtation, the more fatal his impatience: he waits for nothing, he deſpiſes deliberation, and takes all things, as it were, by ſtorm; every enjoyment is a violence and an injury; he breaks down the branches, to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he forces the door rather than wait till it is opened; and reſolves to reap, when the prudent huſbandman would ſow: all his actions are precipitate, and out of ſeaſon; all that he does, therefore, is done amiſs, and muſt be futile and tranſient as his own deſires. Such are the extravagant projects of a man, who vainly imagines that he can do all things, and abandon himſelf to every impatient wiſh that prompts him to abuſe his power. Your patience is thus tried, my dear Telemachus, that you may learn to be patient; and, for this cauſe, the gods have given you up to the caprices of Fortune, and ſuffered you to be ſtill a wanderer, to whom all things are uncertain. Every object of your hope has juſt appeared and vaniſhed, like the fleeting images of a dream, when the ſlumbers of the night are paſt, to apprize you, that the bleſſings which we imagine to be within our graſp elude us, and diſappear in a moment. The beſt precepts of the wiſe Ulyſſes would inſtruct you leſs than

his abſence, and the ſufferings which, while you ſought him, you have endured."

Mentor then determined to bring the patience of Telemachus to another trial, yet more ſevere than any that were paſt; at the moment, therefore, when the young hero was urging the mariners to ſet ſail without delay, Mentor ſuddenly ſtopped him, and propoſed that they ſhould offer a ſolemn ſacrifice to Minerva upon the beach. Telemachus conſented without remonſtrance or complaint; two altars of turf were immediately prepared, the incenſe ſmoked, and the blood of the victims was ſhed; the youth looked up to heaven, with a ſigh of tenderneſs and devotion, and acknowledged the powerful protection of the goddeſs.

As ſoon as the ſacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the darkeſt receſs of a neighbouring wood; and here he ſuddenly perceived the countenance of his friend aſſume a new form: the wrinkles diſappeared, as the ſhadows of the night vaniſh, when the roſy fingers of Aurora throw back the portals of the Eaſt, and kindle the horizon with the beams of day; his eyes, which were keen and hollow, changed to a celeſtial blue, and ſparkled with divine radiance; his beard, griſled and neglected, totally vaniſhed; and the ſight of Telemachus was dazzled by new features, which were at once mild and awful, lovely and majeſtic. He beheld the countenance of a woman, ſoft and delicate as the leaves of a flower juſt opening to the ſun, and blooming with the tints both of the lily and the roſe; it was diſtinguiſhed by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth, and the eaſy dignity of familiar greatneſs: her flowing hair impregnated the gale with ambroſial odours, and her robes ſhone with a various and vivid ſplendour, like the clouds of hea-

ven, which the ſun diverſifies and irradiates with his earlieſt light. The divinity was no longer ſupported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which ſhe floated like a bird in its flight. In her hand was the ſhining lance, at which nations tremble, and Mars himſelf becomes ſenſible to fear: her voice was ſweet and placid, but penetrating and ſtrong; her words pierced the heart of Telemachus like ſhafts of fire, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain; upon her helmet appeared the ſolitary bird of Athens; and her dreadful ægis glittered upon her breaſt. By theſe characteriſtics Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

"And is it thou thyſelf," ſaid he, "O goddeſs! who, for the love that thou beareſt to Ulyſſes haſt vouchſafed guidance and protection to his ſon!" He would have ſaid more; but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that ruſhed, with impetuous tumult, from his heart, his tongue laboured to expreſs in vain: he was overwhelmed by the preſence of the divinity, like a man who is oppreſſed, to the loſs of breath, in a dream, and who, although agonized with an effort to ſpeak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddeſs addreſſed him in theſe words: "Hear me, O ſon of Ulyſſes, for the laſt time! I have hitherto favoured no mortal with ſuch inſtruction as I have vouchſafed to thee. In countries unknown, in ſhipwreck, in battle, in every ſituation of danger and diſtreſs, by which the heart of man can be tried, I have been thy protection. For thee I have illuſtrated, by experiment, all maxims of government, both falſe and true; and I have improved, not thy misfortunes only, but even thy faults, into wiſdom. Who can govern, that has never ſuffered? who can avoid error, but by experience of its

evil? Thou haſt filled earth and ocean with diſaſtrous adventures, like thy father; and art now worthy to follow him to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived, and whither thy paſſage is ſhort and eaſy. In battle, let thy ſtation be at his ſide; obey him with implicit reverence, and let the meaneſt ſubject learn his duty from thy example. He will give Antiope to thy wiſhes: in this alliance thy object was rather merit than beauty, and it ſhall be happy. When thou ſhalt be inveſted with ſovereign power, let it be thy only ambition to reſtore the golden age; let thy ear be open to all, but thy confidence reſtrained to few: truſt not implicitly to thy own virtue, or thy own wiſdom: fear to deceive thyſelf, but fear not that others ſhould know thou haſt been deceived. Love thy people, and neglect nothing that may inſpire them with love of thee: thoſe whom love cannot influence muſt be ruled by fear; but this expedient, like a violent and dangerous remedy, ſhould always be uſed with reluctance. Undertake nothing of which thou haſt not conſidered the moſt remote conſequences: look ſteadily at the future, whatever evils it may preſent; for true courage conſiſts in the anticipation and contempt of neceſſary danger. He who will not voluntarily look danger in the face, will ſhrink from the ſight when it is obtruded upon him: he only is wiſe and brave who willingly looks on all that can be ſeen, who ſhuns all that can be ſhunned, and meets that which is inevitable with equanimity. Avoid luxury, profuſion, and pomp, and place thy glory in ſimplicity: let thy virtues be the ornaments of thy perſon and thy palace; let theſe be the guard that ſurrounds thee; and let thy example teach the world in what honour conſiſts. Let it be conſtantly preſent to thy mind,

that kings reign not for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The virtues and the vices of kings entail happineſs or miſery upon mankind to the remoteſt generations; and a bad reign ſometimes produces calamity for an age. Above all, guard againſt thy humour; that peculiarity of diſpoſition, which, independent both of the paſſions and reaſon, diſtinguiſhes mankind from each other; that capricious principle, which chuſes and rejects, loves and hates, approves and condemns, not in conſequence of qualities in the object, but propenſities in the mind. This humour is a boſom enemy, which every man is condemned to carry with him to the grave: it will enter into all thy councils; and, if indulged, will certainly pervert them: it will prevent thee from improving opportunities of advantage; it will prefer ſhadows to the ſubſtance, and determine important affairs by petty conſiderations; it obſcures talents, depreſſes courage, and renders a man feeble, inconſtant, odious, and contemptible: againſt this enemy be continually upon thy guard. Let the fear of the gods, O Telemachus, be the ruling paſſion of thy heart: keep it ſacred in thy boſom as the deareſt treaſure; for with this thou ſhalt poſſeſs wiſdom and juſtice, tranquillity and joy, unpolluted pleaſure, genuine freedom, peaceful affluence, and ſpotleſs glory.

"I now leave thee, O ſon of Ulyſſes! But ſo long as thou ſhalt feel the want of my wiſdom, my wiſdom ſhall remain with thee. It is now time that thou ſhouldſt walk by the light of thy own mind: I withdrew from thee in Egypt and at Salentum, that I might reconcile thee to the want of that aſſiſtance and comfort which I afforded by degrees, as a mother weans an infant from the breaſt, when it is no

longer neceſſary to indulge him with milk, and he is able to ſubſiſt upon coarſer food!"

Such was the laſt counſel of Minerva to Telemachus! and, while her voice yet vibrated upon his ear, he perceived her riſe ſlowly from the earth, and, a cloud of intermingled azure and gold ſurrounding her, ſhe diſappeared. Telemachus ſtood a moment aſtoniſhed and entranced; then ſighing, proſtrated himſelf upon the ground, and ſtretched out his hands towards heaven. After this homage was paid he aroſe, awakened his companions, haſtened their departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found his father under the friendly roof of his faithful Eumenes.

THE END.